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**MANUSCRIPT**

Cover: *Madonna and Child* by Joyce Jakiewicz

*Wilkes College / Spring 1971 / Vol. XXIV, Nos. 1 and 2*

1971



In not  
(mr. cummings)

Just spring  
before winter  
is quite gone  
from the high places

Two of last year's

leaves

polonaise

across a half/frozen

pond

celebrating

not quite

(Mr. Rossetti)

the snows of yesteryear

*C. R. Williams*



Lamenoc Street is a hundred today  
And hundred year houses stand sentinel  
Along hundred year sidewalks  
And hundred year streets  
And hundred year times for your taking.  
Automobiles whiz by in her lanes,  
Spotted and puddled by hundred year rains,  
With a sound akin to the frying bacon  
From the smoke stained windows,  
Near the egg stained plates  
By the soap stained hands on the table.

*Brent Spencer*

**black crows and brown sparrows**

now  
black crows and brown sparrows pick  
yellow pears and branches bare  
peeling  
aging bark pink, and dark  
eyebrows grew charcoal cold  
and I  
remember climbing up  
that tree and on his knee  
before  
both turned old and good as gold  
he was, they say, i knew it  
then —  
how good — what would happen;  
but when will that tree die?

*Catherine McCormick*

black fat  
blind beggars  
waving white striped canes  
playing harmonicas  
behind one lensed green glasses  
exposing spastic blue bloodshot eyes  
wait on corners with bottomless cups

alcohol poisoned  
fifty-cent a night  
flop-house gentlemen  
kindly sharing their beds  
with vermin from the street  
dream-sleep  
in horn and hardart automat bathroom perversions  
with girls that are walls

plastic tight-assed skirts  
wrap neatly around diseased whores  
waiting to puncture puss oozing  
stenched veins with jagged edged  
warm-white  
filth-filled eye droppers.

and a plastic hatted  
sightseeing guide is proudly pointing  
out through green tinted bus windows  
as he announces  
in semi-biblical tones  
the passing  
of the lincoln center  
for the performing arts

—morris—



SYLVIE

sylvie  
 when it's cold now  
 haunting  
 comes to heat my phantom zone  
 white-haired not-so-virgin mary  
 weary lady apparition  
 no novena proposition  
 doesn't even want a church  
 sylvie  
 softly sylvie sylvie  
 comes to easter-rise  
 in quiet glory  
 like a morning god in white sheet smiling  
 sylvie smiled  
 sylvie sylvie  
 diabetic popeyes rolling  
 bowlingballing down the furrows of her face  
 spinning through my visions of her face  
 ancient face of sylvie  
 in a sunday-netted hat  
 stops in after.late mass at the irish church  
 for pot roast  
 on pink movie dish night china  
 or maybe later listens  
 to some a&p tchaikovsky  
 on the squeaky black-backed rocking chair  
 with hex sign decals peeling  
 where sylvie rests her head and sings  
 and rocks  
 and reads me stories  
 from the green books  
 that my mother got from england

and rocks  
 and reads me stories  
 from the green books into sleep  
 sylvie sylvie sylvie sleep  
 sleepy sylvie sings "juanita"  
 in a husky whiskey baritone till dusk  
 and then goes home

II

i see icy  
 silkie sylvie  
 naked verywhite and wonderwrinkled  
 skinny sylvie  
 screaming bulging bulbous-eyed  
 spread out like a windmill blade  
 spread out in a field of queen anne's lace  
 sylvie sylvie  
 dances death in wildflowered grottos  
 i have seen her quick corpse  
 on some hillside somewhere  
 running with the deer  
 who run from eyegaze  
 i guess i'll walk the snowy paths  
 perhaps i'll search for sylvie in the woods

III

sylvie  
 of the savage sabbath birthday of the dark  
 sylvie  
 of the carnival of light  
 sylvie  
 old witch woman  
 old white gypsy queen of nightmares  
 sylvie  
 glary-staring through the woodgrain on the wall

sylvie  
 sketchy ballerina pastel fairy ariel  
 sylvie  
 haggard havisham you've had it  
 sylvie  
 sylvie  
 made us sugar-syruped strawberries  
 in small blue willow bowls  
 sylvie  
 sylvie  
 bearing shopping bags  
 with cans of planter's peanuts  
 with hunks of chocolate taffy  
 from the candy vats in woolworths  
 sylvie  
 sylvie  
 bearing little terracotta statues  
 and they spoke to me at night  
 and they speak to me at night  
 they speak of sylvie  
 sylvie  
 sylvie  
 where is sylvie  
 sylvie  
 sylvie

sylvie  
 sadly tawdry-tinsled lady love of little boy  
 sylvie  
 sylvie  
 of the suicidal sun  
 sylvie  
 now you come again  
 at night in folding dressing gown  
 the room is filled with wind  
 and you rock  
 and read me stories  
 from the green books into sleep  
 and then go home

Joe Vojtko



**Molten Wax and Feathers**

Gathering on the edge,  
the thought of what  
can do a lot to soothe  
the girl with red shoes  
whose innocence has  
taught her more  
than experience  
knew when he  
took an Icarian fall  
by coming too close  
to the truth.

*Dennis Gourley*

**to fly**

green plastic  
on a diamond frame  
cotton bird  
with glass eyes  
stuffed and never flies.

stroke his chest  
and talk to him.  
feel the wind  
pull and lift  
plastic kite adrift,

bouncing sun  
off the belly.  
itchy wings  
try to follow  
old crow cannot go.

*Catherine McCormick*

**Black Layer**

**I**

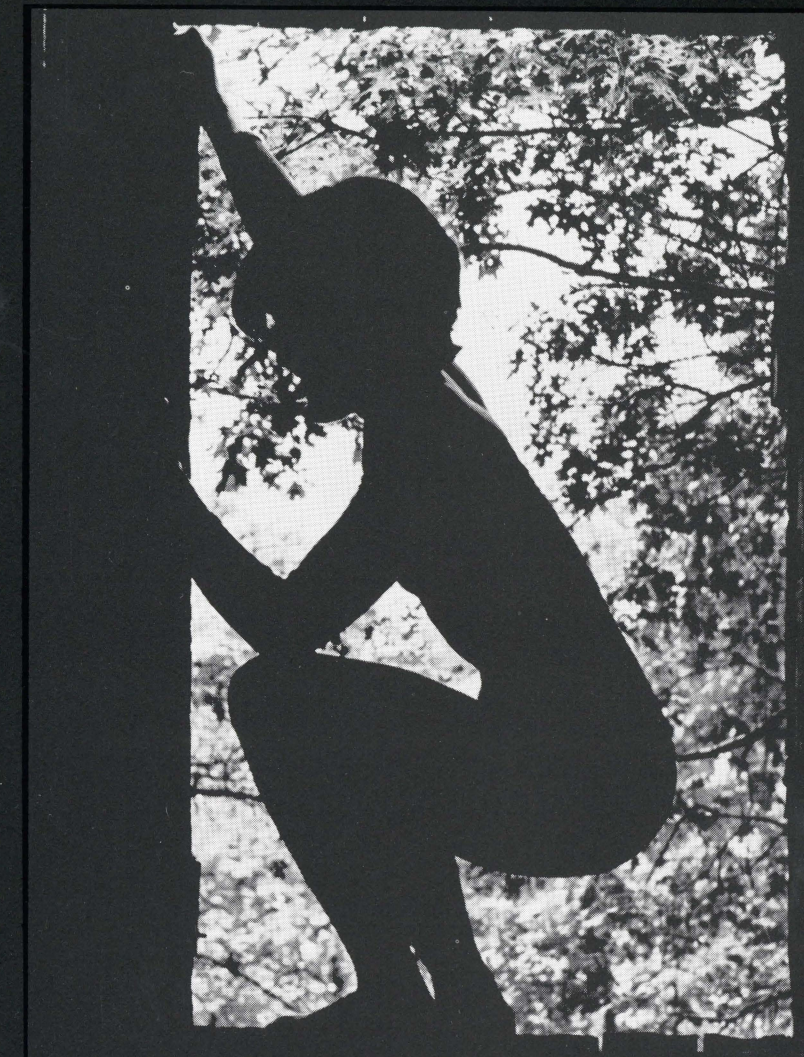
Packing hands,  
Stuffing mud  
In the frame.  
Rich red clay  
Baked to brick.  
Hands holding,  
Holding Earth,  
Holding Water,  
Holding Fire.  
Forming stone,  
Padding it  
With soft straw,  
Leaving its  
Soft imprint.

