



MANUSCRIPT

Work in Progress

The author is very aware of the feeling of loneliness. Loneliness is perhaps his greatest incentive for writing. That and drinking and depression and revenge and spite and hatred. But loneliness is the root of all these ills. In the past, the author has done his best writing when he has been lonely. He has done his worst during similar periods of loneliness. Sometimes he is too lonely to write. On one occasion, he traveled half the globe to be alone, to write. And write he did. Short stories. Lonely short stories. He was certain that greatness was upon him, he was certain that fame and fortune, wealth, literacy acclaim were all waiting for him, waiting around the corner, in a bar, under a rock, waiting somewhere, definitely waiting. He was certain until the loneliness betrayed him, destroyed his creativity, murdered his motivation. Loneliness became his only thought. It controlled his thoughts, his actions. It would not allow him to write, to sleep, to eat, to die. He gave up all hope of writing and ventured off in search. In search of what he knew not. In search of something, anything, anything but loneliness. He at least knew this. And as for the stories. The author left them behind.

The stories were lonely. They didn't want it that way. They wanted to be happy and surrounded by people. They wanted to love and be loved. They wanted to reach out and hold others to their breasts. But, in the final analysis, they were lonely, and they knew it. They knew it and hated it; and yet could find no way to escape their loneliness. Because of this, they all gave up on life.

The story about the lonely cat took itself out of the notebook and buried itself in a shoebox. The story about the lonely young man put self in the garage. The story about the old man went to sulk in the

attic. The story about the lonely middle-aged man developed in somnia and walked the streets at night, all night, in the rain, the darkness, and most of all the loneliness. The story about the lonely boy who, although appearing happy, was lonely because he would grow up in a world filled with loneliness exiled itself to the woods where it took up the life of a hermit. Another one went to a desert island to be a beach bum. One story, the one about the lonely family in the lonely apartment which was part of a lonely building that stood in a lonely city that happened to be the capital of a lonely state, the very same state that was the first to be admitted to the lonely union that developed into the best nation in the lonely world, a world that was the third planet from the sun in the lonely solar system, just one of billions of such solar systems that comprises the lonely universe which is run by a lonely god, tried to commit suicide only to fail and end up, first, in a lonely emergency room, then in a lonely 200 dollar-a-day hospital room, and, finally, in a very lonely sanitarium with other lonely people and things under the lone care of a sometime lonely doctor.

None of the stories tried to escape their loneliness. They all resigned themselves to live that quiet life of loneliness. And in doing so, most of them became more lonely. Others became lonelier. Still others were just plain old lonesome.

As time passed, the paragraphs that made up the stories decided to venture off by themselves in hope that they could escape the dreaded cloud of loneliness which the stories had cast over them. Soon there were no more stories left, only very lonely paragraphs. The paragraphs went their separate ways, leaving a part of their lives behind, forever behind they hoped. And as they moved further and further apart, seemingly in correlation, they grew more and more lonely. They, unlike the stories, fought the loneliness with a vengeance.

Continued: A 1



Work in Progress

One paragraph tried to escape its loneliness by evolving itself totally in its work. It wrote and rewrote itself until it was acceptable for publication. After a year of editing it was published. The offers quickly followed. The paragraph was lengthened into a short story, then into a novel, modified into a full-length feature movie. It made many guest appearances on talk shows, and eventually won an Academy Award for the best film in the lonely film category. Much later on, it was adapted into a television series that ran for ten years and that was always, until the last year, in the top twenty. One network executive stated that its success was due to its ability to communicate the basic and universal feeling of loneliness.

Another paragraph tried drinking. Everyday she (yes even pretty female paragraphs get lonely) would down two bottles of Taylor New York State Pink Champagne, and a pint of blackberry brandy. She considered the champagne elegant and thought the brandy to be worldly. Most would have agreed that she was drunk. At night she would climb into her lonely bed, dream lonely dreams, and wake up with a lonely hangover from the lonely drunk the day before.

A stubborn paragraph refused to admit it was lonely. "I am not lonely," it would say. "I am alone and there is a difference, a great deal of difference between being alone and being lonely. A person who is lonely feels lonely. A person who is alone does not feel lonely. A person who is lonely wants not to be lonely. A person who is alone likes to be alone, by himself or herself. It gives that person time to think, to reflect, to ponder the world. It is good to be alone, to be a loner. More people should be loners because loners are individuals. They have to be otherwise they couldn't spend all that time by themselves. What's more, is that a person who spends all that time by himself or herself is a healthy well rounded person. They are happy about themselves. They like themselves and they feel confident. I like myself. I like being alone. I am a loner by choice. I am an individual." The paragraph would tell people this. He would hang-out on the corner just to tell this to people who walked by. He would call up fifty or more people a day on the telephone just to give them the news.

One paragraph tried to escape its loneliness by having its gender changed--or as they now say--reassigned. It had long felt that it was a "poem trapped inside a paragraph's body." It saved up its money and flew to Sweden. There it underwent one year of chemotherapy, and two years of role playing before having the operation performed. The operation was a success as those operations go. There were, of course, the usual small problems and side-effects. For example, the last stanza, which before was the topic sentence, still had its prose characteristics. This caused some role confusion and created some embarrassing situations. Generally, though, make-up covered most of the prose characteristics. After three years as a poem, the former paragraph discovered that being a poem was just as lonely as being a paragraph.

