


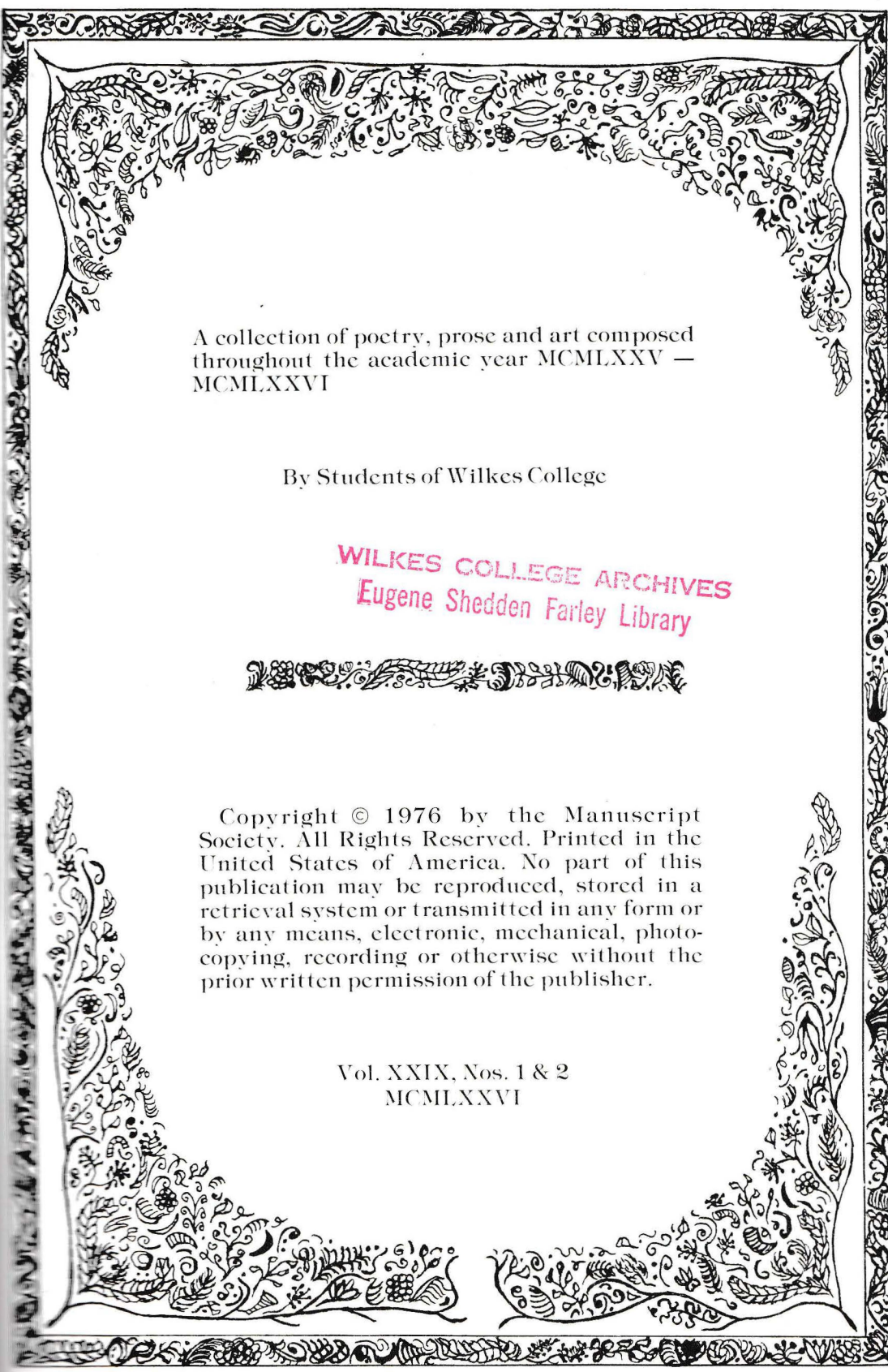
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# Manuscript



Vol. XXIX, Nos. 1 & 2  
MCMLXXVI




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A collection of poetry, prose and art composed  
throughout the academic year MCMLXXV —  
MCMLXXVI

By Students of Wilkes College

WILKES COLLEGE ARCHIVES  
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Vol. XXIX, Nos. 1 & 2  
MCMLXXVI



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

Huck on the cover, fishing, amnesic-  
Nile-long dreams through the afternoon;  
    The rusted can,  
    His feet dipped in the water. . .

Inside, where the water rushes,  
We have found a boat along the bank;  
We struggle through the snares of tangled branches,  
Into the race, the hazard of the flood;

As we had read, the wreck approaches;  
Our hands have numbed to the prick of splinters  
Through the thorns of the shoreline  
We meet the drift. . .

Searching the rooms  
As the house turns, tilting  
Cards, the masks, charcoaled scrawls. . .  
And the feeling that comes  
Like a fish-eye bloodying,  
The hook's barb homing above the gills:

We have found in the hold  
The cargo's contagion;  
Our stares assess our stages of disease,  
And now, this whirling house  
Must serve us on our journey.

Judson Evans



No. 13

A cat in moonlight watched the wind unlace  
A spider's web. At intersecting points  
The drops of dew were dripping light. A face  
In tears, the web transformed to counterpoints.