**II**

Packing hands,  
Unknown hands,  
Handy man's  
Known by face,  
Judged by face,  
Color ruled,  
Hands unseen.  
Brick red hands,  
Bathed in clay,  
Labor purged  
Palms burnt white.  
Handy man's  
Known by face,  
Judged by face;  
Holding Earth,  
Holding Water,  
Holding Fire.

*Dennis Gourley*

*Photo – Rich Finkelstein*





ALL AMERICAN (on the way down) TOWN:  
MAIN STREET DINER

A flatter odor sits on the air  
not heavy,  
But like a young and thin  
lady tipped delicately on the edge  
of her chair,  
Something of bland grease-  
sy spoons always have it  
in common.  
Old ham  
burgs and weak coffee,  
Reminiscent of the cooked-  
out smell of China  
town.

Middle-aged housewives round  
unpleasantly  
swarm up from the underground  
life-murmer of cheap-dress  
making machines.  
And the oil of their fingers  
and clung to their clothes—  
the odor mingles a spicy  
ness into the scent of the place  
As they step off the landing  
into the one-time trailer-home of  
corrugated tin  
Now coated with clinging smoke-grime;

Loud home-delivery men also balding  
and bland as the greascent  
surrounding their entry,  
Gas-pump (young) tenders  
from on down the street  
Pause by the counter to make  
it with the hard (ageless) mouthed waitress.  
The bland perfume of her hair and steamy  
skin excite them still.

Leftover existence from the days  
of mine pits  
Small time existence in the bottom  
grime pit with time  
with nothing to do.  
Yet no one has the time to argue  
past the wag  
es of the day.

Flat air and stale  
coffee at noon  
bred of flat lives.  
And the greasy image of China  
(living) town  
finds no place in their minds.

*Carole Zarenski*

Meade Street

After the horizon had eaten the sun  
the night began slipping by  
and all that time I together melted with friends  
who know me as well as anyone can.  
The wrong teams had won the pennants and even though the Pre-  
sident was making a big mistake the storm windows would have  
to go up in a couple of weeks as the homemade lemonade trickled  
down our throats  
And the fireflies of Summernight were really just  
cricket sounds that began to glow because it was so nice that  
night on Meade Street.

*CKPY*

I followed dutifully down your road,  
accepted your direction without question,  
and respectfully withdrew ten paces  
each time you encountered a passing love.  
So why, now, your surprise  
when we arrive together  
to find yourself alone?

*Pat Hodakowski*

Mickie Thought

turning green  
festering with decay  
the fruit of my womb  
the promise of tomorrow.

at last one dies  
and where was the truth,  
where was the smile of my child.

*joshua*



( ? ) will

: paddies grow  
greener

where bodies  
&  
pa s of bod  
rt ies

: little  
half yellow bastards

know  
whose fathers  
are

baked into  
their ricecake (i)  
*C. R. Williams*

conduit square  
the nurses  
gather there  
wiggling past  
old men  
on benches  
feeding the poor pigeons  
getting their eyes full  
one touches  
as a nurse brushes past  
i beg your pardon sir  
she says smiling  
he cackles  
the pigeons coo  
it starts to rain  
and his day is through

*morris*

### Continuation

The blazing arc seared the edge of  
the silent world  
and made its way up  
and across expanses of nothingness

white-hot burning  
in total silence  
rays brushed the stony surface  
yellow beacons against ebony emptiness  
silence bathes the Universe  
again peaceful clockwork of signals  
for timeless aeons

white-hot  
white-cold  
lunar night, lunar day  
black and white  
massive replenishing energy  
finds its way past a footprint  
buried in the passage of two  
thousand earth years.

The blazing sun  
a trillion miles distant  
quietly disappears from the black horizon

*Wendy E. Adleman*



### The Pride of Man

The doorway is open; so, now pass.

The corridor is brightly lighted white,  
And presently it has its never night.  
And ever quiet, so serene it stays  
With stillness in its four tight, morguely bands,  
But in a contrast lie its silent ways  
Against the outer, vivid, ringing rands,  
Whose sound is not perceived by sense of ear  
Within the hall, illuminated clear.

Along the whiteness of the walls appear  
The panes of apertures foretelling drear.  
For through these glazes chant foreboding airs,  
Which silently, symbolically enact  
The splitting of the eardrums with their shares  
Of harsh, unsettled blisterings beracked.  
And multi-colored is the outer scene,  
But glassy filters keep the hall serene.

The hall is balanced by opposing doors,  
And through the farther wait the coming roars.

And passing then across the grimeless floor,  
Feel now the staunchness of the room the more,  
When footsteps deeply echo forth a ring  
Of solid structure, powerful and still.  
And opening the door, comes forth a sting  
And flow of sound unbearable and shrill,  
That fills the hall with noise of double force,  
And blanks the senses in its piercing course.

And senses spinning, gaze upon the world  
Of blended color, sparkling and unfurled—  
Of colors, screaming sharp and searing cries—  
And air unsteady, filled with tension bare.  
The ground, a thickly mudded mire, lies  
In brownish blandness to the colors' blare.  
And trees stand many-branched and numerous,  
And to great distance spread their populus.

Now stepping out into the mudded ground,  
Sink knee-deep, feeling tightly held and bound.

And thick and heavy is the sticky clay,  
And so slow plodding marks the cumbered way.  
And to the side and far ahead is wrought  
A pool of sea blue liquid, soft and still,  
But which within a second turns to nought  
A dangling branch that falls into its will.  
And yellow, ulcerating moss occurs  
Now in the bluish stead as liquid blurs.

And gray profusion sweeps upon the land,  
And fills the scene with greasy slickness and  
Becomes absorbed into the messy bog.  
And in a flash of violet disappears  
And thickness underfoot into a fog  
Which clings upon the trees, but slowly clears  
When far beyond the piercing din is heard  
A sound of grief and sighing not deterred.

And underfoot is solid now and sure,  
And greater is this solemn world's allure.

But gradually the land turns dry as sand,  
As if abandoned by all moisture, and  
The ground no longer has a solid base,  
But in a gravel form it now resides.  
And heat invades the surface as the pace  
Is slow, for fire leaps up from all sides  
In sparse and intermittent spears of flame;  
The heat does not decrease, nor stay the same.

Then massive grow the particles of stone,  
As lengthy towers stretching with a moan.  
And higher, higher where it now grows cold,  
They quickly, smoothly soar their lanky might  
Until in freezing air they slowly hold.  
An icy clarity pervades this height,  
And sound and colors end their crushing roars  
As silence, in the ears, its thunder pours.