A learned paragraph sought professional help. He tried psychotherapy with an expensive 75 dollar an hour doctor. The doctor would show him a Rorschach ink-blot and he would say it looked like a lonely boy. The doctor would show him another ink blot and the paragraph would say it looked like a lonely butterfly. This went on for three sessions before the doctor decided to switch to word association. The doctor would say "up" and the paragraph would say "loneliness." The doctor would say "music" and the paragraph would answer "loneliness." For fifteen sessions, the paragraph would reply "loneliness" to whatever word the doctor gave. A major breakthrough came at the sixteenth session. The doctor said "jaborandi" and the paragraph answered "what?." The doctor thought this response very significant.

Continued: E 8

One paragraph tried meditation. It Ommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmed Ommmmmmmmmm

or another
is some extended
ing and dance-

Steve Smith

***After the Innuendos and the
Faux Pas, the Double-Entendre
and the Pointed Slang, or,
to Michael***

How you long for reasons,
excuses, stays of execution,
escapes--
when they materialize,
your worst dreams so vivid,
are caught in an opaque shadow,
appear under an assumed identity,
concealed behind an impenetrable surface
of personal unidentification.

And so it is at night
when the ground gives
of its borrowed heat
that the old secrets,
the ritual viewings,
the years of recollection and addition
reappear
the various plots
the usual places
the curious characters
except for one
who is the given
in a group of probabilities
and calculations.

In the morning
you tie and re-tie
the knots
tightening them
to make the threads
lie even and strong.

Janet Hocking

Steve Smith

AN EASTER POEM

9

The egg defies the universe:

A frail vessel

Charted through

The convoluted garden

Drawn like a lover

By the moon.

The equidistant mind

Squatted like a grey midwife

Far from the ring of stones

Encircling the fire.

The hands cupped about his face

Touched her own chord:

Like china ballast, the hearts

Trembled in the hold.

Once was enough.

Like creation,

It was

The perfect gesture.

Anne A. Graham

Fear In the Attic

Is that where you lodged when I was growing up?

Yet you never dared trespass down the wooden sounding steps
that often clutched one's shoelace or pinched one's cuff
long enough to upset the pace of legs walking down.

Many times I crept up hoping to find you when I heard
"KREEKA, KREEKA" inside my bedroom ceiling.
You knew I couldn't delve into the floor of your home to see
your chelas scrape away your footsteps.
Why, then, did you call to my heart's ear to find you?

Ah, you were mocking my bravery for you felt
the wetness on the lightswitch from my finger,
the vibrating steps where each of my feet lingered,
and the pause-----
before I advanced to your floor.

Today, I still hear "KREEKA, KREEKA," insulated in my ears,
and the attic is silent.

Ellen Krupack



三



And

[illegible]

...his wisries.) Although the exact type of meditation is not known, one thing is clear: it required a secret word upon which the paragraph could concentrate. That word was loneliness.

A dangling participle was arrested and executed for indecent exposure.

The punctuation was assassinated

the capitals were overthrown

the preposition that all sentences were created equal was dissolved

power flowed from the barrel of a gerund

might made right

the groups fought over conjunctions and clauses

they conducted guerilla raids on each other taking verbs and nouns as hostages

they looted each other grabbing adjectives and adverbs as booty

it was all in the name of revolution

the factions spent billions on weapons research defense deterrence first strike capability
second strike capability dooms day devices fall out shelters neutron bombs

and as so often happens the emphasis on external security led to internal dissention and
finally collapse

the sentences fragmented

they withdrew into small groups

verbs united with adverbs and other verbs

adjectives united with some nouns

all the nouns failed to unite because some wanted

to be objects others subjects some thought that proper

nouns shouldn't unite with common nouns

some nouns tried to unite by developing a common

enemy they waged a propaganda war against the

pronouns the nouns claimed that the pronouns were

inferior and to blame for all the problems that

plagued the sentences this effort failed to unite

the nouns all it did was turn the pro nouns

against the nouns the pro nouns once pro noun

became staunchly anti noun some verbs thought

perfect and refused to associate with

other verbs considered themselves

liberal advanced and formed the progressive



i'm a polaroid

she's always a photographer,
and love, to her, is just another
polaroid for life.

love and be loved. The
breasts. But, in the fi
They knew it and ha
loneliness. Because
The story about th
buried itself in a shoe
itself in the garage. Th

group
loyalty
The Earth
disappeared
chaos

set

in emotional illnesses increased the infinitives
developed split personalities subordinates developed
inferiority complexes indirect objects felt unloved
because nobody noticed them direct objects
developed paranoia and the words themselves
had complete nervous breakdowns each facet
of their individuality drifted off

a n d

r e f u s e d

t o

m e s h

t o g e t h e r

e a c h

b e c a m e

i s o l a t e d



Someone crushed a bat.

Keepsake

Need:

i rise
out of what is derived

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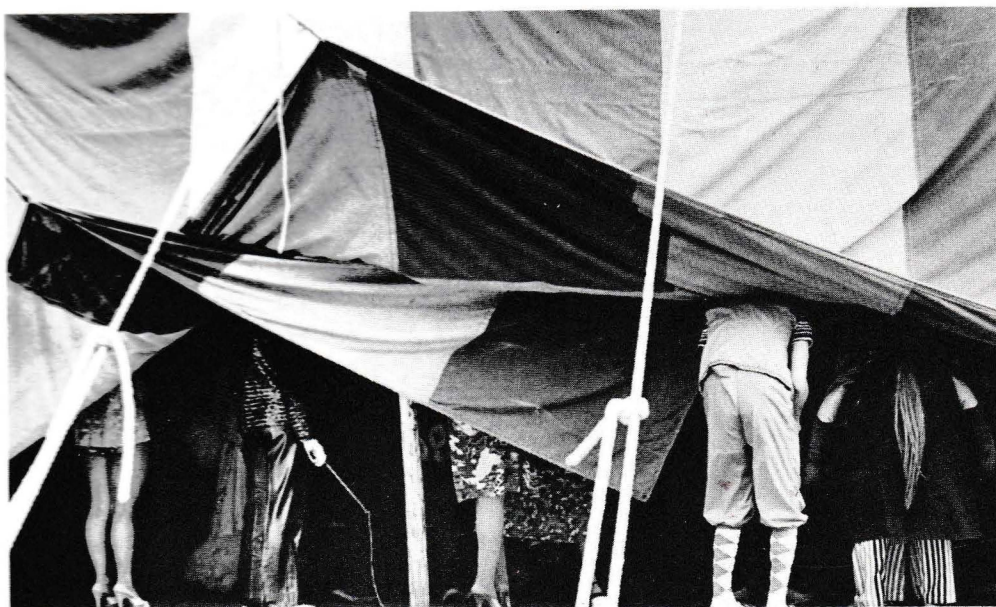
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H-7, H-5
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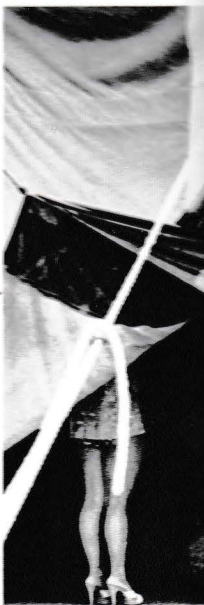
Staff. Standing, left to right: Barbara Metroka (Art Editor), Ellen Krupack (Assistant Editor), Janet Hocking (Editor), Jack Hardie (Faculty Advisor), Lee Terry (Chairman, Student Publications Committee). Seated inside: Steve Babman, Bob Cochran, Vicci Commons, Gail Gross, Andy Janquitto, David Stahl, Anna Mae Stanley, Toni Stillarty, Jim Wallace, Dave Williams. Absent when picture was taken: Lynn Taylor.



The Continuousness

It's a normal day and you have eighteen traumas,
 six small triumphs, four reasons to expect future joy,
 five warnings of grim hurdles, one moment of true hilarity,
 three of inexplicable dizziness,
 seventy-seven memories out of the blue,
 and two flashes of Eternal Being . . .
 and then "finally" it is evening, late evening,
 a radio or TV comes on and your so cargoed head
 is strafed by new impressions -- you blink
 and find spaces for them, by way of some jostling,
 on the dark shelves; while
 one voice of yours whispers: Am I still up?
 How can I still be up? And then
 to bed --
 and you dream
 five and a half dreams
 and wake chasing the silver tails of three, while
 another part of your mind lists Things To Do, while
 in the pale light that innocent voice whispers: This too?
 oh god, this too?

Mark Halliday





The Continuou

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 and wake chasing the
 another part of your
 in the pale light that i
 oh god, this too?

Action, Reaction

"No, she's fine, I saw her..."
 Interruption: "You have an emergency phone call."

The phone rings again, too loudly this time,
 "She's dead."

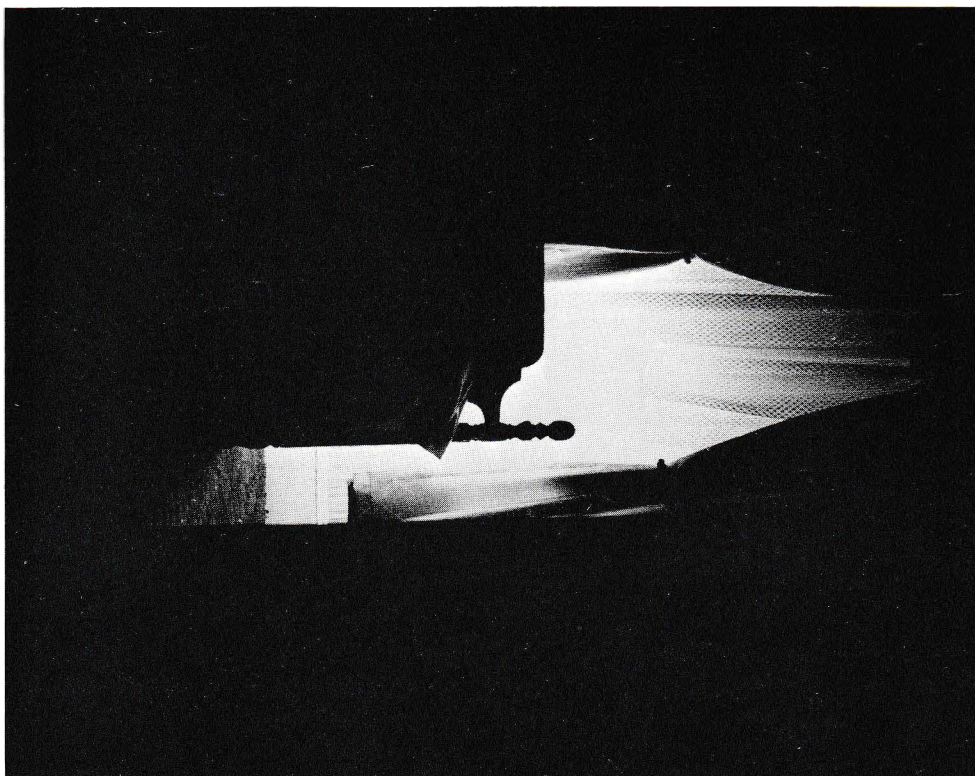
Just like that,
 A quick snipping of thread.