A cat in sunlight watched the wind unweave  
The leaves to dance beneath a Druid tree.  
The ancient wreath of rhythms did upheave  
The mighty limbed and patterned harmony.

A cat in twilight watched the wind undo  
The mourners' hands of roses. Like the rush  
Of maddened butterflies the petals flew  
As hymns arose to close the swirling hush.

A cat in darkness — no form, just a purr —  
Was lulled to sleep by wind that froze her fur.

Anne A. Graham

## Four At A Bar

Four latent ladies, of the forgotten middle-class  
Immovable — ass from the sofa  
And lips from cigs and cups — mores, have brass,  
Yet ain't no ladies.  
Walking round the gentle paths  
Up and down buttocks of fickle sweeties,  
They have brass  
And flesh of clay.  
And rub up and down with their fingers  
Their glasses, filled with the wages  
Of being no ladies.  
They sing in parched uncherubic pubic voices,  
Tickled by the one thing  
Between them and motherhood.  
And yet, they exist,  
Can't be ignored, can't be ignored.  
The eyes of the less colorful  
Cannot be plucked and dropped into cups,  
But are moved to maudlin madness  
By the thought of ladies  
That ain't no ladies.

R. S. Fabbrini



## Roses

Your garden had none  
so you bought expensive ones  
and wrote  
get well  
signed: love  
and sent them.  
But the phone said  
mother's dead,  
and at the door, they returned  
the roses.  
So you froze them  
to keep them.  
And now your roses bloom  
though you have no gardner  
to cut them  
and you bleed when  
you touch them.

Adele Schwarz

## THE AWKWARD AGE

Harberd sat in the coffee shop and watched the group of girls across from the formica counter-top where he kept stirring more and more sugar into his coffee. Harberd was a girl watcher, which is not so astounding, except for the fact that he was going on seventy-five — quite a minor miracle, especially since one wonders where he even got the energy to stir thick-cream into his coffee. Age didn't stop old Harberd.

One of the girls smiled at him. It was not exactly out of respect for old age, but, more aptly, a horrified awe; as if he was a fossil made from some ancient bone; amazing, yet at the same time repulsive. At any rate, she was accustomed to formica. She sat smiling at the old man. The term "old man" loosely defined as the Sunday-drivers of the world, the over-the-hill-crowd. (Although Harberd disqualified in this last category. He was poor at directions. He never even found the hill.) Harberd was sitting and thinking about whatever it was that "dirty old men" thought about. He was at an age where presumably the heating-pad replaces the flame of passion and a trip to the chiropractor is preferred over a "roll in de hay." He stared at the girl, looked her over. However, at seventy-five, these stares tend to lose their seductiveness; they become harmless "what ifs" instead of lecherous "when can I make my move?"

He was thinking of how nice it would be to nibble on her smooth-pink earlobes. It was, naturally, a purely theoretical longing — Harberd had no teeth. Instead, he mustered up a toothless smile at the girl that was grinning politely at him; the girl with the tiny silver earrings, short black hair and pink earlobes. Harberd had faith in youth; especially since there were girls around, floating girls with long hair that seemed to perform acrobatics in the air around their heads, girls with countless-curls and colored-skirts like soft-upturned umbrellas on windy days.

The bell on top of the shop door, the bell that signalled the arrival of each new customer, jingled. Harberd looked. An old woman walked into the shop. She carried two shopping bags. Harberd wondered why old women always carried shopping bags, not one, but two. He came to the conclusion that they couldn't manage carrying themselves around, so they rented shopping bags to help carry their spare parts, maybe a liver, or an extra gallstone, or, perhaps, a hernia.

"This old bag must have her whole innards with her," thought Harberd. He was afraid that she would trip and fall and drop all of the secret contents of the bags: that eyes and fingers and pancreases would spill out onto the linoleum. Then, he would have to put her together again. She plopped into the seat right next to Harberd. Luckily, she managed relatively smooth landing, and he didn't have to assemble the remains, or rummage through debris.

Out of the corner of his left eye, his good eye, he could see a round salmon-colored plastic sphere covering her ear. He thought it was a large earring until he realized, with disgust, that it was a hearing-aid, an ugly salmon-coloured hearing-aid that almost covered all of her white, lightly freckled earlobe. He couldn't really tell whether they were age spots or freckles, but went with his first assumption. This dame was at least eighty, and at eighty freckles become landmarks — proof of longevity, spots that can no longer be called cute, or carefully removed with cleansing cream.

The waitress, a skinny girl chewing gum with incredible skill and rapidity (the skill of a waitress), asked the lady what she wanted. She spoke in half sentences, cutting off the last syllable of each word to save time and energy. But there was a more hidden motive. After working with people for so long she almost began to hate them, and holding back syllables was a subtle form of sadism, a small way of getting back at customers for having to smile eight hours at a time when your smiling capacity peaks at three and a half hours, five minutes and forty seconds. She gritted her teeth. She had been working for hours when the lady with the two shopping bags and the salmon-colored ear-aid sat down. She had reached her peak.

"Wha ya wan?" the waitress asked while slurping the juice from her bazooka gum.

