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# MANUSCRIPT

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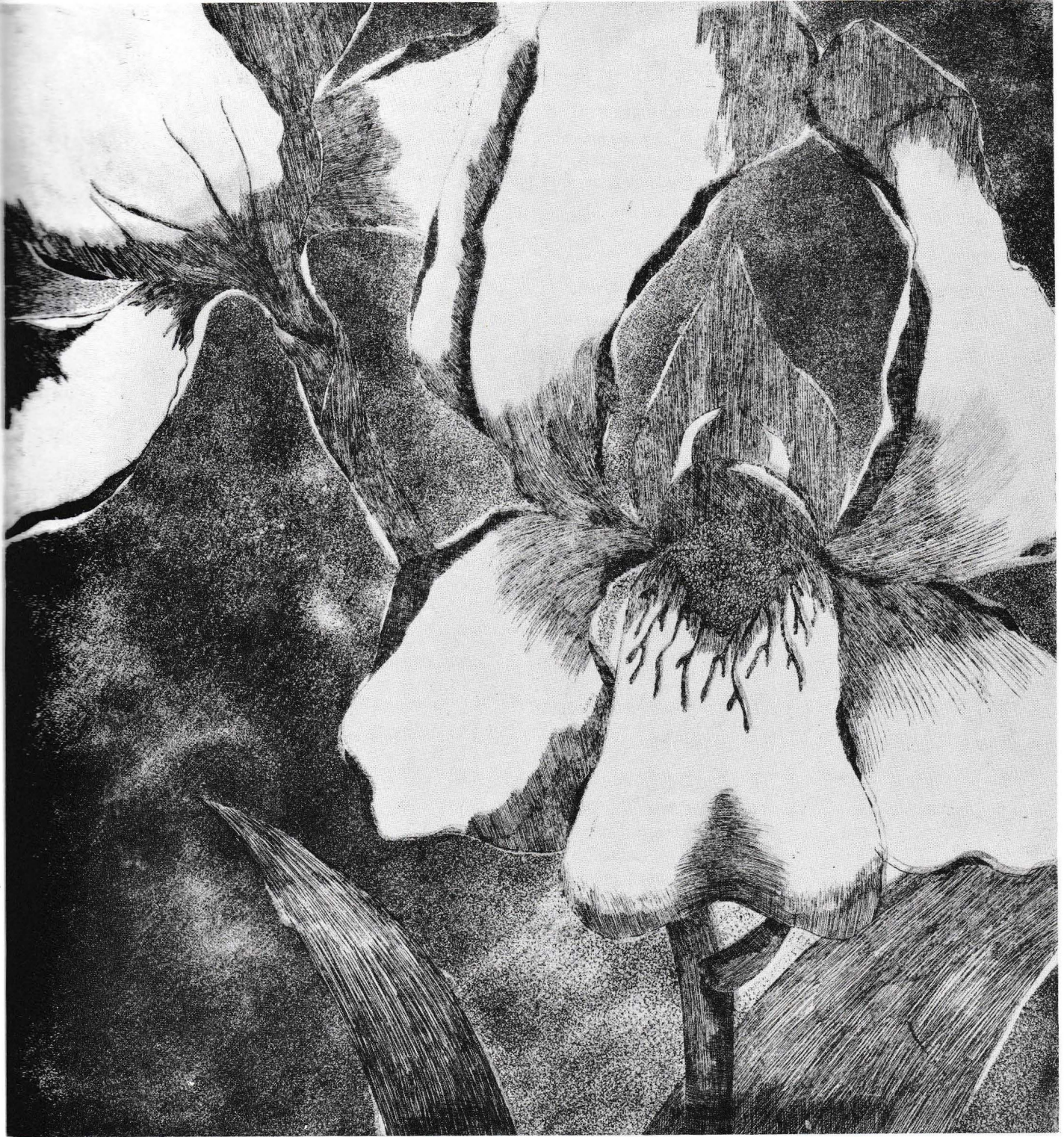
Vol. XXXVII  
MCMLXXXIV

*Schmitts*



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**CHRIS BROWNAWELL — "FLOWERS OF THE STORM"**

*"Flowers of the Storm,"* by Chris Brownawell, is the winner of the Manuscript Society Art Prize