Wild eyes dart everywhere, seeing nothing.
 Nothing to grab hold of!
 Can't erase the words!
 Can't erase the facts!

Cry, negate the fact, question the fact, cry, disbelieve,
 Believe.

Three years later,
 You lie in your square, satin bed
 Complete with a canopy of steel
 that the earth canopies.

Gail Bendas



Life Pulses--for Rufus

No apples
are burning trees red,
here---
nothing scorches my lashes.
The trees tear clouds
into rags
and pelt the streets
with dust.

The forms of buildings
are distorted by soot,
in shades of black and gray.

I wear my clean clothes
in public,
and breathe in the heavy air.
Pigeony women
scrape by me,
with cooing flocks.

They glare at me,
those women with glass eyes.
They reassure themselves
of fertility
with birdlike smiles.

The women
could crack the girls
like dried clay
and end their swelling births.
At times I believe
a girl might
explode with life,
but they slowly swell.

I hold a miracle, dandelion.
In its rhythm and
simple lines
is a yellow pulse---
it fuses with mine.
My thoughts are taken
where the sun
makes one strong beat.
My eyes focus
upon a building's edge,
but the sun still covers
everything in dust.

These edges are
not those I had traced
with my careful finger.
My fingers probed the
sharper, thinner edges of
leaves, branches, spheres of rain.

Steve Smith

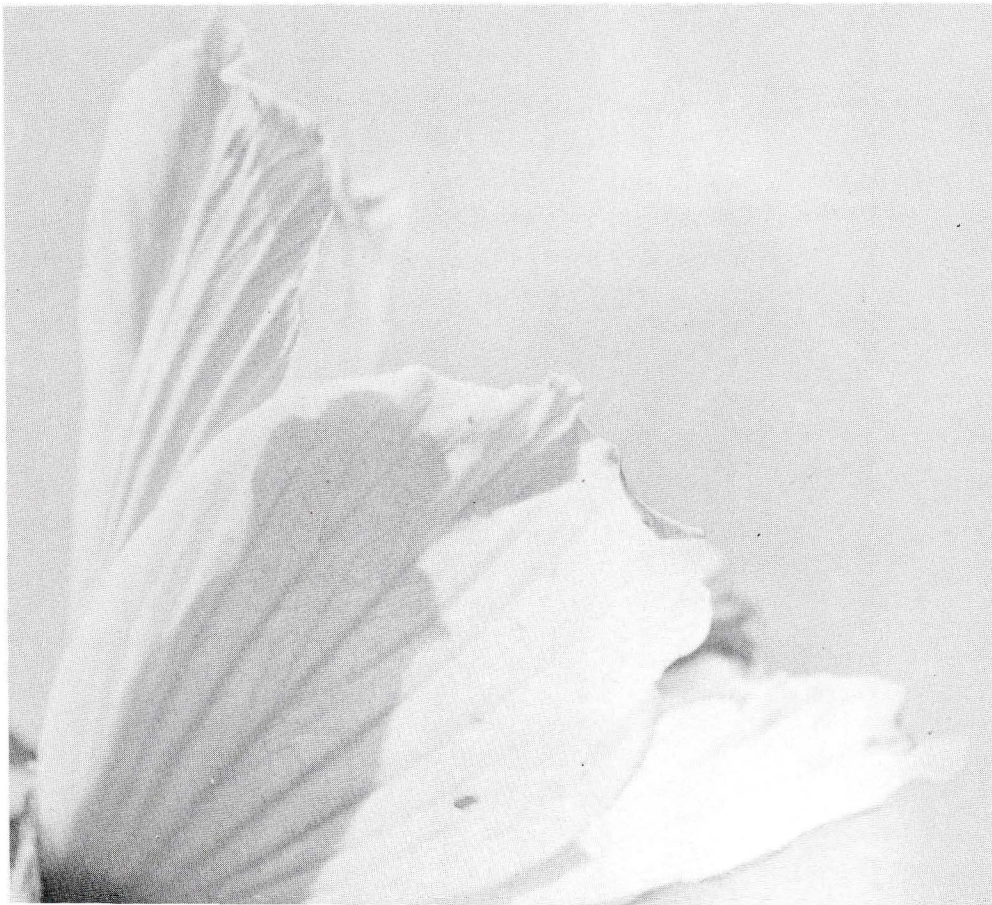
I'm so caught up by her negativity.

like dried clay
and end their swelling births.
At times I believe
a girl might
explode with life,
but they slowly swell.

I hold a miracle, dandelion.
In its rhythm and
simple lines
is a yellow pulse---
it fuses with mine.
My thoughts are taken
~~where the sun~~
makes one strong beat.
My eyes focus
upon a building's edge,
but the sun still covers
everything in dust.

These edges are
not those I had traced
with my careful finger.
My fingers probed the
sharper, thinner edges of
leaves, branches, spheres of rain.