"Huh?" the lady asked blankly. "What?" It was going to be one of those days.

"Wha ya wan? Cof or eggs and bac?" (it was breakfast time.) She screamed into the lady's left ear, the one with the ear-aid.

"It is a nice day," the lady muttered, apparently missing the meaning of the slurred syllables. "But how would I know? Me son-in-law mekes me life pure misereeeeeee." She turned and peered at Harberd who was just gumming his way into a jelly donut. He thought she sounded like a siren, or the way a balloon sounds when some irritating child lets the air out, slowly, tortuously . . .

"You got kids?" she asked Harberd.

His mouth was filled with thick red-jelly that oozed out onto his thin lips. He tried to say something, something akin to "don't bother me sister," when he began to wheeze. Some of the powdered sugar had worked its way into his throat. Immediately, the old woman began hitting him between the shoulder blades and screaming, "Ye alright, grandpa, ye alright?" "Jesus Christ you son-of-a-bitch of an old bag, leave me alone," he wanted to scream. "I'm not a grandpa." He was embarrassed to be sitting by her, as if she had singled him out because of their apparent age bond. He wasn't going to be her side-kick, her partner in decrepitude.



He could imagine what the people at the counter thought of them: the young man in the plaid shirt with rolled-up sleeves, exposing, if not muscular arms, arms that were evenly contoured, arms without tiny ravines and flab-filled gulleys; the thirtyish woman with stylish hair that rested in soft-brown curls at the top of her head, curls that she arranged every so often with long fingers and red-polished nails; the floral-printed mother with her group of low-legged children in red and blue sneakers with white rubber soles and laces; the group of smiling girls who were sitting alongside the girl with the pink ear-lobes. He could hear them saying to themselves, "Sweet. Look at them fumbling at their coffee and donuts. What a pity. They aren't spring chickens anymore." He wasn't a spring chicken anymore. No. But, he still had a few more years. He wanted to enjoy them, to eat jelly donuts and coffee with lots of sugar and cream and to smile at pretty girls even though he had lost his smile years and years ago.

By now his cough had disappeared, and the lady was sitting in her own seat once again.

"You shouldn't eat stuff like that, all gooey, full of sugar," she scolded. You could choke on it, she said prophetically, as if the choking scene of the last five seconds didn't occur, but was something that might happen in the future. It was the way one talks to a child, always in terms of future disasters.

The waitress was not asking now, she was telling. Her face was flushed with anger and annoyance.

"You! Breakfast! Coffee! You want?" It wasn't exactly a lesson in effective rhetorical communication, but no one in the small shop was paying any attention to syntax this morning.

The old lady finally caught the word "coffee," and said, very loudly, "No coffee for me. Bad kidneys." As she said this Harberd looked down into one of the shopping bags that was lying on the floor next to his seat, expecting to see the aforementioned diseased kidneys lying at the bottom of the bag. He did not find them. "Must be in the other bag," he thought.

"I'll have a donut. Plain," she looked at Harberd as she said the last word loudly, emphasizing that she knew her place, and that he was a reckless and embarrassing libertine who must pay for indulging in rich food. Her eyes were cold-blue, with an "I told you so" stare and he could hear them saying very neatly, without blinking, "You can't have your cake and eat it, too." In defiance of her unspoken reprimand, Harberd signaled the waitress and ordered another jelly donut with lots of sugar. He glanced at the old lady to see her reaction, and then added, "and another cup of coffee, sweetheart." He was pleased with having spoken the small endearment which he managed beautifully, with just a touch of Bogartese. He was feeling gay.

The waitress looked at the two of them, Harberd with his playboy-grin that lacked not only sexiness, but teeth, and the lady in the severe brown and gray linen dress.

"Work my ass off and look what I have to put up with. Sonny and Cher gone senile," she said to another waitress who was still smiling — who apparently had not reached her peak.

"Youth," the old woman said to Harberd as he sat waiting for his second cup of coffee. In back of his mind he knew he would have to pay. He had an ulcer and would suffer later this evening when he settled down to read the evening news. He stared down into her hearing aid. "So what," he thought. He would put up with any pain that came his way. It would be his ordeal, a trial like the ones taken by Arthurian Knights.

"Youth," she continued. Pshaw! They'll be sorry." She nodded her head in tune to each word, as if the small gestures finalized each statement into incontestable fact. "Sorry for what?" he thought, but didn't answer her for fear that if he communicated with her verbally, they would somehow be inexorably connected. He just smiled at her, dimly.

The tiny girl with the tangerine halter-top and white shorts, the same girl with the silver earrings and the pink earlobes that he would have enjoyed nibbling on instead of his second jelly donut, got up to leave with her group of girlfriends: girls that chattered endlessly and giggled in choppy waves of sound, their long canvas skirts spread out like seagull wings. He wanted to cheer for them, to applaud their bright colours and straw handbags, even those ridiculous stilt-like platform shoes that made them all a little too tall, a little woozy from the high altitude.

He looked at the old lady slumped in her chair, drinking prune juice and dripping tiny blue-black spots onto her enormous sagging chest that reminded him of bundles of wet-seaweed. He felt sorry for her. After all, she was an old lady. He looked down as she moved one of the shopping bags closer to her chair, and he wondered if she had once worn a tangerine halter top, and whether she ever, ever had, hidden under the salmon-coloured hearing aid and white wrinkles, ears, that were chewable, and sweet.