And though the air of peace and silence flows  
Among the coldness, yet the journey goes.

And after hours and hours (it seems), the ground  
Reverberates and quakes and bears the sound  
Of rumbling, churning, rolling water falls;  
And with the sound of crunching, splitting rock  
Great schisms rip apart the ground, as walls  
Of wavy stone extend in depth and lock  
Together in the darkness of the deep,  
From which wide, hollow, empty sighings leap.

And in an instant with a sudden crack,  
The sensing of support begins to lack,  
And everything falls through the barren air.  
And endlessly (it seems) the falling lasts,  
When now the trees, which many branches bear,  
Appear to stand upon a dozen pasts;  
But gripping them to break the fall cannot  
Be done, for they belong alone to thought.

*Robert Mischak*



Θάλασσα!

A dying ship wallowed  
an envygreen lit sea,  
sun-shaded sails billowed crosswind  
it plowed snout  
downrubbing in the troughs  
it bleated, capslapped  
churning white foaming focs'le  
deck barnacle-studded, mizzenmast  
bent sway-back  
grey puffs, streaked black  
rushed past  
its master  
a sailor then? (he revelled  
in the salt air and it billowed his trousers)  
he stood on the foredeck —  
black eyes  
clenched at black  
skies watched the grasping clouds  
eat the sun —  
a cowboy — he rode the ship  
well as it slopped through the crests hewasa  
sponge man  
he wore the gear, his  
hard head rolled aft,  
he turned his  
black eyes and cast the ship  
and curly hair air-wipped, bow-legged  
spread, braced on the bucking  
plank — swung his fist and  
anger-cried  
Θάλασσα! Εἶσαι γουρούνη  
bitter-cried γουρούνη  
and squeezed a sponge dry  
and heaved it to  
the sea

Louis Stevenson



Eye - Fly — R.A. Gilbertson



joni lee

stayed  
i  
the night  
and met the morning  
saw you raise the shade  
saw your day-face glare  
and understood with squinted eyes  
what happens in the night joni lee

*Joe Vojtko*

dapple-grey the morning air  
runs its fingers through your hair  
yellow frosts its sparkling freeze  
dampening our wine and cheese  
an almond-coloured sound we hear  
and while our bodies feel so near  
i lie asleep down near the rocks  
and see a velvet paradox.

*Nanci Dene Adler*

Death is not the heaven that poets promised me.  
There are no legal senders bearing regal splendors  
Like crystal crowns and velvet caping flowing to the floor.  
My hands aren't filled with harp, alight like a slice of moon.  
No angel-songs play on my ear and tempt me off to paradise.  
No restful sleep.  
No great relief.  
No day of reckoning.  
Just gasping breath and grasping eyes and clenching, sweating fists.  
Death is a dying man's last request.

*Brent Spencer*

### A STUPID QUESTION

To fill a lull in the conversation  
Someone said (unexpectedly)  
What is Poetry?  
A moment of pensive silence ensued –  
The ceiling was stared at  
As thumbnails were chewed.  
Poetry  
Said one  
Is rhythm and rhyme,  
Symbol and sound.  
He was promptly stared down.

Poetry  
Said another  
Is a complete thought,  
A thing in itself;  
It is language well spent . . .  
He broke off in obvious embarrassment.  
Poetry  
Said a third  
Is merely the art  
Of saying something well;  
A poem is to words as music to song.  
No  
Came the answer  
You're all of you wrong.  
All right then  
They countered, all three,  
Just what do *you* take it to be?  
I don't know  
He replied  
I hoped you could tell *me*.  
Grumbles were grumbled  
And brows were mopped.  
The subject was dropped.

*L. Heycock*



**an image of rain**

through some paradigm  
like maypole on ice  
will waste along time  
for pearls of great price,  
What stricken belief  
in Zen played unfair  
can hollow the grief  
of losing a dare?

through reason which wend  
can return the pain  
with days that will end  
past crossroads of rain,  
What Shadow of Light  
in blend or star  
can capture the night  
of Heaven far?

*Frank McCourt*

you remember when i had tuesdays off  
and you came down on the BMT  
to go to the beach  
on coney island  
and remember how we wished  
it wouldn't rain

it only rained one tuesday  
but that was okay  
cause we went to the wax museum  
remember we saw caryl chessman  
in the gas chamber  
and president kennedy

and the next week you came  
you kept tickling me (remember)  
and you said  
you had a craving  
for cherry-vanilla ice cream  
and you wouldn't stop til you got it

and remember i walked ten blocks  
to get you a cone  
and remember it began to melt  
and there was cherry-vanilla in the sand  
and do you remember the look on my face  
when i got back and you weren't there

no i guess you wouldn't remember that

*morris*

**Insomnia**

Inside and away . . .

Waiting for Solitude's tear-eyed boredom to pass on;

A fallen victim of those not so sleepy dreams.

Nocturnal Amazement.

I, in owl eyes, stir airs of attentive concentration

(prostration, if you please, with head-to-floor meditation)

and Hoot sundown/sunrise consequences,

unseen, unheard, unglorified and lonely among a resting  
populace.

The starry darkness that caps this and every day signals  
friends to stop and say "GOODNITE" but these sleep and  
remain. Can one blame them or such an innocent Black  
lantern for the long junked and abandoned impressions that  
jerk my head from side to side in perplexity?  
This old mainstream life cycle is so far away from  
my almost vain extracurricular thoughts!  
Please! Though it is late let me sing and play

aloud unseen, unheard, unglorified, unruffled.

And . . . as we glide into day I will pass by following

some Greyway road because I'm coming up from somewhere

and you'll not find me lying face down in Spring green

nor will you leave me to some mischievous midday breeze

that frees the hair while it playfully mauls those feelings

perched inside and away . . .