Anne Mae Stanley



The Language And Customs Of The Schnedlapian People

*My first visit to Schnedlap was not by choice. It just happened to
be the place where my plane crashed.*

i'm a polaroid

she's always a photographer,
and love, to her, is just another
pictorial for life --
of course, in black and white.
but i always strip myself down for it,
down to the nitty-gritty (way down),
hold my breath in such a way that
she cant ignore it
(held it like a knife!),
and smile like a little monkey
while a single snapshot is taken.
but, being so well posed, i never get
even a good look at it --
and then, while i'm naked, bare,
(over-exposed)
she abruptly leaves the room, departing
so thoughtlessly that it
leaves me unable to follow, or even
to imagine myself not there,
i'm so caught up by her negativity.

Steve Smith



Song Van Nguyen

Stars are dropping somewhere
Around your wet soft shoulders.
Anything is too late to be said.

The Language And Customs Of The Schnedlapian People

My first visit to Schnedlap was not by choice. It just happened to be the place where my plane crashed.

Schnedlap is a small country located somewhere between nowhere and oblivion. Most people's first impression of Schnedlap is that it is a totally dull, lifeless country with little to offer in the way of excitement. Their first impression is usually right.

Schnedlap does have a very interesting history. In its entire 3000 year history Schnedlap has never won a war. In World War II the Nazis easily overran Schnedlap. This was because the entire Schnedlapian Army, Air Force (which was made up of 15 helium filled Mickey Mouse balloons), Navy, and Marines consisted of only one man, and he deserted.

Despite their perfect record in combat, to this day Schnedlapian soldiers proudly march into battle shouting "Deedle Gazburg." The battle cry "Deedle Gazburg" was first spoken by the legendary Schnedlapian warrior Ignatz the Pigeon Brained when he faced an entire Babylonian army of 10,000 men with nothing to defend himself but a rancid carp. "Deedle Gazburg." translated means "I Surrender."

Despite the fact that Schnedlap has never won a war, it is not without its heroes. One fine example is Peabody F. Purlblach, the Schnedlapian Thomas Edison who is credited with inventing radio for the deaf, gasoline powered dentures, and his most recent development, braille food.

There is estimated to be about 18 people living in Schnedlap, 1/3 say they live in the cities, 1/3 don't know where Schnedlap is, and



And The Summer Comes

Leaving for another town,
Books and notes become old paper.
My little one,
Stars are dropping somewhere
Around your wet soft shoulders,
Anything is too late to be said.

Sang Van Nguyen

...great deal of confusion, and has put quite a damper on many a formal banquet.

The Schnedlapien flag is a brown and white orthopedic shoe* on a purple background. The National Bird is the Wild Moldavian Flying Ruby Breasted Duck Billed Platypus Bird** which was chosen in a recent pantomime vote.

The Schnedlapien National Anthem is a one verse song which is usually sung off the key of F-Flat.

THE SCHNEDLAPIEN NATIONAL ANTHEM

Ooogle glurble choomp gulp choomp shoop shloop
Glup ulp chew ulp choomp mmmumble gogle gulp
Shurp shulerp goble gulp choomp shulp chew
Mmmumble sloble flub choomp gurple ulp.

It translates into English as:

Ooogle glurble choomp gulp choomp shoop shloop
Glup ulp chew ulp choomp mmmumble gogle gulp
Shurp shulerp goble gulp choomp shulp chew
Mmmumble sloble flub choomp gurple ulp.*

The National Dish of the Schnedlapien people is chewing gum. They eat it raw, steamed, baked, broiled, barbequed, fondued, deep fried, and on Schnedlapien Thanksgiving** they feast on stuffed chewing gum roasted on a spit. The feast is washed down with the National Drink, warm, flat cola.

Chewing gum holds the Schnedlapien economy together, not to mention buildings, bridges, cars, and furniture. Another major industry is recycled cat food.

No article on Schnedlap would be complete without a description of the Schnedlapien Government. The Schnedlapien Government is a Constitutional Anarchy.

What happened was that the Schnedlapien Founding Fathers gathered together 3000 years ago to write a constitution, but none of them could write, so they ratified a blank sheet of paper rather than admit to the Schnedlapien people that they were illiterate.

A second constitutional convention was held in 1805. A new constitution was finally written at that convention. Unfortunately the new constitution got mixed up with a restaurant menu. The constitution ended up in the trash, and the menu was ratified unanimously. In 1905 the constitution was finally repealed because the article stating Pastrami on rye-35¢ was causing serious unrest amongst the population. The menu was replaced by the original constitution, which was the blank sheet of paper.

I would be negligent if I finished this article without a list of things to see and do in Schnedlap. A favorite pasttime of the Schnedlapien people is brick racing. Schnedlapiens have been known to sit around for hours waiting for the bricks to go around the tracks. Another favorite pasttime is kamikaze checkers. Here is a list of things to see and do in Schnedlap:

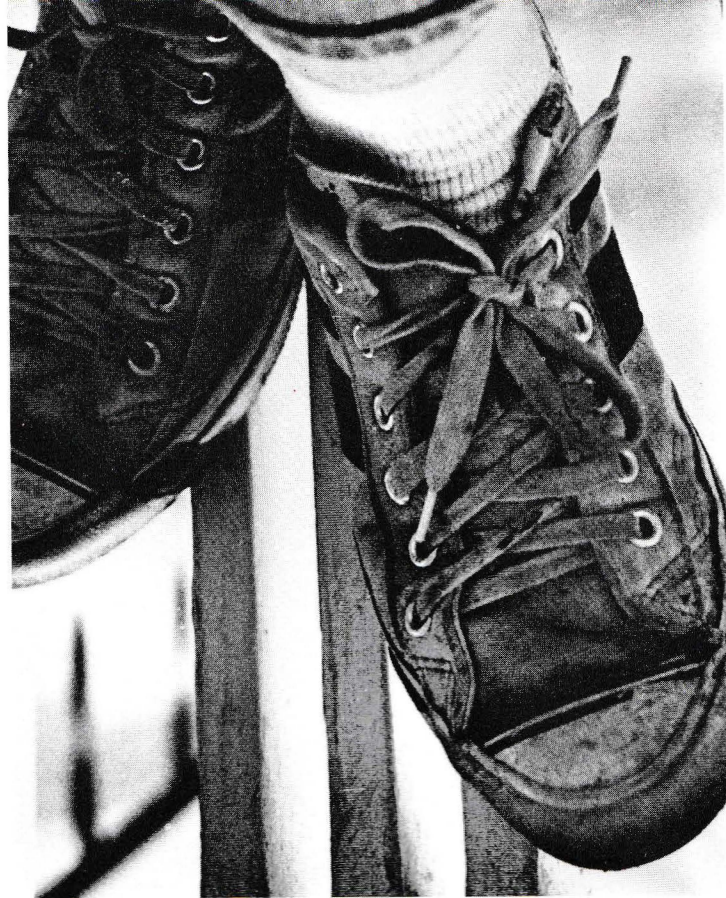
Bob Cochran

*To a Schnedlapien an orthopedic shoe is a symbol of National Pride. The orthopedic shoe was developed by a Schnedlapien podiatrist who believed that it might be a better remedy for fallen arches than amputating the feet.

**Experts believe the Schnedlapiens picked the Wild Moldavian Flying Ruby Breasted Duck Billed Platypus Bird for its melodic song which sounds like a tuba stuffed with egg salad.

*It is believed that the composer dictated the lyrics to his secretary while eating a peanut butter sandwich.

**The day they celebrate the curing of Emperor Beanbat II of his habit of setting his beard on fire and proclaiming himself a National Monument.



like mine.
can ill afford another heart
No!
It is a fact: we

John Brill

it has a chance to grow
cold
and bluegreen like the
ice-cap on the highest peak of
some isolated range; or
hard,
hard as the perennial permafrost
of the barren tundra
No!



Zeroes

Within the span of
this night
the stores of sympathy
will all be exhausted—

one man pursues warmth
thru conversation with
himself on the street

and only the passing
cars prevent the air
from settling in thick
drifts upon his
shoulders—

Steve Smith

Today, I can only sit in the red chair
by the window in the kitchen,
and remember how warm it was
to be cold in Philadelphia with you.

Traveling

It was warm outside today.

I sat on the red chair nearest to the window
in the kitchen

and wondered where the big blue and yellow truck
parked in front of Helen's house came from.

It could have come from Philadelphia.

I'd like to go to Philadelphia today.

You live in Philadelphia alone, because of your work.

You have always lived in Philadelphia.

If I could get to Philadelphia today, I know
you would be in Philadelphia when

I got there, and

I could see you again in Philadelphia, and
you could show me Philadelphia again, and
we could talk about how cold it is in Philadelphia
for this time of the year, and

I would mention how clean everything looks in
Philadelphia when it's cold, and how
clean everything feels in Philadelphia
when it's cold.

I need to see you again, now, today,
in Philadelphia,
in the cold,

but the truck that was parked in front of
Helen's house is pulling away with its
Jersey plates, and I can't get to Philadelphia
today.

Barbara Metroka

“The Eulipion”

One day, while sitting in the park, lost
in my own thoughts
this odd, old fellow sat down in front of me,
laid down his cane,
and out from a sack he pulled these things:
a small, wooden, nose flute,
and a tambourine
which he played with his feet.
At the same time, he recited several lines of poetry
about “Freedom!”
pausing only momentarily in between
to munch from a tin of soy beans and pickled-herring.
For a while, I, like everyone else that was around,
considered the oldd, old fellow crazy
especially when he sprang to his feet
shouting,
proclaiming the magnificence of “God!”
But, for some unknown reason equally as odd,
I hung around and waited
till that odd, old fellow had me dancing along.

Ken Waters



y, while sitting in the park, lost
 own thoughts
 d, old fellow sat down in front of me,
 on his cane;
 from a sack he pulled these things:
"Eulipion"



again, and
 is in Philadelphia
 ything looks in Philadelphia
 nd how
 ng feels in Philadelphia
 in, now, today,

Yes it's decided.
 There's no other reasonable way.
 You,
 you weed of quick passion,
 outward growth of a ceremony of
 lust,
 you unconceived-of malignancy --
 must go.

Yes, I must do away
 with you.
 I'll keep it a secret.
 It's just so tedious
 to explain . . . people don't
 know! They can't understand
 even when they do listen.

Ages ago, it was the
 Great Plains, and
 then, quite unnaturally,
 the Great Lakes. Who knows
 what waters are next to be
 under the dust? --
 or cares enough
 to pay attention to
 the possibilities?
 Idiots! An
 intelligent and practical
 woman
 can't help but loathe
 them.

And into this world?
 This microwave cauldron spinning
 precariously on the chance
 of one in a million? . . . Oh no,
 I'll not bring you here.
 I know this place too well.

Why, almost daily, I watch
 my neighbor approach my
 door with his head down.
 I greet him with my smile
 of disgust . . . then,
 sarcastically entertaining his
 humble pleas for rides to
 the hospital or grocery store --
 so his children might have
 medicine or food or something else
 they never have -- you see,
 it's always for his children --

I bluntly reply "Nope,
 I'm busy, I'm in the middle
 of a fascinating article

Steve Smith

you could show me Philadelphia again, and
we could talk about how cold it is in Philadelphia
for this time of the year, and
I would mention how clean everything looks in Philadelphia
when it's cold, and how
clean everything feels in Philadelphia
when it's cold.