**THE RIVER** (the marriage)

*For Daria*

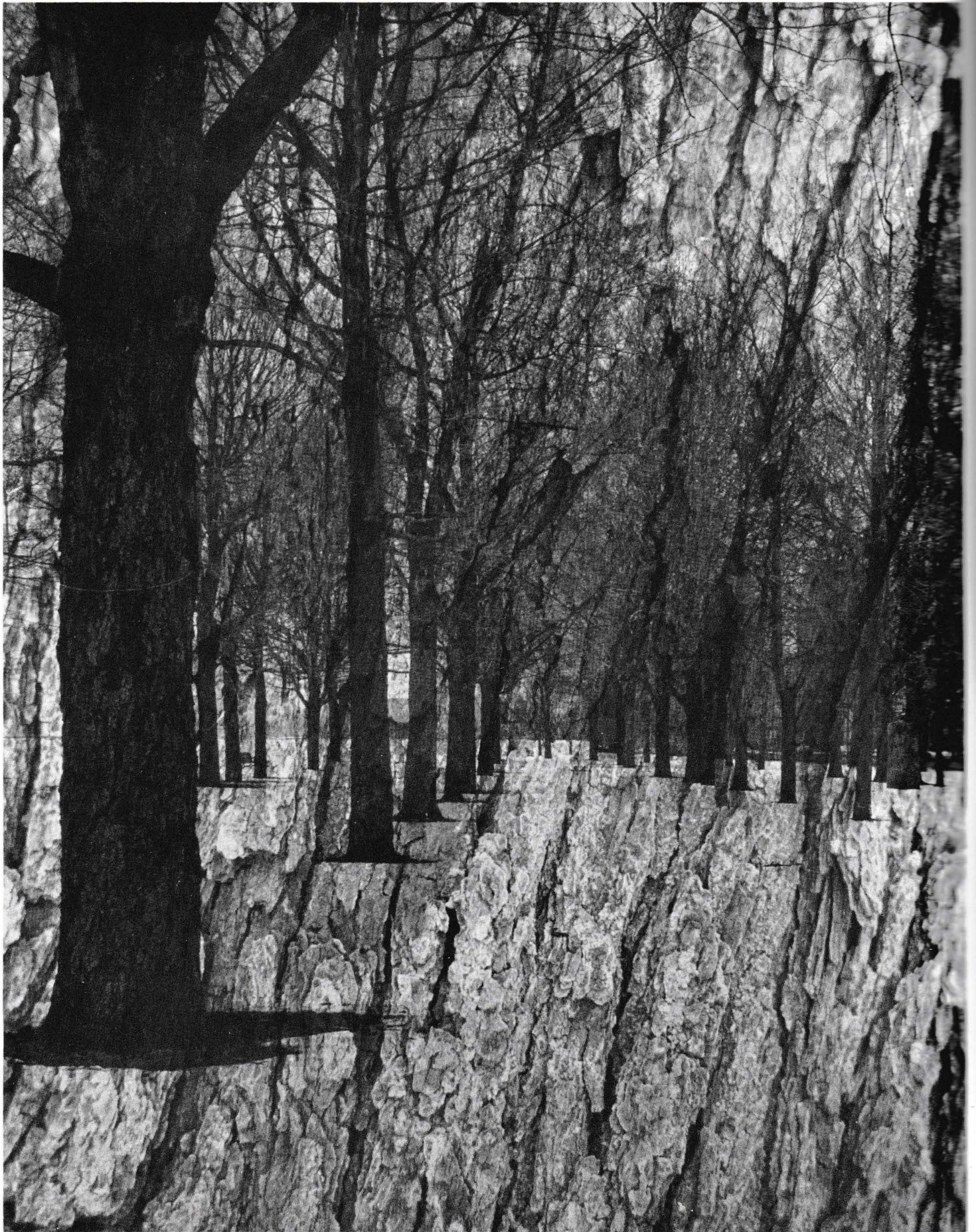
- I. My hair then blonde,  
I wore red-herring underwear  
And my pickerel face of immunity.  
I am younger in a younger time  
When clouds were not as grey,  
A summer cottage in the country  
Entangled in my play.
- II. A gravy-brown river,  
Fast and cold and big as England.  
Indians used to paddle across it when  
Indian peoples lived.  
Along this flow,  
Shores of stone and shell,  
And thick-bladed grasses grow.  
Twisting veins of rivered wood  
Rising thick and dry and elephant skinned.  
I would play with the rocks  
And the things fast and silky beneath them.  
Organs of the river, slipping at my grasp —  
Elegance of the river dance.
- III. A skin of green would cover my feet  
After standing day long  
Calf deep in brown and muddy silt.  
Pudding between my toes!  
In my naked boyhood I would slide my fingers in,  
Through prickly cool river water,  
Over the backs of backs of rocks,  
Into the mire, into the mud,  
Scooped up in cupped hands.  
The cool brown ooze,  
The swollen brown mud —  
My belly, my chest, my neck, and my balls,  
I would rub over all in covenant  
Until the brown was warm with sweat —  
And rinse in river up to my head.  
And mud again, this thick, red skin,  
Till hard mosaic earth did form,  
And burn my lips and tear my eyes  
And taste like the first food did taste.  
The prime material.  
The salt.