*Anon.*



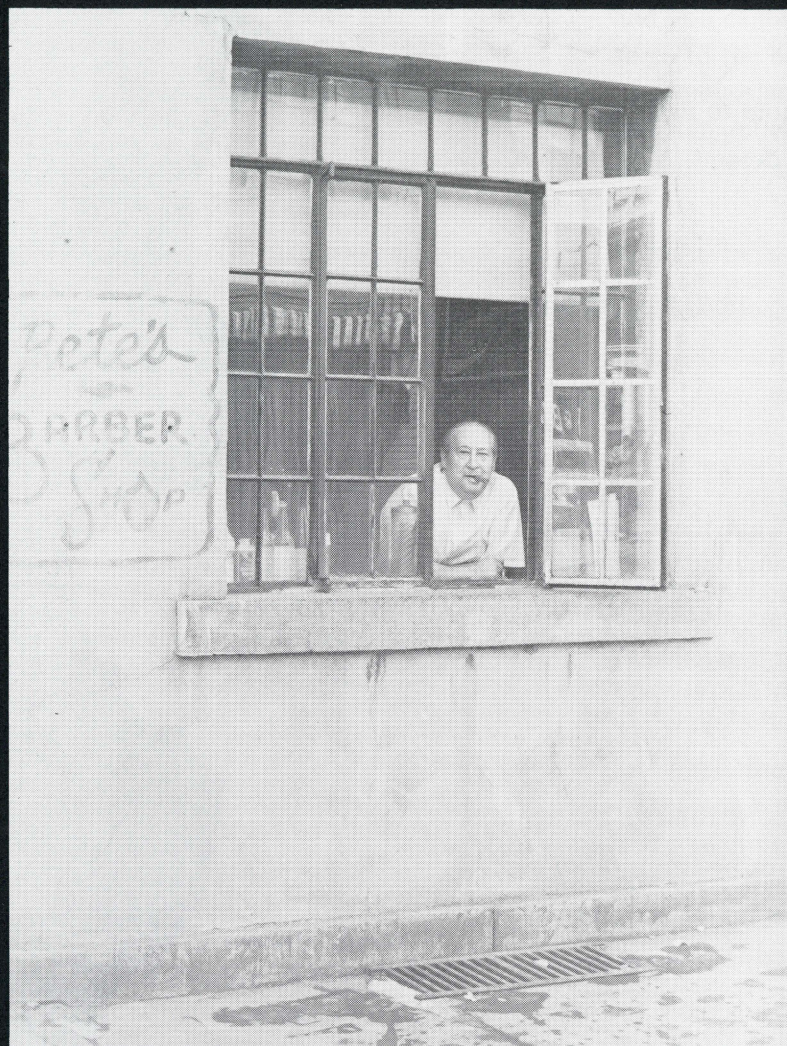


Photo – Anne Caffrey

### FREDDIE'S FUNERAL

Freddie died last night  
in the street  
on his feet  
but he had  
he shouldn't  
that wouldn't  
but the funeral  
for days who  
Freddie in the  
but came all  
and didn't cry  
Freddie's casket  
him along the curb  
like the blood was

were no shoes  
a knife where  
and a wallet  
ever come back  
oh had many guests  
didn't even know  
gutter or anywhere  
the same they did  
or complain that  
wasn't wrapped around

at first only  
a minute with  
hoards visited  
buses and always  
a solemn sight  
the priest's holy  
down the gutter  
free of sin  
few looked stricken  
ladies huffed past  
faces in their skirts  
almost came too  
the deceased and  
corner where a  
no flowers and  
I was surprised

some came to pass  
Freddie but later  
in cars and  
walking they were  
it was when  
water came sliding  
and washed Freddie  
many came but  
with grief no doubt  
and hid children's  
and a bus  
close but saw  
moved to the next  
mourner got out

but Freddie had a  
tied to his coat against  
in holy water  
big clock chimed  
Freddie in the gutter  
people kept coming  
more than before  
at night they  
to guide the bereaved  
they stopped coming  
stayed lit anyway  
but he never  
away with him  
and rolled him  
singing his  
favorite song.

forget-me-not  
the pavement drenched  
at noon the  
twelve times for  
like he liked  
but fewer looked  
Freddie was dead  
lit the streetlights  
to Freddie's side but  
and the streetlights  
I waited for God  
came to take Freddie  
so I took him  
into the river

Brent Spencer



## MARK'S MOTHER HAS HER DAY

The yellow sun peeked out from above the green leaves of a supposedly blue summer sky. It was nice the way it did that. The breeze pushed the stale air over our bodies holding so close together. I had an afterthought of rain but decided not to for today. I suppose they had had enough down there to last them forty days and forty nights. Moses was here a while ago, he said everything was all right except they found it a little hard to swallow those tablets at first. However, he said, once they got used to it, it became practically a bare necessity. In fact the aspirin business is a great flourishing industrial camp down there. Last Sunday everything was pretty dark; one of their power systems had power failure. It seems that the electric generator used to power the electric plant ran out of gas, and, therefore, the entire place was out of electric power. I heard strange chants of other kinds of power though,

flower power and black power and even atomic power. It was all quite interesting. The circuses held in the huge tents didn't hold much attraction for me or them - rain - stray cats - and dogs jumping through rings of fire and playing darkie games in the yard-one two-trudge through - boo-boo the ghost of long past silence lives in chains trudged through the mud entertaining the keeper of the gate. The storm that was life to them ceased, and flowers grew to be exploited as patterns of power rather than of love.

"Can you hear me calling you-can you hear Mark. Get into this house now. Everything is on the table and everything is getting cold. Mark can you hear me."

"I'm coming Mother dear."

There, she's at it, well I really don't mind, after all she is a mother. And what are mothers for. But I

wish I didn't have to leave before Moses came back. He's such a nice guy you know-while we were together down there in the grass, his warm body against mine, I got to thinking about the way it used to be - you know when a guy could get a hair cut for a cup of coffee and a hair cut wasn't a necessity either - my American friends I grant you free reign of my home and humor yourself with my wife-convince the mothers that all are totally corrupt and you are good-well tomorrow there will be rain-manana estoy lloviendo-pass that on please, tell that to your people so that they'll all put on those ridiculous yellow rubber coats-I'd rather wet, than that-I know that they had enough rain last time but I'd really like to see how they get out of this one, since those new tablets that they've been using dissolve in water.

"Dammit Mark where are you."

Dammit Mark where are you, why is that all she ever says? Can't she see that I'm busy here. I may not be the only one in the world but the best the best Mister Wilford J. Best who keeps company with all the right and proper ladies in hotel rooms in cars and out on the grass sometimes wondering why their breasts were not as special as everyone said they would be. I furnish the mothers with lots of meat for their children and and-

"Mother you stink your dress is ugly your hair smells and your dinner is pig slop. Don't touch me. Keep away. I don't want your garbage food. And I don't want your garbage hands on me. Away. Away or I'll kill you. That's right- get inside your pig house. Join your pig friends. Join them."

Mrs. Crowley rushed into the kitchen to phone for help. However, before she went to the phone she miraculously found the time to comb her hair, fix

her eye make-up and light a cigarette.

"Hello, operator get me the police. Hello is this police-well my son-yes-Mrs. Nancy Crowley my son Mark-it's 747 Ray Hill Lane-he's - don't you want to know what's wrong-Forget my husband's social security number. Listen. My son Mark is out in the street ripping his clothes off and threatening me. He pulled all my shrubbery out of the lawn and he's screaming like a maniac. Yes, put him away-I don't care-a straight jacket-anything help me - my God he's here with a knife-"

"So mother you thought. That's the problem-you thought-ha-I'm going to sing - and cut you up into little tiny bite-size pieces, just right for after-dinner snacks and we can barbecue you when father comes home-when father comes home-"

The six o'clock alarm rang and Mark jumped to his feet and ran to the bathroom.

"Blood, blood-all over my hands-I've killed Mother-She's dead."

Mark ran to the bathroom to wash the blood off his hands. It took him more than five minutes to see that the water that went down the drain was as clear as the water that was running from the faucet. And it took him another five minutes to realize that he had been dreaming again. Talking in his sleep. Killing in his sleep.

Mark walked to the window and pulled back the soiled drapes; he looked out the cracked window and saw dirty red bricks neatly stacked on each other in endless rows. Well, they were almost endless, at least he thought they were, because that's all he could see. One day he wanted to punch that brick wall until it fell, punch it so that there would be no more neat rows. They didn't deserve to be so



orderly; nothing else was. He shut the drapes and walked to the mirror.

"There you are tiger, looks like your hair could use a little combing. What's that? Oh you don't have a comb, well your fingers will have to do today. I wonder if the stock market is up again? What do you think?"

Before Mark had a chance to answer himself, he heard that old familiar call from downstairs.

"Mark, Mark come on down dear, breakfast is almost ready."

He just stood there waiting for her to say it again. He thought, she says it twice every morning, why should today be any different? She likes to say it. If I didn't let her say it twice she'd probably feel hurt.

"Mark are you coming, your coffee is getting cold, and it's getting late."

"Alright Ma, I'm coming."

He pulled on his black chinos and grey sweater, and tripped down the steps.