Lois Stobel

No. 7

Thy woman, like medieval artisans,  
Perform the godly act to intersperse  
By art of faith, the perfect-pierced hands  
Which link the tessellated universe  
With manifolded, undulating man.  
Cathedral arms heavenward heave and nurse  
The rise and fall of nameless pain: woman  
Creating mystery from moon-blood curse.  
Of holy craft but fragments stay: illumed  
Gospelbooks, bleeding frescos, masks of death,  
Frayed tapestries, mosaics near consumed.  
Behold thy sweet madonna! Thy godsbreath,  
Her children bright against apocalypse:  
All folly she with moon and sun eclipse.

Anne A. Graham



## "Caverns"

Facing the fact  
That faults,  
In the solid rock,  
Occurred —

We know that a knit  
Of crystal has set it;  
Water does this —  
Leaches quartz,  
Forming needles  
And burrs of the rock-rust.

As a child in bed,  
The dark could smother you —  
The huge black weight  
Above the bed,  
Underpinned  
By a slight sound;  
The pillow tight  
Against the breath.

Tapping walls, tentatively  
Placing sound in pin-points around my head  
Like the static of tapped stratosphere  
Waves of a crystal set  
Shifting channel.

Judson Evans

## FLOATING DEBRIS

The unnoticed figure,  
Tenderly grasping the stone parapet,  
Casting glances at distorted images  
And the dichotomy of the wish.

The figure, changed  
By swift descent of humanity to debris,  
Finally entrenched in death,  
The wish fulfilled.

A multitude with searching eyes  
Saying "There it is" and "Look at it."  
Floating debris that must be removed,  
Offensive to the gazing multitude.

The multitude's descent  
Of humanity and feeling,  
Shown by a pronoun declined  
From "she" to "it."

Joseph Buckley

## Dilation Of A Pupil

Is there a slide-rule in the house?  
Sir, Sir, help me please,  
I've over-calculated my tabletop  
And now have shocked the atoms  
Into thinking that they're wrong.  
But they're right,  
So right,  
As they spin around in unseen delight  
Under my immortal elbogens.  
They are immortal apart,  
Together,  
Or anyway you don't look at them.  
And I've measured  
With the eye of a hurricane,  
A scale too proud,  
And not powerful enough  
To match their cosmic choo-choo  
Round each other  
On the tabletop.  
With an "f" send me home  
For screwing up the universe,  
For slopping up  
A perfectly shivering tabletop  
With spilt-coffee and death-wished metrics.