I need to see you again, now, today,
in Philadelphia,
in the cold,

but the truck that was parked in front of
Helen's house is pulling away with it's
Jersey plates, and I can't get to Philadelphia
today.

Today, I can only sit in the red chair
by the window in the kitchen,
and remember how warm it was
to be cold in Philadelphia with you.

Barbara Metroka

so his children might have
medicine or food or something else
they never have -- you see,
it's always for his children --

I bluntly reply "Nope,
I'm busy, I'm in the middle
of a fascinating article
in Psychology Today."
My answer is unfailingly the
same -- and so is
the failure of my intent --
to teach this slob the
consequences of his foolery.
He goes on, year after year,
giving form to children like
factories do wastes on a river.
But why should he be concerned
with hydrogen bubbles, or
the level of DDT in body tissues?
He and his wife even now have
another in the oven, as
those people say.

Even today, I saw a
young father walking with
a baby in his arms.
I was wishing I'd had a gun
a gun not to shoot
the baby -- no,
why blame it? but to
shoot the hands of its
father --
to teach it early of the
insecurity of a loving embrace
in this contemptuous world.

I doubt you have a heart
yet; so for that, I might
not be reproached.
I'll scrape that heart out
before it becomes . . . before
it has a chance to grow
cold

and bluegreen like the
ice-cap on the highest peak of
some isolated range; or

hard as the perennial permafrost
of the frozen tundra

It is what we
can afford another heart

like mine.



Need:

i rise
 out of what is derived
 from a very ancient series of blunders -
 i drive
 fast because it's good for me
 the sudden lites quench my thirst -
 i mind
 what i say only to myself
 kept alive by my most invisible lines -
 i give
 the lift to things-hidden
 tuned to subtle frequencies of attraction -
 i rip
 the madness from city scenes
 hide home play piano in harmony with the
 buzz of an aeroplane -
 i wake
 when i'm sound asleep
 spend 3 dollars on dreams this week -
 i shift
 like my dear pacific isles squirming in
 loving fat rains --

Steve Smith

H



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Sang Van Nguyen

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ued: A I
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 st over them.
 d escape the

periods of loneliness. Sometimes he is too lonely to write. On one occasion, he traveled half the globe to be alone, to write. And write he did. Short stories. Lonely short stories. He was certain that greatness was upon him, he was certain that fame and fortune, wealth, literacy acclaim were all waiting for him, waiting around the corner, in a bar, under a rock, waiting somewhere, definitely waiting. He was certain until the loneliness betrayed him, destroyed his creativity, murdered his motivation. Loneliness became his only thought. It controlled his thoughts, his actions. It would not allow him to write, to sleep, to eat, to die. He gave up all hope of writing and ventured off in search. In search of what he knew not. In search of something, anything, anything but loneliness. He at least knew this. And as for the stories. The author left them behind.

The stories were lonely. They didn't want it that way. They wanted to be happy and surrounded by people. They wanted to love and be loved. They wanted to reach out and hold others to their breasts. But, in the final analysis, they were lonely, and they knew it. They knew it and hated it; and yet could find no way to escape their loneliness. Because of this, they all gave up on life.

The story about the lonely cat took itself out of the notebook and buried itself in a shoebox. The story about the lonely young-man put itself in the garage. The story about the old-man went to sulk in the

state, the very same state that was the first to be admitted lonely union that developed into the best nation in the lonely world that was the third planet from the sun in the lonely system, just one of billions of such solar systems that comprised the lonely universe which is run by a lonely god, tried to commit suicide only to fail and end up, first, in a lonely emergency room, the lonely 200 dollar-a-day hospital room, and, finally, in a very lonely sanitarium with other lonely people and things under the lonely care of a sometime lonely doctor.

None of the stories tried to escape their loneliness. They resigned themselves to live that quiet life of loneliness. And in doing so, most of them became more lonely. Others became lonelier. Others were just plain old lonesome.

As time passed, the paragraphs that made up the stories decided to venture off by themselves in hope that they could escape the dreaded cloud of loneliness which the stories had cast over them. Soon there were no more stories left, only very lonely paragraphs. The paragraphs went their separate ways, leaving a part of their lives behind, forever behind they hoped. And as they moved further and further apart, seemingly in correlation, they grew more and more lonely. They, unlike the stories, fought the loneliness with vengeance.

Continued: A

G

My Friends' Evening

Strands of dark hair
drifted through my fingers,
the feeble heart,
two lines of green trees.

Short days and very long nights,
this evening belongs to my friends.
the one who parted does not yet forget,
there is still a boundary in the heart.

I stand up
calling rains into the Summer;
green ages fall like late Autumn leaves
the child in my heart is still.

Sang V

against the nouns the pro nouns once pro noun
became staunchly and refused to associate considered with some verbs thought
re perfect liberal party other verbs and formed themselves the progressive
verbs tried to live in the past few tried
to the future eventually
sent assemblage

Satis
The
Wet
The
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Need
"I'm a
He cl
Grasp

Margaret

I ran frantically
from cell to cell--
from room to room, person to person.
I tried to speak
but my language was foreign.
Sweat fell from my face,
my body pounded in urgency--
Every door was locked
my knuckles throbbed in anger
I slowed my pace--
stopped trying to speak--
--put my hands in my pockets.