"You ought to be more careful dear. I've always told you to keep your chin up high and your feet planted firm on the ground. What are you going to do today? You haven't been to work in three weeks. Are you sure you're still on vacation? I called the factory and Mr. Meyers said that you weren't working there any more, that you quit because you got a better job. That's wonderful dear. Why didn't you tell me? Mark why don't you say anything?"

"Good morning Mother, how are you?" He looked up from his coffee and smiled, like the Cheshire cat in *Alice in Wonderland*.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I got so excited that I forgot to say goodmorning. Goodmorning. Now, is it true? I mean have you got a new job." She lifted her coffee cup and waited for him to answer.

"Yes Mother, I've gotten an important position in the Pentagon."

Mrs. Crowley put down her cup. Half suspicious, and half proud she said, "What do you do son."

"Well Mother, it's actually top secret. You see I'm in charge of keeping all the top secret papers together. I make sure all papers marked A are with all other papers marked A and that all papers marked B are with all other papers marked B and that papers marked A don't get mixed up with papers marked C."

"Mark that's wonderful, but how do you manage to do that?"

"I'm sorry Mother, but that's top secret."

"Mark, can I tell the neighbors that my boy has got a job in the Pentagon."

"Sure if you want to."

Mrs. Crowley got up and opened the refrigerator. She took a neat package wrapped in tin foil out of the freezer section and opened it, revealing a small steak.

"I have been saving this for a special occasion Mark, and I guess that I've finally found one."

Mark couldn't remember the last time he had eaten a steak, or even smelled one for that matter. He looked at the steak and his mind began to drift.

It used to be nice when he was around. We'd sometimes get out of this hole and go out to the country and breathe but she drove him away, always asking for more than she deserved. With a face like that she didn't deserve any better—always made-up with that Stein's show-people grease-paint make-up.

It made her look like a pig. Sometimes I wished that she would go out into the streets on real hot days and that her face would melt and drip over the sidewalk. To get stepped on by everyone that

walked by. Besides, concrete would be a better thing for her to be made of anyway. She was quite a bitch to him. So when he left one day for work and never came home I wasn't surprised. She deserved it. But I didn't. I suppose that I should leave too. But she's not going to do that to me. I won't go. Not me. She'll die first.

"I'm not going, do you hear me Mother I'm not going."

"But son, a job in the Pentagon."

"Job, what job?"

"Don't you remember, we were just discussing it. Here look, remember the steak."

Mark looked at the steak, and then he looked back at her, and then he looked at the steak.

"Oh yes Mother, I'm sorry—the job. Yes—the job."

"Well son, I guess you'd better pack."

"Pack, but what for, I'm not going."

"But Mark you must, how are you going to keep all those top secret papers together if you're here in New York, and they're all the way in Washington, D.C.?"

"How, why that's simple Mother, with paper clips and rubber bands, get it—paper clips and rubber bands—I'm top secret director in charge of rubber bands and paper clips in the Pentagon. Get it Mother—nothing hard—nothing complicated—just paper clips and rubber bands that's all, nothing special nothing fancy nothing Gerald nothing Nancy—riding the plane or taking the bus Mother,

you make a big business of everything you drove Gerald away but not me—never me."

"Mark don't say that."

"Well you did, you pig. With your flapping evil mouth. You wanted everything and everything you wanted was someone else's already."

"Mark you lied to me, there is no job. Why don't you settle down and go out for a walk dear."

Mrs. Crowley wrapped the small steak again, into a neat tin foil package. She calmly walked to the refrigerator and put it away. Then she walked to the window and opened the curtain. The yellow sun peeked through from out above the green leaves of a small plant she had on the window. She opened the window and the stale air pushed over her hair. And the grease-paint began to shine. And Mark lifted the cup to his mouth and slowly began to drink the last bit of the coffee. Then Mrs. Crowley turned around.

When Mark woke up the next morning, he jumped out of bed and ran to the bathroom to wash the blood off his hands. This time the water that went down the drain was not clear. Last night Mark had slept with Moses again. That gave him quite a headache, so he took two aspirins and went to bed. Again he had dreamt. Again he had been talking in his sleep. Again he had been killing in his sleep. And now for the first time, it seemed, he had been eating in his sleep.

morris





*Photo – Anne Caffrey*

Jesus was an eagle soaring  
beyond the timber line

where  
nobody knew what the hell  
he was doing

When somebody got the  
idea  
perhaps this bird was  
better off in a tree

So all the no(some)bodies  
nailed him to one

And when they heard the bird's  
forsaken cry (you re  
member the line, "Eli, Eli,  
lamma sabachthani")

In their (not)goddamnedtakeito  
rleaveit pity  
called the tree "HOLY  
and the eagle  
GOD"



damp and crackle halloween  
 when we  
 shared a secret with the river  
 and some sad man  
 his face behind the scribble-lines  
 of leafless branches inter-threading  
 in a photographed flat space  
 damp and crackle halloween  
 in blurry tears and fury  
 heavy pressing  
 corduroy and denim bodies  
 breathing breaking twigs  
 and bones of god  
 damp and crackle halloween  
 we lay alone in lovers' covers  
 leaves and mud  
 and dying wild  
 huckleberry bushes on the bank  
 damp and crackle halloween  
 damp and crackle halloween  
 swirling blue el greco night  
 i kissed you through the missa luba  
 beating on your radio at midnight  
 beating to your body-beat at midnight  
 sound ground me sightless  
 on a dirt back road  
 in a sad-tough time  
 in a sad-touch time  
 in a fast-last time  
 last time  
 last time  
 in a damp and crackle halloween  
 last time

*Joe Vojtko*

**Flaw**

Just a semi-functional container.  
 Kind of a transient catch-all,  
 the crack not noticeable unless you look,  
 a superficial irrelevant flaw.  
 Still before it shatters,  
 Lovingly patch and fill it  
 Or throw the damned thing out.

*Pat Hodakowski*

**Gelding Spring**

the snow falls  
 softly  
 silently  
 on the roof  
 and on the horse  
 and melts into his fur  
 we stand together  
 breathing  
 watching  
 the roof turn white  
 and the horse get wet.

*mccormick-gourley*

It seems the long ago lovers have left  
 The pleasure fields of childish embraces,  
 The garden where they played unknowingly  
 Their games of love which now mature to sin,  
 And their innocent laugh becomes replaced  
 By tearful smiles of unnatural virtue.  
 We were timeless but are quickly dying  
 For want of sunlight shining on our deeds:  
 Our death is knowing man-made evils live  
 Where blinding light before had kept our eyes  
 From seeing hell as we our dreams pursued.  
 How far we've come that we cannot return  
 To when our love lacked reason for regret,  
 When you were twelve and I a prince of peace.