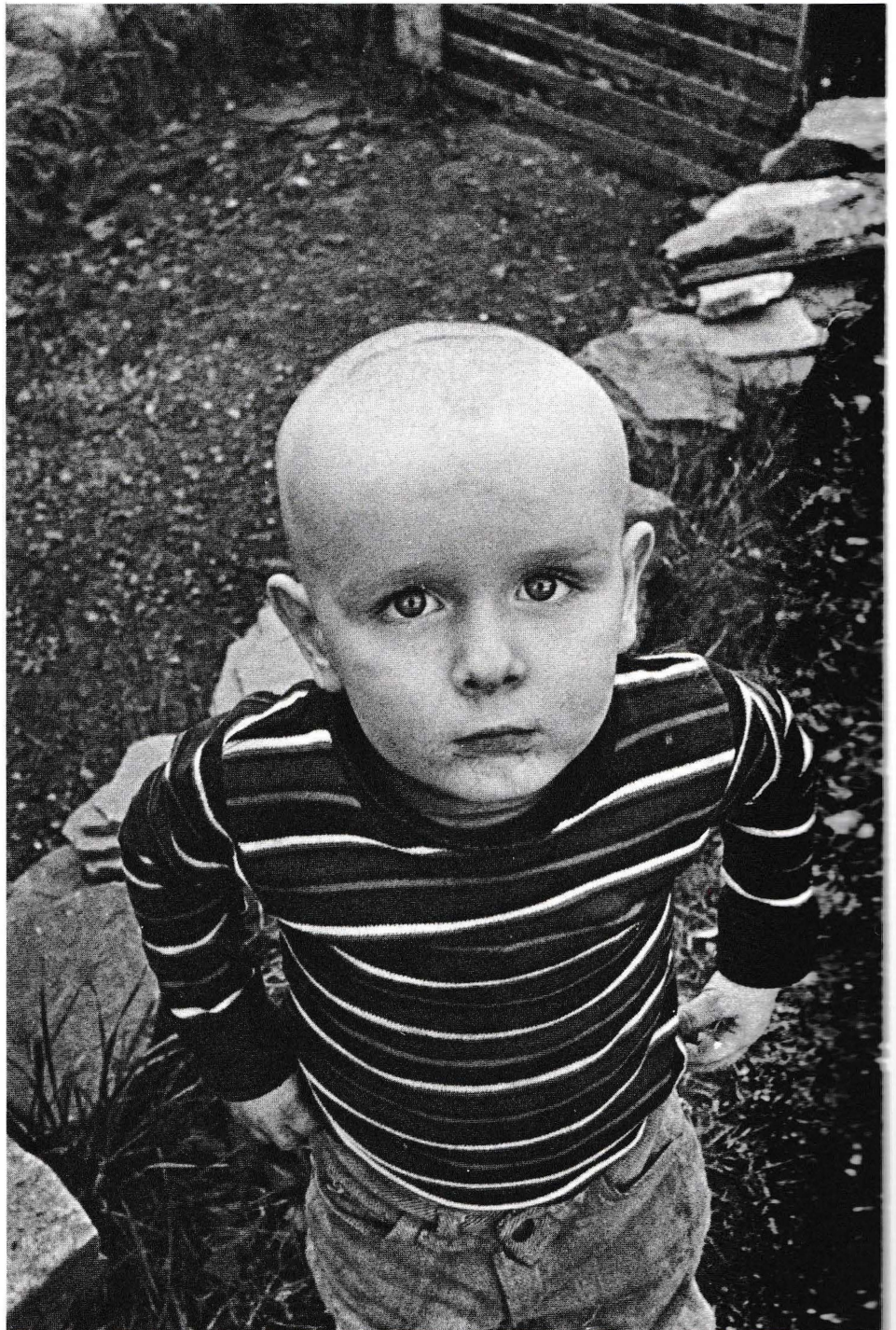
R. S. Fabbrini





Robert Klein









Self-Examination

Claire Maziarczyk



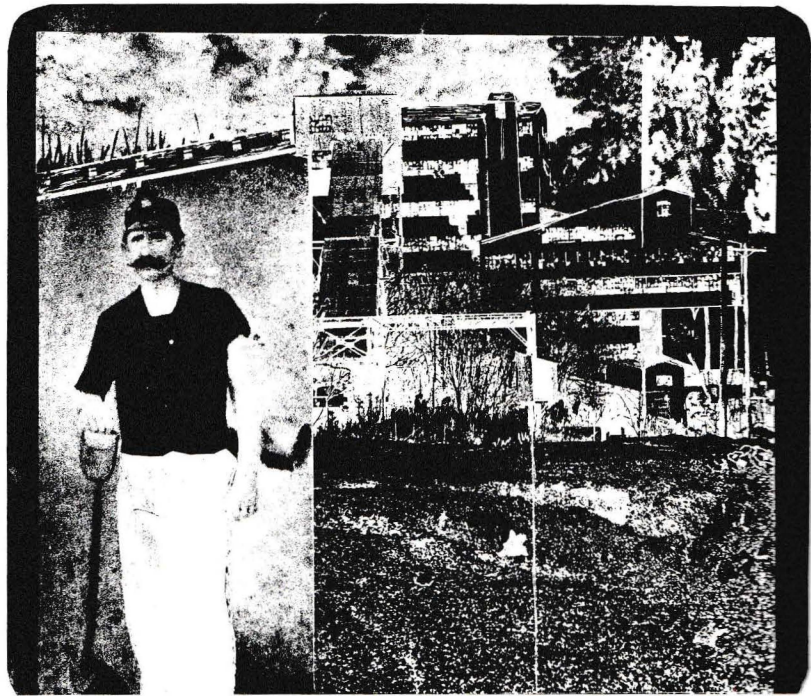


forest (end of euphoria)