My door is closed again--
the screaming has stopped.
There is a chilling stillness
surrounding the room.
--All the eyes caught staring, judging
--All the hands that ripped, pushed
they locked me in here--forever.

Adele Ann Tavella

The Opening Of Shells

All night seashells cry
for the ocean's warm tongue
to enter their mouths.
You hear their calls;
press each in your hands,
teach each how to sleep.
The wind sings
into your ears;
wraps her words around you.

As we walk from waves
through sand,
a shell glowing
in your hand
serves as our only light.

Caves cold as winter clouds
call to us;
as we enter our words crawl
into one corner
where they caress



Satisfaction in the Hollow

The Jaguar lay motionless,
Wedged between two trees,
The victim knew
That moaning would be a relief,
But would not bring about a miracle rescue.

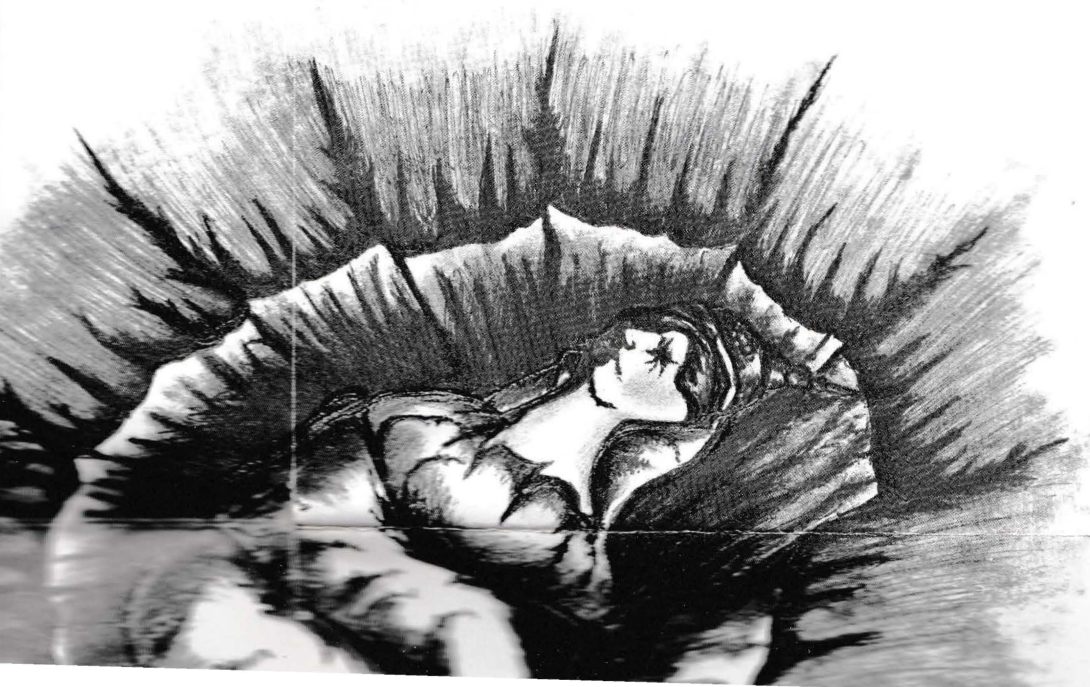
No one would come.

He considered the insurance policy,
His wife's credit cards,
God.

He was drowsy and suddenly felt no
Need to be afraid,

"I'm a good man"
He closed his eyes,
Grasping a cluster of golden rod.

Dave Williams



The Opening Of Shells

All night seashells cry
for the ocean's warm tongue
to enter their mouths.
You hear their calls;
press each in your hands,
teach each how to sleep.
The wind sings
into your ears;
wraps her words around you.

As we walk from waves
through sand,
a shell glowing
in your hand
serves as our only light.

Caves cold as winter clouds
call to us;
as we enter our words crawl
into one corner
where they caress
each other into sleep.

The shell in the cup
of our hands
lets flow its fire,
then folds open--
a gull flies
into the wind
singing of the sea.





Caves cold as winter clouds
call to us;
as we enter our words crawl
into one corner
where they caress
each other into sleep.

The shell in the cup
of our hands
lets flow its fire,
then folds open--
a gull flies
into the wind
singing of the sea.

We lie silently--
our bodies opening
slowly as shells.

Anna Mae Stanley

Reflections From The Earth

Are we not, Dulcinea,
the two of us dead?
The armour that protected our union,
our living quest, unhinged --
and cast upon a
heap so unattractive and unfamiliar,
so beyond imagination -
Where is the imagination
itself?

Has not the reward of the quest
been misfigured into their laps
without the slightest stir of an
honorable intent?

And honor, yes, and love
that is gold --

how are they now ill-conceived,
so sullied by the footprints
of perverted dances of new and newer generations

What is become of giving of oneself Dulcinea

How weary is my soul,
spread this way and that
in disarray
from the hastening revolutions
of a purple-fringed windmill,
turning its wheel to the sound
of fools' gold; ah . . .

"Happy times and fortunate ages were those
our ancestors called Golden, not because golden
prized in this our Iron Age, was gotten in the
happy time without any labors, but because
those who lived then knew not those two words
THINE and MINE" . . . And now,

how covetousness and cupiditas lance
my heart and deflate my dream,
and turn me toward the dismal
and black --

how like an aged eagle I have fallen,
at first, with fierce eyes
of red defiance, battling the air's
swirling currents,
submitting to time like one with a mission
which could not wait --
but then relenting