*Philip Bruch*



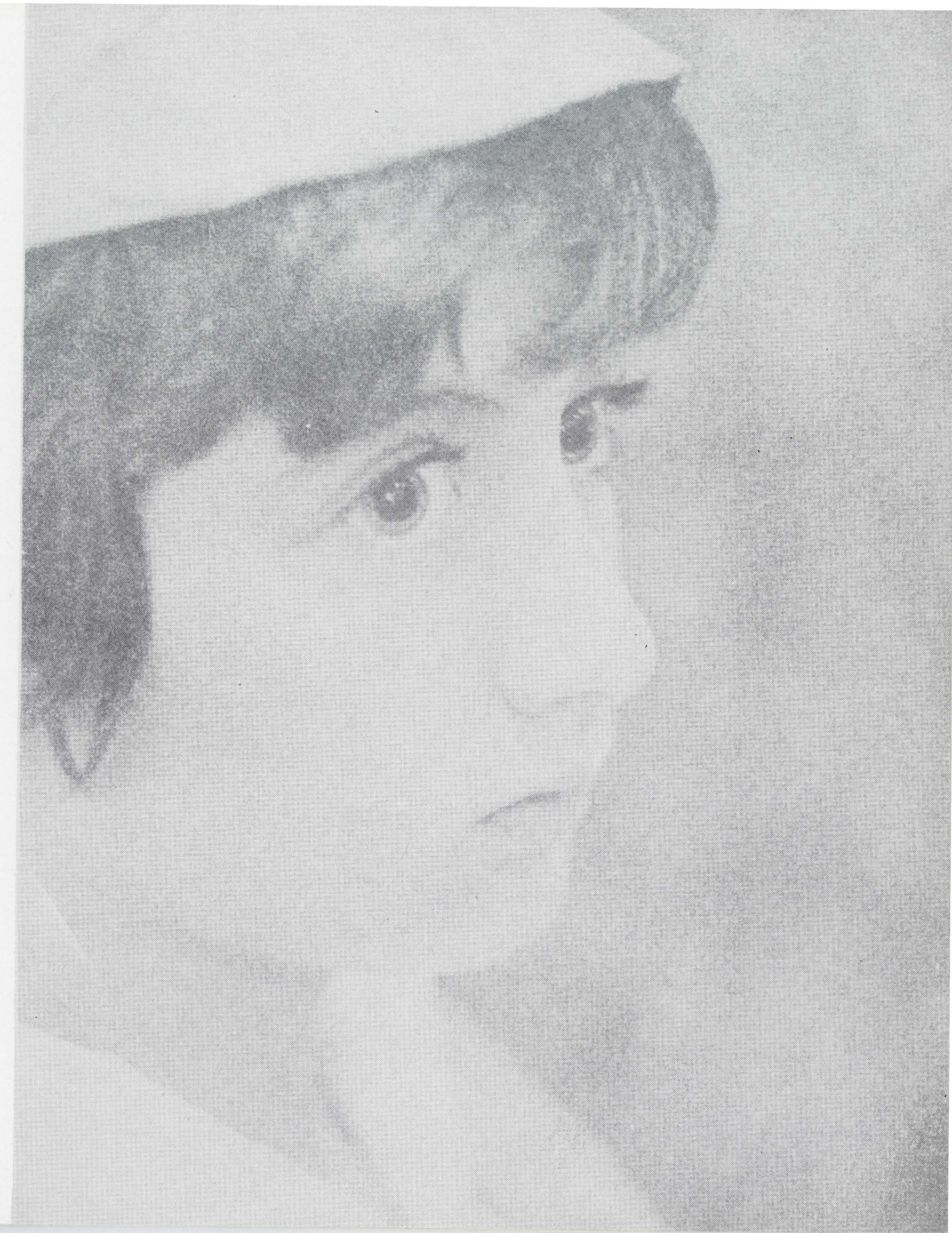
the second night of spring

light sky  
grey morning sky  
just past midnight sky  
                  raining snow  
                                  dripping from the roof

tired eyes  
fight an active mind  
and lose  
see the sky  
and the roof  
and a dog is out there  
somewhere  
wet  
howling  
and a car sloshes by  
sometimes  
Long Ago  
when Howdy Doody was on t.v.  
and daddy wasn't home  
sleep with mommy  
and tired eyes  
fought the night world outside  
inside  
cars would pass  
sometimes  
and an active mind  
wondered where they were going  
so late  
count them to fall asleep

hear the sky  
                  raining snow  
                                  dripping from the roof

listen  
and fall asleep





she collected butterflies

here she comes  
sprightly  
lightly makin with the tease  
twirlin round her beads  
doin dirty dances  
singin savage songs  
and the throngs  
and the mobs  
and the multitudes  
cluster at her knees  
she flutter-flutters through her fans  
in erotic calisthenics  
moving sexy epileptic  
throws her feathers  
shows her fangs  
but it's all real cool  
and it's all real camp  
she's the vamp of savannah GEEEEEEYAAAAAY!  
with a whoopie  
with a yippie  
with a HOOrah roar  
give em all lots less  
just when they're gonna ask for more  
and honey ain't it hell  
cause you know that they've all seen your act before

Joe Vojtko

poem for T

he christened the world  
with a beer bottle  
and screwed his soul  
on the jagged glass  
then screamed  
insane on some garbage heap in scranton  
where he wept for all the madmen in the world  
and sank  
and almost drowned in his own bullshit  
but came up laughing

Joe Vojtko

Hydrogen Jukebox – Joe Vojtko





to be sure  
she is here in the morning  
this is not possible  
i have tried  
i was little  
i delivered the new york post  
on a bicycle with a siren

and didn't like it  
in fact i hated it  
i even threw them in the  
bay  
you should see it  
sometimes i suppose it's nice  
with those water birds  
diving into it  
to catch a fish or something  
but most of the time  
it smells and not like my sister's perfume  
she's very delicate you know  
everyone else in the family  
weighs at least  
too much for their body  
but she was always tiny  
and smelled sweet  
the bay however is grotesque  
i think the sewage plant  
on a hundred and eighth street  
dumps into there  
on clear afternoons  
you can see manhattan  
from over the bay  
the entire skyline  
some days there are black mists above them  
and i wonder  
what's behind there  
that's what i would think  
when i passed a church  
what's behind there  
i was never in one  
except one day

it was thanksgiving  
and the rabbi  
and the priest  
thought it would be  
a good idea  
to exchange congregations  
everything went very well  
until some little boys  
well they were really my age  
began passing around  
gold plates  
they couldn't understand  
why such prosperous people  
weren't carrying money  
and i laughed out loud  
because i put a quarter in  
that i collected from the newspapers  
i thought the rabbi would die  
when he saw me  
i was the only one to put money in  
the rest of the congregation  
claimed to be devout  
and made it appear as the law states  
they weren't carrying money on the sabbath  
but i guess i know better than that  
they all had money  
i mean  
some of them came down on the bus  
well what can you do  
i often wondered that too  
i watched my friends play games  
punch ball  
and roller hockey

i couldn't skate  
or punch for that matter  
i just never had it in me to punch  
that's why i can't join the war  
and serve my country  
there was this delicatessen  
five blocks away from my house  
where they served the greatest soda  
everything else was good too  
but it was the only place  
within twenty miles  
which is pretty far  
when all you have  
is a bike  
that had dr. brown's celery tonic  
that went real good  
on hot days when it was too hot to go to the beach  
oh yes i forgot  
there's a beach  
and an ocean  
parallel to the bay  
separated by three blocks  
of two family homes  
they all had  
two kids and french poodles  
a lot of them had cadillacs  
i always wonder  
when it was time to collect  
60 cents for the newspaper  
why nobody had it  
and god forbid a tip  
well maybe that's  
why so many papers



have gone out of business  
i used to go to the beach  
but i was embarrassed  
i was fat  
and sometimes  
my bust was bigger  
than the girls' that i used to meet there  
once i went in the water  
with my new ring  
so that i could run  
up and put it by my sneakers  
but leve knocked me down  
and the ring was gone  
leve was short for leverett  
not much of an improvement really  
but i'd rather not speak of him  
that involves too many unpleasant memories  
we went to the same high school for a year  
brooklyn technical high school  
you had to take a special test  
to go there  
and just because i passed i had to go  
it took an hour and a half  
by subway to get there  
and it wasn't worth it  
it was so dirty there  
that it was hard to tell  
the difference between being in a subway car  
and being in the street  
every morning i had to catch the 7:42  
from my house i couldn't make that train  
well not every morning  
anyway let's forget it

there was this girl  
well there was always this girl  
and a lot of times that girl  
but one was special  
ellen  
i really loved her  
she was different  
kind of soft  
but she was chained to some big guy  
however by my senior year in high school  
i had gotten very close to her  
in fact when he wasn't  
with her i was  
wide laughing brown eyes  
and love pure  
i tried to keep  
her but she drifted away  
on the beach one day with him  
and it wasn't 'til the next summer  
that i found out  
she had been going to bed with him  
for three years

*morris*

### STORM

Impaled upon the mountaintop  
A thunderhead  
Growled and bled.