Marilyn Swantkowski



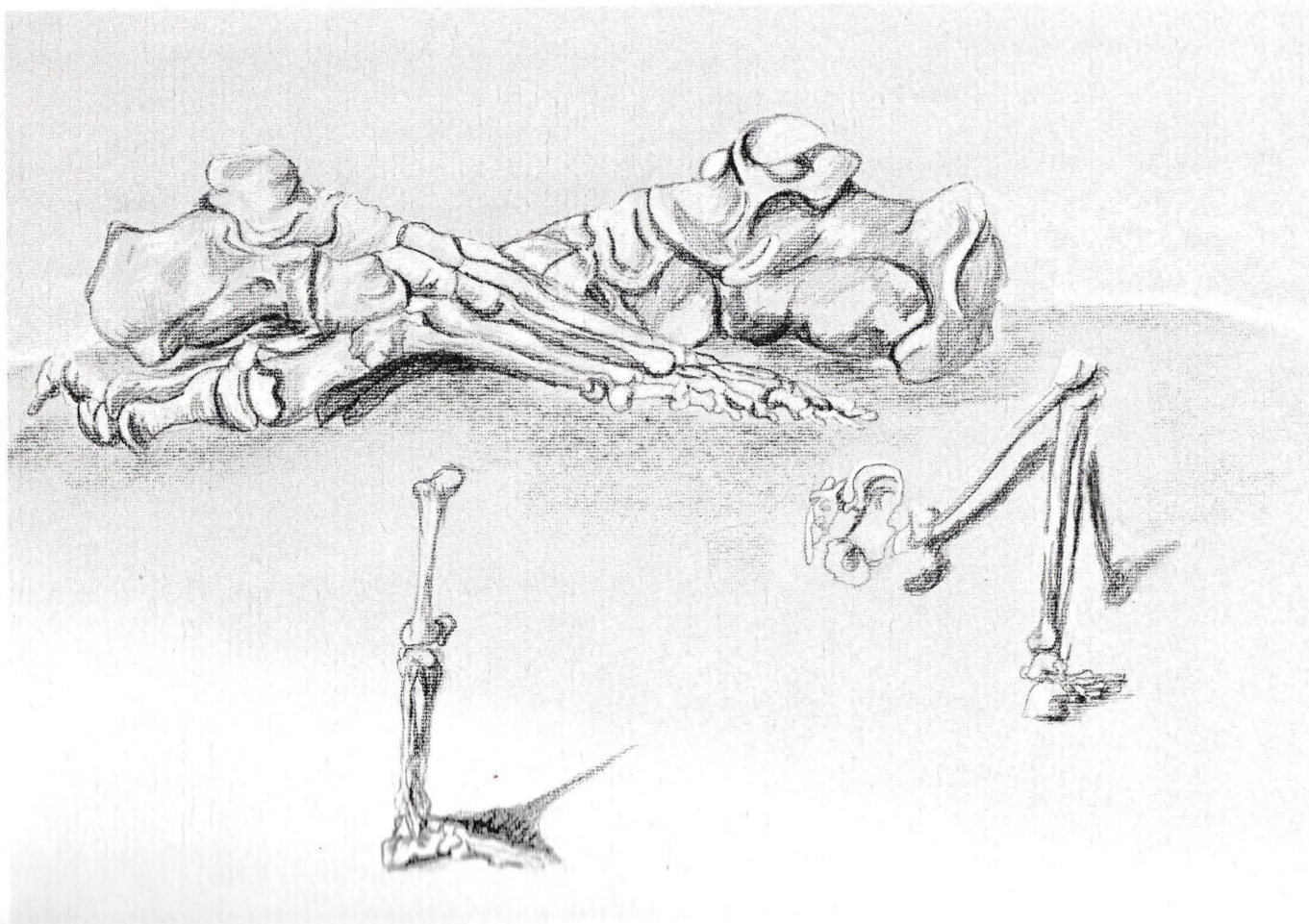
Reflections

Michael Weida





Robert Klein



Skeletal Landmark

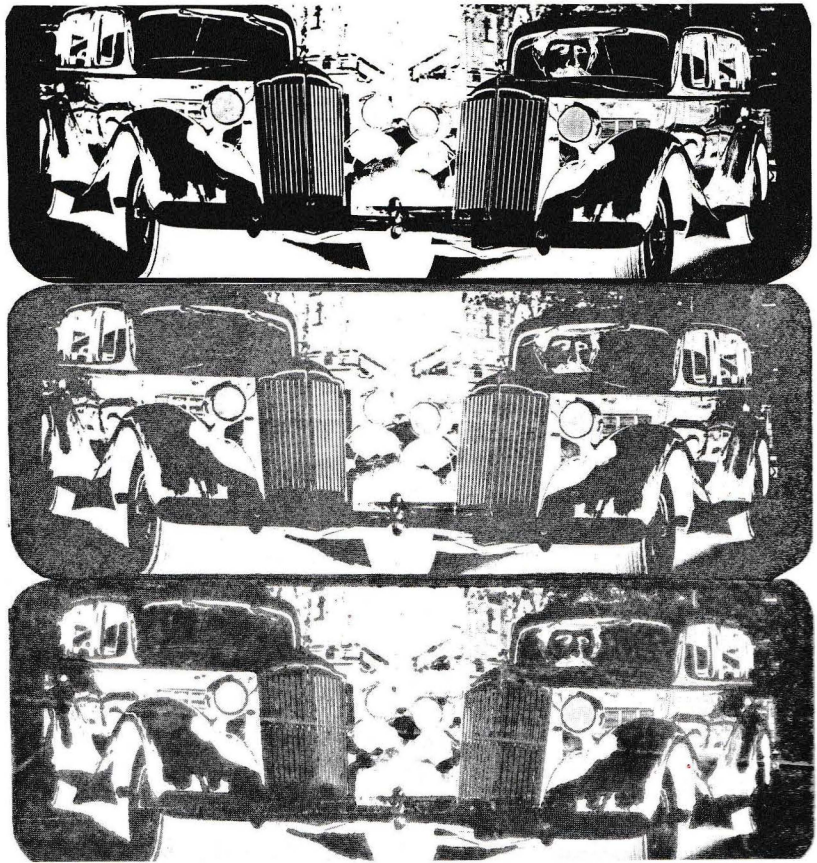
Claire Maziarczyk





Robert Klein





Reflections

Michael Weida

No. 12

The paradox of parallax, that surge  
Through form and soul, undoes my maternal  
Measurements as I gaze and cells diverge.

The cycle within cycle: nocturnal  
The moon— my body attuned— tides at bay—  
My belly ripe.

Designs for life unfold:  
My son shall laugh and walk and speak and play;  
The world shall whirl for him alone.

“Now hold  
Tight. Let go. Hold tight. Let go.” I repeat  
My litany of motherhood as he  
Becomes the child, the youth, the man complete.

Sweet mother, now I know, now I see.

The cord is cut, severance absolute  
While fruit encases seed, the seed bears fruit.