IV. I am covered.            I am immaculate.  
I am covered.            I am immaculate.  
I am covered.            I am immaculate.  
I am covered.            I am immaculate.  
I am river full of river depths — a bombazine of silt.

V. My love —  
    You are my river and I your mud.  
    Forever, forever flow.  
Widening banks of pink and browns,  
    Trees surround —  
    Exalt the pebbles and stones and twigs  
        Evolving from your shores.  
    River and mud.  
    River and mud.  
    Our conclave is our blood,  
    The ceremony of life!  
We are strong and deep and wide and fast,  
    Pumping onward,  
    Forward as one.  
    Fishes swim between our thighs,  
    The sun licks our shoulders at the  
        Purplish of night.  
And in desire of salt mist, sea-sprayed air  
    Do we aim our nostrils toward.

VI. And if some time on our journey to sea  
    Shall there be at our side  
        A small child,  
        Naked and masturbating with our browns  
            Across his chest and belly,  
We will take him with us too —  
    And teach to him the tender things  
        That only the river and lovers know.

**Henry E. Long**



HELENE SANTOS — "THROUGH THE WOOD"



**After the Next War**

When I travel past a pond  
to houseclean  
the water will be turned  
to light  
in the autumn air.  
Cold wind will force  
palms of leaves numbly  
across the water's surface.  
I will sing words out  
receiving only bitter wind  
and silence as my reply.  
The wind has lost her voice.  
The grackles will be dead  
and thus no longer flee.  
Their bodies blend in piles  
with the dark sheen  
of the culm banks.  
If I enter this water  
so deeply churned into light,  
naked and far under  
no wind will touch me  
with mute hands,  
I will no longer need words.  
I will be snow,  
soft marrow,  
the inside of bone  
gleaming upon earth.  
Water,  
I am your lost child,  
my feet are finally  
transforming into  
the ash  
we will all become.

**Anna Mae Stanley**





**A NEW LOU REED SONG**

*for Hippie Mary*

I shot you with an arrow  
So there's blood running out of your eyes  
And just because your hat's low  
You'll never be able to disguise  
That you're sick  
Really gruesome  
Spikes in your toenails  
Dust on your fingers  
I'd be glad to call an ambulance

**Anne C. J. Roche**

**For an Inmate**

A hundred golden summer days could never equal the splendor  
of my love.  
With his sunny smile and free spirit he descends upon us.  
Spinning tales of escapades which he spends his days recounting,  
he becomes a part of the icy dream which he lives with  
great pleasure.  
When the walls of the world close upon him he can quickly  
become as stormy as the southern winds  
that he longs to know the presence of again.  
Yet his raging fires are quickly abated and he again possesses  
the vibrant energy  
that fills his spirit and draws all of us towards him.  
Once again watching him walk away from me and to the chains  
of his captives and the agony of his unforeseen battles  
I cannot erase the memories of his moments of freedom  
from my mind.  
And while he is gone I cannot prevent myself from longing  
for his sultry touch.  
The southern winds speak to me in unmerciful silence  
as if to ask me where he has gone.