*L. Heycock*

### Megalop's Lethargy

Seated on Prospect Rock overlooking the city slumbering  
Like a huge giant in the cradle of the valley below,  
I ponder on the sleeping figure in the pre-dawn daylight's blanket.  
Coming alive, the blustering behemoth struggles to awakening,  
Shaking the still morning air and wafting cool breezes  
To my sentry post in the rocks far above.  
The river flows like a pair of bony arms stretching  
Off to the mountain that cradles his head.  
A barrage of rail arrows out  
Past the ridges, forming a monstrous leg while  
The other leg bends and stretches in the  
Form of morning-workers wheeling their motorcars  
Out of the city with two lanterns apiece.  
Tiny spots of light flickering with the giant,  
Gaining in number and intensity  
As a consciousness about to speak.  
Burning brightly, the lights multiply and glow with incandescence,  
Conspiring to end my reverie.  
And then, the sun.

*Brent Spencer*

Swirling, whirling, gurgling, gushing whirlpool  
drags down its idiot worshippers,  
and the rushing river laughs to see us drown.  
One by one.

*Valerie Balester*



Did you meet,  
Terese,  
in your dream  
The Christ of the Crimson Eyes;  
did they puncture,  
Maiden,  
your heart  
as the Nails did His Hands?

Which was more scarlet,  
Beloved of Christ,  
His pupils  
or your Blood;  
And which caused more pain,  
Mystic,  
His departure  
or your Stigma(ta) ?

*C. R. Williams*

#### **Candles Across the Bridge**

In the crazy quiet of the stillest hour  
broken waves and dying dreams  
roar tender

and I am ashamed  
not to see the unallowed soul  
drowning in the falling rote  
of covered night song shells

The unstillable history of shame  
reawakens  
as time draws a breath  
from its unexhausted will  
and I speaking cry

*Frank McCourt*

Spring  
(witch)

e  
Xp  
o  
L  
d  
s  
e

with  
sun bursts

wakes

sleeping ghosts

lilac  
and  
memory

*C. R. Williams*



remembering what i forgot about you  
i took protein pills and decided to try again  
with someone like you  
OH!  
(read faster)  
i fell into his open arms  
(close eyes)  
trying not to look at him  
i rubbed my big toe up and  
down the bottom of his foot  
trying to please both  
but all my energy fought him instead  
(slower)  
i smoked cigarette  
after cigarette  
after . . .  
eventually  
he sent me away  
with nothing  
to remember and forget  
except you.  
(wistful sigh)

Catherine McCormick

### Sometimes I Feel

Sometimes I feel the need  
to escape  
my life  
time to rebuild  
gaining strength to  
ride the monster again

the restful beauty of  
Lethargy's bed  
enslaves.  
Now it holds me fast.

Even in escape the battle  
continues,  
As the weak love left  
wards off death.

joshua

### Rouge

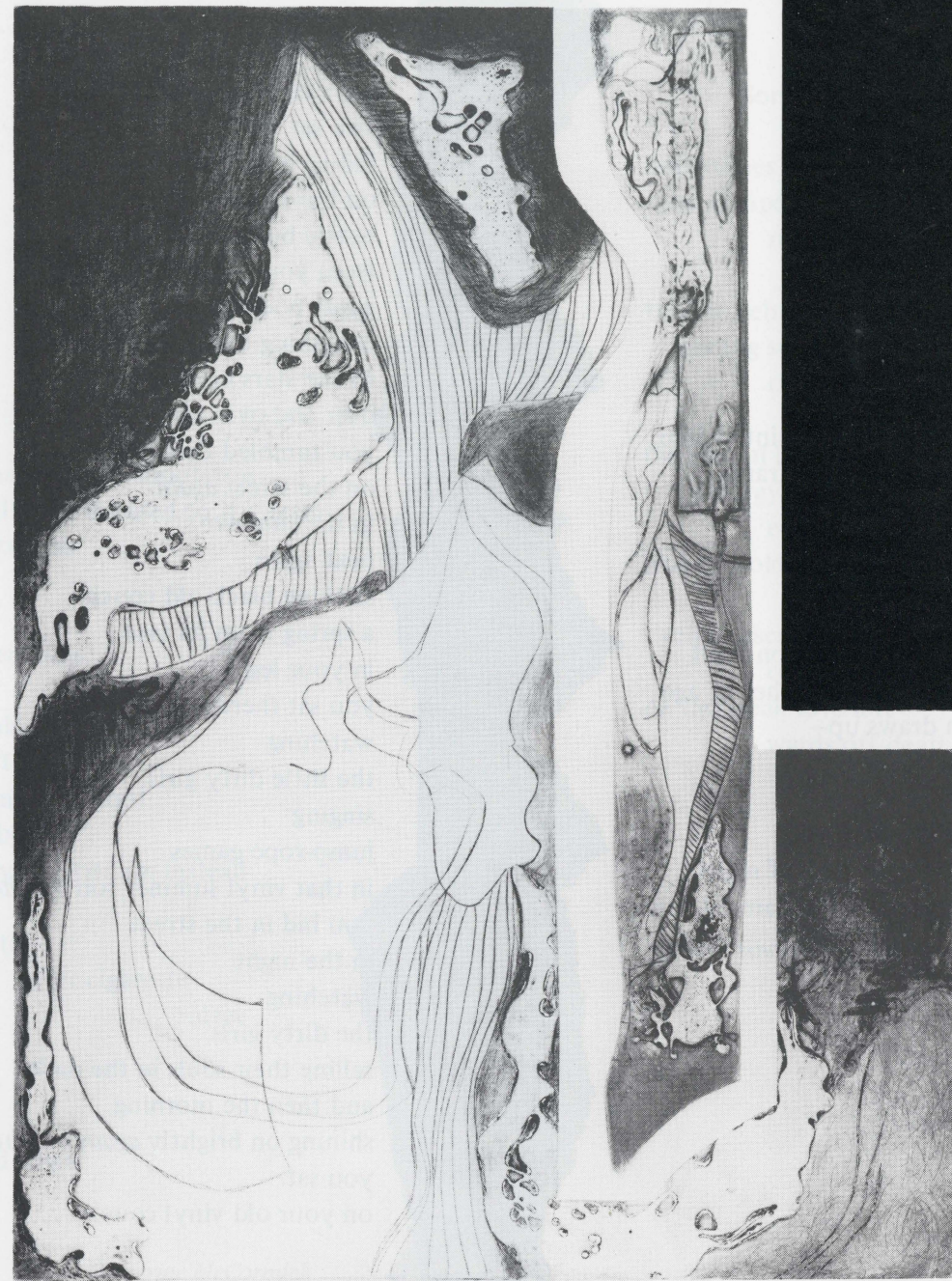
Greyed heads watch a painted face,  
flattering a settled frame.  
Heels set high—  
Lines drawn down—  
Minds drawn down—  
down.  
Rye field processed potion spell  
dims the chronic aches of age.  
Strength draws up—  
Sight held in—  
Pride held in—  
in.  
Lost in chase thru dark of night,  
find new dawns in painted face.