Anne A. Graham

## For Father's Day

One night,  
Alcohol giving you more words than before,  
You spoke of Joyce — his style  
Pulling yellowed volumes from their resting place on the shelf,  
Then Faulkner, your favorite,  
Writing on a wheelbarrow — how intense.  
Old usage texts and do I use them,  
Marked passages darkened with the loss of time.  
Forgotten memoirs from the past escape discussion,  
It ends.

Brian Boston



## Francis

The smell of chalk.  
The clack of the nun's thick beads.

Row upon row of desks.  
On all of them the same book  
was opened to the same picture  
of that monk,  
a wolf lying silent  
at his feet.

And years later  
that image returned  
while feeding pigeons  
in the park.

When there was no "question of belief"  
one could have believed  
that they were drawn  
by anything  
but hunger.

Ray Klimek

## Kunstlerroman

The young man reaches art by growing old,  
By humbling the arrogant ideals,  
By loss of self and mother's tears left cold,  
By breaking off with gods and commonweals.

Thus stripped of all equipage, he consorts  
With words or notes or hues. Symbolized bridegroom,  
Pursuing and pursued, the childman courts  
His symbiote and enters safe her womb.

Regrowth precedes rebirth, as craft the art:  
From embryo to existential cord  
The artist's work evolves beneath her heart,  
Then swift and dark the passage to accord.

The art itself cares not for ancestry,  
A bastard-child, content to be to be.

Anne A. Graham

## ILLUMINATION

He came into town at noon. He did not head straight for home but lingered in the shopping district. Out of the corner of his eye he could see men sitting on picnic tables in the small park area called the Center.

Reese thought, "Weren't they the same men playin' cards years ago?"

He pulled his white canvas hat, a hat resembling a safari hat, down further, almost over his eyes. He squinted. It was late July. A circle of women, well over middle-age, stared at him as he looked in the window of a leather-goods shop. Without even turning to look at them, he saw their accusing eyes mirrored in the polished window glass. He shrugged and thought, "Guess I'm condemned." One of the ladies pointed a gloved hand at him. He involuntarily moved his hands from his trouser pockets where he had been jingling some coins and keys. They continued staring blankly until one of them, a skinny lady with a large purse, smiled at him. Reese shuffled his feet and unbuttoned his collar.

He said softly to himself, "Whew! A hung jury." He walked by their small group, bowing slightly as he passed. They all smiled at him now.

He thought, "Maybe they just don't notice how hot it is. Their smiles are ice-cool. Maybe they have air-conditioners secretly hidden by their summer pastels." He laughed.

"Damned if I know." He crossed the street.

He left home at seventeen. He broke the news to his parents on the night of the heavy storm. Mil, his mother, pasted pictures in a photo-album on the kitchen table. She pressed each one down with extra care, running her thumb up and down each corner.

"Now I can have my family in one place, all the time. Nice? Huh?" the mother said.

Her husband, Ted, was slumped in the rocker near the stove. He was a large man with a heavy step. His eyes were closed now and, as he rocked, thunder and lightning shook the window-panes at the other end of the kitchen. He held onto the arms of the chair, the veins of his hands almost purple. Reese sat at the table with his mother.

"Here's a picture of the party. When was it? '65, I think. The Phillips and their kids. A good likeness, huh, Ted?" she asked brightly.

"Never much cared for that bunch," the father said without opening his eyes.



She nodded. He seldom agreed with her. They spoke in some kind of code established by long years of living together; a kind of affection. It was their way.

"Anyway," she continued, "a nice picture. Came out real clear."

Reese leaned forward. His hands were stretched out on the table, palms up. Mil noticed his hands, and half-opened lips. She knew he was wanting to say something. She waited for him to speak. Five minutes passed.

"Ma," he said evenly.

She looked at him, began to say something, then hesitated as thunder fell loudly across the room. Ted began to sing, "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder." Reese turned to him quickly.

"Damn you. Damn you and your fear of thunder and lightning. No use Pa. When God wants you, he'll get you, he'll get you." His voice shook.

"Never mind," the father said calmly, rocking steadily. "Thunder and lightning are big, boy. We have no control. It hits fast, you die fast. A man got struck last August and . . ."

"For Christ's sake Pa, only one in a million get struck. There's more danger in walking the streets or workin' on your bloody roofs. You make me sick!"

Mil interrupted. "Yeah Pa. It's quick all right. Kind of pretty, though. The whole earth lights up -- only for a second though. Like God coming, just like God, isn't it?"

Reese got up and stared out at the storm. His mother continued pasting. Ted sang again in a voice that soon filled the whole room. Thunder was almost inaudible now. Reese, without turning around said,

"I'll be goin' soon."

"Out in that storm?" Mil said quietly. "You'll catch your death." Reese turned and faced his mother.

"Not outside, Ma. Not out." He turned to look at the heavy man singing, eyes shut, in the old black rocker.

"Not out. Away. Cassell made the arrangements. We'll be leavin' at three tomorrow, weather permitting."

He was gone for ten years. Now he was back home, walking in the town he grew up in. His father had died. He got the message yesterday. A Heart Attack, On the Roofs, 9 in the Morning, the letter from his mother read. He had it with him now, crumpled in his jean pockets.