**Shannon Bridget Murphy**



HENRY E. LONG — "PORTRAIT OF JOHN JAGGART"

### Critique

If Salvadore Dali ever wrote poetry, he would probably write like me. At least that's what Toby Olson told me. I didn't take it as a compliment. But now that I think about it, Mr. Olson wasn't insulting me. He didn't like my poem, but he said it was very "deep." My first line of poetry, not counting haikus and that other grade school stuff, goes like this:

*The pine trees tumble like dominoes*

I can picture it. Chris L. couldn't. He said that the image was inconsistent with flesh. "What flesh?" I asked.

I was sitting at my desk, September a year ago, and I was tugging at my brain trying to get something on paper — a poem to hand in for my creative writing class. Everyone writes about trees. Yawn. Try something different. Describe a dead dog. There are just so many ways to describe a dead dog. Be imaginative. I'll be boring and describe a tree. But not like everyone else does. I think I have it:

*The pine trees tumble like dominoes,  
Crashing to the fertile floor.*

We had to read our poems out loud in class. I always got nervous. I sweat when I get nervous. Why did I wear a wool sweater? I guess because I had my windows open when I wrote my poem. It was late afternoon. Cloudy. Leaning back in my chair, I tried to create another type of imagery in my poem. Not consistent, though. I'm not always consistent in my writing. Meticulous. Not consistent. How about creating some type of natural bond between the trees and the earth? Dirt. Roots. An umbilical cord comes to mind. Sounds good to me.

*The umbilical cord cut, they bleed*

Bleed? Not blood. I wonder if it hurts a tree to cut it. Never heard a tree scream. Maybe they bleed silently.

*The umbilical cord cut, they bleed silently.*

"Birth imagery reversed," Mr. Olson said. This must've been the flesh line Chris L. had trouble with. Too bad. I'm not changing it. He writes pretty well. I'm impressed with a lot of people's writing. Not my own, though.

I need a line to end my stanza. Did I write a stanza? I want to put in something symbolic and boring. I've got it:

*Nature's home destroyed.*

How passé!

My second stanza is worse:

*Withering, the stripped firs are gathered and chained.  
A lanky truck bounces them fiercely.  
The fugitives cry out to be rescued.*

I'm sure Dali could paint a bleeding domino chained to a truck. A lanky truck. His painting would sell for thousands. My poem wouldn't sell for thousands. Maybe what I have so far is too confusing. I can make myself picture it. If I try hard enough. Can trees be fugitives? That word sucks. No, I won't change it. If I'm not consistent, I'm stubborn. Lazy?

Third stanza. I think I'll throw in a little melodrama now:

*Helpless, the victims are unloaded.*

Victims. That's worse than fugitives. Isn't it? I can't keep calling them trees. Wait! A food processor comes to mind. Celery. Carrots. Broccoli. I'm getting the image:

*Fed like vegetables to the hungry saw*

That's really bad. I liked it better when I first wrote it. Wait! Try to compare a saw to a guillotine. There's no way:

*hungry saw,  
A guillotine that butchers and prepares them.*

I'm almost embarrassed to see this poem down on paper. I hope there are no extra copies floating around. If there are, and they are ever found when I'm famous, the critics will really butcher me. The class is butchering me right now. Why did I ever write this? No one likes it. My girlfriend likes it. I hate it.

*The martyrs wonder what crime they committed.*

Chris L. asks if a martyr commits a crime. Not really. In fact, no. Leave me alone. He never says one word during class. Until now. I'll never make it through this night class. Three hours! Let's move on to Meagan's poem. No, I don't want to read mine again.

The last stanza. Whew, finally!

*Pierced with nails and slapped with redwood stain,  
They are mounted eternally.*

Yes, I was after Christ imagery. I thought it was good. It's not. The last line sucks the most.

*Man's home created.*

Contradictory. Confusing. Cynical. Chaotic. I hate poetry.

**Doug Fahringer**

**\*Honorable Mention**

### **Putting the Puppy to Sleep**

Born during a rain storm  
Under the workbench in the basement,  
Into newspapers and old towels;  
One of five,  
But  
He was not right.  
Born four weeks ago,  
Given precious few more  
But  
In pain.  
Probed, prodded,  
Too young to understand  
Burning lights, freezing tools,  
Strange faces and hands,  
Not knowing  
But  
Loving all the same.  
Bouncing  
Shaking, wagging  
But  
All wrong.  
Taken during a rain storm,  
Under a blanket to the vet  
Another face, other hands  
Took him,  
Frightened,  
But  
Still loving,  
Still bouncing,  
Then  
Just  
Still.