Dennis Gourley

old vinyl sun couch *brother*  
you sat there  
fading eyes with the light  
on the street *again*  
bottle bulging  
from your back  
pants pocket  
imagining that rocket  
to the stars *moon-sun*  
over and over again  
you tumbled troubled  
on the street *again*  
in the summer  
heat again  
sticking black old couch  
a spring from its face  
in your leg  
you sat there  
watching  
the little dirty girls  
singing  
jump-rope games  
in that vinyl summer sun *brother*  
you hid in the street  
in the night  
watching  
the dirty girls  
selling their souls in the dark  
and then the morning  
shining on brightly *again brother*  
you sat  
on your old vinyl couch

morris





Christmas — Joyce Boyle

the neighbor's son

anymore  
they sit on the front porch  
the old maid from across the street  
shy approaching  
brings them i am sorry cakes and cookies  
the girl  
timid  
womanhooding  
with purple acne fat face  
rests on mama's large italian body  
the boys  
in grassy bluejeans  
prison pinching bugs in washed-out jelly jars  
the grand old dame  
the reigning family head  
a leather crinkled mother-death  
about-to-fight-cat-backed  
and bent with arthritis  
droning on the glider swing  
molded to the contour of her body  
between her toothless lipless mouth  
a punk to ward off bugs and evil spirits  
father  
reading jokes from the teamster magazine  
wants to take the family to a disney film  
mama  
with solemn high sobriety  
once again  
recounts the day of the drowning

Joe Vojtko

fantast # 27½

once at the old horseshoe  
where we usta ice-skate in the winter  
after altar boy practice  
they stuck a cucumber up skinny andy's ass  
and dan and kenny said  
that's how married people got babies  
so we waited  
but skinny andy never got a baby  
just piles

Joe Vojtko



The Title of This Poem Is  
"The Only Good Indian is a Dead Indian"  
or  
"If All the Forked Tongues of the World  
Got Together, It'd Be One Hell of a Dinner"

Vees wedge throo night skies  
Over tree-tees  
Which the whiteskins

Never kept  
(I could have wept)  
(I haven't slept)  
for thinking  
of the sinking  
of the Navajo-joes  
(don't you know)  
It doesn't show

from T.V.T.P. windows  
But the snows of their discon-tent  
Are Uncom-Fort able  
To leap tall warriors  
With a single bound . . . airy  
(One was Yellow Harry.)

The short lived  
long-knives  
fought lives  
bought lives  
took lives  
sought lives

Even tried to have lives  
And the coming of the railroad  
Carried out the mail load  
To Golden Slippered Foot Hills  
And Doctor Daniel's Nose Pills

Wampum

Won't stop 'em  
Cause whitey has enough,  
And the coloured beads of heathen nations  
Turn to crystal beads of perspiration  
Yippee-tye-kye-O.T.'s

Chased them all to the island  
and highland  
and skyland

Wherever they could spy land  
Like the high hand  
in the crow's nest  
of Columbo's sainted pint of ninas  
he seen yez  
and called down  
to look around  
at Americanyons  
on the landyons

Indyons!  
Said Bo on the prow  
With a finger to his brow  
Indyons!

And he went below to look for his camel saddle.  
red man  
unfed man  
and never-go-to-bed man

He shot an arrow in the air  
It fell to earth I know not where,  
But in the land, there was a cry,  
Another man disliked to die.

Buffy Mary  
sings of prairies  
and of times she'd like to see.  
Join the cause,  
But first, please pause  
Cause it's so hard to find eagle  
feathers nowadays.

*Brent Spencer*



TABLE OF CONTENTS

3 – In not . . . . .	C. R. Williams	39 – Megalop's Lethargy . . . . .	Brent Spencer
4 – Lamenc Street . . . . .	Brent Spencer	39 – Swirling, whirling, gurgling . . . . .	Valerie Balester
4 – black crows and brown sparrows . . . . .	Catherine McCormick	40 – Candles Across the Bridge . . . . .	Frank McCourt
5 – black fat . . . . .	morris	40 – Did you meet, Terese . . . . .	C. R. Williams
6 – Sylvie . . . . .	Joe Vojtko	41 – Spring . . . . .	C. R. Williams
8 – Molten Wax and Feathers . . . . .	Dennis Gourley	42 – remembering what I forgot about you . . . . .	Catherine McCormick
8 – to fly . . . . .	Catherine McCormick	42 – Sometimes I feel . . . . .	Joshua
8 – Black Layer . . . . .	Dennis Gourley	43 – Rouge . . . . .	Dennis Gourley
9 – Photo . . . . .	Rich Finkelstein	43 – old vinyl sun couch . . . . .	morris
10 – All American (on the way down) Town: Main Street Diner . . . . .	Carole Zarenski	44 – Christmas . . . . .	Joyce Boyle
11 – Meade Street . . . . .	C K P Y	45 – the neighbor's son . . . . .	Joe Vojtko
11 – I followed dutifully . . . . .	Pat Hodakowski	45 – fantast No. 27½ . . . . .	Joe Vojtko
11 – Mickie Thought . . . . .	Joshua	46 – The Title of This Poem Is "The Only Good Indian is a Dead Indian" or "If All the Forked Tongues of the World Got Together, It'd Be One Hell of a Dinner" . . . . .	Brent Spencer
12 – (?) will . . . . .	C. R. Williams	Cover – Madonna and Child . . . . .	Joyce Jakiewicz
12 – conduit square . . . . .	morris		
13 – Continuation . . . . .	Wendy E. Adleman		
14 – The Pride of Man . . . . .	Robert Mischak		
16 – Θάλασσα . . . . .	Louis Stevenson		
17 – Eye-fly . . . . .	R. A. Gilbertson		
18 – joni lee . . . . .	Joe Vojtko		
18 – dapple-grey . . . . .	Nanci Dene Adler		
18 – Death is not the heaven that poets promised me . . . . .	Brent Spencer		
19 – A Stupid Question . . . . .	L. Heycock		
20 – an image of rain . . . . .	Frank McCourt		
20 – you remember when . . . . .	morris		
21 – Insomnia . . . . .	Anon.		
22 – Photo . . . . .	Anne Caffrey		
22 – Freddie's Funeral . . . . .	Brent Spencer		
24 – Mark's Mother Has Her Day . . . . .	morris		
28 – Photo . . . . .	Anne Caffrey		
29 – Jesus . . . . .	C. R. Williams		
30 – damp and crackle haloween . . . . .	Joe Vojtko		
31 – Gelding Spring . . . . .	mccormick-gourley		
31 – Flaw . . . . .	Pat Hodakowski		
31 – It seems the long ago lovers have left . . . . .	Philip Bruch		
32 – the second night of spring . . . . .	Catherine McCormick		
33 – Photo . . . . .	Rich Finkelstein		
34 – she collected butterflies . . . . .	Joe Vojtko		
34 – poem for T . . . . .	Joe Vojtko		
35 – Hydrogen Jukebox . . . . .	Joe Vojtko		
36 – to be sure . . . . .	morris		
38 – Storm . . . . .	L. Heycock		

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