"A heart attack, a sudden shock on the heart," he thought. What did it remind him of? Thunder? Lightning? "When God wants you, he'll get you, he'll get you. Who had said that? He turned to a mannequin in Mundell's department store and murmured, "At least it was quick."

His old room smelled the same as when he left it ten years ago. Smoky. The smell of his father's cigars lingered still. He pulled the sheets up almost over his head. There was a certain fear attached to the usual sadness one feels in the face of death. Reese buried himself in the blankets. Hiding. He felt almost transparent — exposed — the end of all his secrets. Lying awake in his childhood bed on the night of his father's funeral, he could see nothing but the face of his now dead father. His father, the shrivelled and brittle form in the unbecoming black suit, gained some kind of perverse stature. He could see everything now, could look right through the green bed spread, through Reese. He tossed and turned. His father was standing over his bed; another black shadow across the white sheet. The room became cold. He could hear his father singing that awful hymn, When the Roll is called up Yonder; could see his father's red work bandana — a big knot in the middle of his throat. Thunder and lightning were crashing the windows. His father laughing, accusing, "You left, you left — God will get you, get you . . ."

He awoke. It was the day of the funeral. Reese sat near the sobbing Mil, and watched. He looked down at his white hat sitting on his knees. He had forgotten to leave it home. It didn't matter. The whole atmosphere of the Morris funeral home seemed unreal to Reese. It was like some of the third-rate productions Reese sometimes build sets for in California. Everyone was playing their roles in such an unprofessional way. Flowers were haphazardly placed beside the coffin.

"Just like Pa," Reese reflected.

He looked at ladies with double rows of pearls and navy crepe dresses falling way below their knees. They were distinguished from one another only by slight difference in scents. One, a sweet, nauseating smell from a five and dime counter. The other, was a thick, expensive smothering aroma. And still others with their half scents; not really perfume, but last minute splashes of cologne over gardenia bath powder. Even the smells of this place — theatrical. Seats were filled; eyes watching the heavily made up face of the corpse, his father.

Gossip soon filled the parlour; the nervous gossip that attempted to bring the real world into the air conditioned, artificial room. It soon became so intense Reese had to almost shout to speak to his mother who was now sitting with her sister in a front row seat. He decided to leave.

Stepping outside the world was real again. He was surprised. It should not have been so real. Grass — even greener than just yesterday. Sickeningly real and green. Even the small berries on the bushes seemed to be growing larger, pulsating. Red, throbbing little bombs. Voices were felt, not exactly heard from within the wooden doors of the parlour. It was early yet; the people would not leave for at least another hour. The wide, white polished porch squeaked beneath a too sudden or heavy foot. One walked with a solemn dignity, or else the porch would croak with a throaty reproach. "Everything is so quiet, so quiet," thought Reese.

But there, across the street, was a world of ordinary things — real things that would never really change. The row of shingled houses across the street with the wide-open front windows and the warm lamps would be there tomorrow and tomorrow and maybe even years from now. Inside, his father was dead. He put the lid on it. But it would leak out again, after the pastor said the last Amen; onto the grass, through the trees, across the street, into the lamps — life.

"He won't get me, you son of a bitch. He got you, he won't get me. I'm not scared of thunder and lightning."

He put his safari hat on and walked out into the solid concrete of the quiet street.

Lois Strobel



## August

I hear the insect brain  
Humming in my head;  
The smell  
Of a cane fire.

Flames rave  
Through the woods  
Of the bee-keepers;  
Each comb purrs,  
Pulsed like a nova.

Out in the dark  
The swarming of torches;  
Drones drop like flare-stars  
In the smelt.

Judson Evans

No. 8

I turn from my complacent paradise  
To watch thy transient, gossamer glow,  
That bind of happiness — love's sweet device.  
It suits you well to be in love; to know  
The gentle order rendered. Sounding bells  
You pluck to keep the stuttering silence still,  
And golden thrushes guard thy citadels  
Against unholy angels. Nature will  
Insult you, wrinkles appear, seasons change;  
But love, like water, seeks its own level —  
One wrestles tides in vanity. How strange  
The ports we harbor ever parallel.  
With cavaliers and courtesans I bid  
Archaic love — that tombless pyramid.

Anne A. Graham

## The Amenities

Man has a teacup finger.  
Wandering from forests  
To savannas  
With no lingering memory  
Of the days before  
He scratched his head  
And cried  
For those dead and haired,  
He — head bared — sang  
Hosannas  
To the midnight air  
Which chills,  
Then thumbed his steaming holes  
At the earth below  
For leaving him  
Skin-bare  
On a cold Saturday night  
Without a tub  
Nor tea in sight  
For a million years.

He held out the next best one,  
The index,  
And promptly picked  
His nose.

R. S. Fabbrini



## Metanoia

Sedulous seed was he  
That tunneled through  
Crowded catacombs  
Of mindless masses.

As he moiled in sanious debris,  
A noble vision the mind enjoyed —  
Sweet Fruition — only the soul tastes.  
The moira of common men expelled,  
He bled upon the rocks that held him,  
And as their vessels merged,  
The inspiration was salve  
To his nascent surface.

Recondite creature was he  
That emerged  
To puncture the crust  
And free the flow.

Terri Williams

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unkown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to aery nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

Shakespeare — A Midsummer Night's Dream

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