**Joanne Dal Sasso**

### **Postcard**

Flying across the border of wasted time and  
hurried emotions  
love lands like an unexpected friend  
and makes its mark on my day

**Sara Lundberg**





LISA SOWCIK — "UNTITLED"

## GLASS WINDOW

The snow's softly fallin'  
People shufflin' by . . .  
Each one buried  
In his own little world . . .  
Suddenly someone stood out from the crowd . . .  
You had caught my eye.

Night in the city  
Comes quickly 'round  
Streetlights flash into life . . .  
The crowds slip away  
No more sales today  
Hey, don't you walk away . . .

When I'm looking out through  
This great big glass window  
The world appears before my eyes . . .  
Just outside this great big glass window  
There's but one heart  
I cannot touch . . .  
But that is the one  
That I love so much.

The streets are now quiet,  
I'm left here  
Alone . . .  
Posing in some silly scene . . .  
One of these days, I'll come to life  
Someday you'll see what I mean . . .

In this crazy world  
So old  
So lonely  
So cold . . .  
Where people rush themselves to the grave,  
By turning away,  
You're throwing away  
Love that you ought to save . . .

When I'm looking out through  
This great big glass window  
The world appears before my eyes . . .  
Just outside this great big glass window  
There's but one heart  
I cannot touch . . .  
But that is the one  
That I love so much.

I can see footsteps  
In the new-fallen snow . . .  
You can see the many wares  
The store has to show . . .  
You don't pay attention  
You don't even care . . .  
But still I don't want you to go . . .  
They say love's like a window  
It works both ways . . .  
I can see you -----  
Why can't you see me?

When I'm looking out through  
This great big glass window  
The world appears before my eyes . . .  
Just outside this great big glass window  
There's but one heart  
I cannot touch . . .  
But that is the one  
That I love so much.

David Machina



## An Apology

(For Fred)

case in point

. . .

there are no cases in point

for each case

is different

and i too

in being different

reserve the right

to the comfort

that is

(should be)

mine

in that place

i call self

you may

of course

indeed

(in need?)

feel free to hate my self

for self is where I hide

and hide my feelings

but

may i cry out

(be so bold?)

as to say

you don't understand

(for you don't)

i grew tired

from lack of sleep

weary

of salty stains

on cases

on pillows

exhausted with the shame

forgetting

only for a

very

long

moment

that pretending that it doesn't hurt

doesn't

mean

that it doesn't hurt

i am tough

i cry alone

i stand alone

on the shore

in my self

and let the waves of my pride

roll in

and tickle my feet

and make me laugh

it off

until low tide

once again

if i step on the broken shells

i hurt

and

although i pretend i don't

the blood

i leave on the sand

will give me away

doesn't it hurt?

the blood?

it makes me glad

the blood

to know that i still bleed

do you begin  
perhaps now  
at the intermission  
of the play  
in my theatre  
to understand  
i will not predict  
your answer  
i cannot expect  
to know  
you are not a case in point  
(there are none)  
you are you  
i  
am i  
unique  
horrified  
sometimes  
at what i see  
in my eyes  
in my self  
in horror  
i stand before you  
i am wrong  
i am  
bleeding  
i am doing my  
very  
best  
to make you understand

stay away  
from my self  
and you protect  
stop your own bleeding  
your own pain  
i cannot blame you  
and i cannot change  
what has  
happened  
i will never  
forgive .  
(and forget)  
myself  
for trapping  
bleeding  
and leaving  
what i once was  
lost  
in some place  
that i never knew  
dreamed  
wished  
existed  
somewhere between  
afraid of bleeding  
and  
afraid of stepping  
on only unbroken shells

**Joanne Dal Sasso**



HENRY E. LONG — "THE HARMONICA PLAYER"

#HONORABLE MENTION

## Fire Sequence

*For Ellen*

"There is no country, there is earth and its images  
dust and light . . ."

— Octavio Paz

Early spring  
and clay melts  
in the gas kiln  
like flesh melting from bones.  
A blurred image of bowls  
filters through  
dust air,  
as I squint into  
midday sun.  
Numb,  
my swollen eyes  
seek landscape  
outside the room,  
anything that moves  
and is not the color  
of ashes.  
The jagged bowl lips  
dry, gnaw air  
like people stumbling  
in speech  
when telling of what  
they have fled  
and survived.  
On the kiln room floor  
ash and water blend  
in with the concrete.  
The fire here has ended,  
but not because of rainfall.  
Now smoldered beams,  
ash, and fingers of white glass  
are left as the fractured corpses  
to be swept away.  
As I trail one finger  
along a wood table crack  
I feel the charred beams  
split  
under a rain swollen roof.

I rise.  
I am not Lazarus.  
I am only a small woman.  
The puddles I walk through  
contain only a gray smoke  
of sky.  
I pull from a dogwood tree  
half open flowers,  
the thick petals swollen  
with the scent of dead flesh.  
As if one flower  
my reddened hands merge,  
but only create  
a chamber or a kiln.  
I entrap my inheritance,  
my German grandmother's face  
within my hands  
until it pales  
to snow.  
Ellen,  
I want to touch  
the tears screaming  
into your hands,  
but it was  
seven years ago  
you sat  
fetal curled  
in a wide hallway.  
I tried to soothe away  
the stabbing drone  
of anti-Semitic phone calls.  
Your presence is ash thin.  
If I look away  
you will fade  
like a short wind.  
I crumple down  
from a window,  
press,  
collapse my hands  
upon a wall.  
Reflected light pierces me  
compressing heat  
from me.  
This light is not  
of the sun.

### Today He Would Remember

Today he would remember his hearing aid. Yesterday was one of those days when he had forgotten to put the gadget in his coat pocket. As a result he has a hard time hearing his students' comments in class. He never considered what his students had to say to be relevant to the class anyway. He couldn't be sure what the smart alecks, like Johnson, the big hairy kid, were saying. Often he would forget to put the hearing aid behind his wrinkled red ear and so he couldn't hear anything. Oh well, after this year it wouldn't matter anyway.

It wasn't his choice to retire. The dean of the college informed him that this was his last year to teach. Yet, to Henry, teaching was the only thing that kept him going since Mary died twelve years ago. All he had to remember her by was Merlin, his gift to Mary on her sixtieth birthday. How happy she looked on the that day, cuddling the soft gray kitten: the purring gray fluff brought a smile to her sunken face, which for months had been framed by her thin yellow-stained pillow.

Henry lifted his eyes. The mirror on the wall reflected the single tear which slowly made a path down his right cheek. He didn't wipe the remnant away. Streaks of sorrow like this one had become a regular part of his mornings. Actually the tears appeared at night too. The only time he seemed to be free from his his tears was when he was at college. There he wasn't known as a soft, emotional man. Quite the opposite in fact. Henry Ensminger played his role as the strict old professor as he had always managed to do.

Henry glanced in the mirror again. Old age was deeply carved in every inch of his face. He observed the shiny pink scalp peeking boldly through his few ruffled white hairs. "Yes, Henry," he told himself, "you're an old, old man." Henry exhaled a sad and heavy sigh. It wasn't his age or appearance that bothered him. It was his loneliness at home, in the small apartment that Mary had fallen in love with forty years ago.

Before she died, Mary lay sick in the room where Henry sat. He remembered how she made her own pharmacy out of the nightstand. He hated the different sized bottles circling their wedding picture. Mary religiously took her medicine, never missing an appointment with the pills. Henry hated the world after she died. His thoughts and motions had been the same now for twelve years.

Henry slowly dressed and shuffled down the hallway to the kitchen, keeping his hand on the wall. He didn't bend his knees because his legs were like sticks in the morning. They would loosen up, as he would, once he left the apartment. Merlin welcomed the familiar sight by gliding around his master's legs.

Henry awkwardly bent over to the pet the cat. The puffed fur was still gray, but was now dominated by thick patches of white. Merlin, too, was old. The depressed cat then attempted a meow and lumbered back to the floral chair accented with the yellowed doilies Mary made.

After a bitter cup of coffee, Henry put on his worn coat and hat. On his way to school, he passed Mrs. McClarty, the widow who always pushed an empty shopping cart. The two sneered at each other. Henry knew he'd see her on his return home that afternoon. He lifted his head and felt in his pocket for his gloves. His eyes widened and the corners of his mouth turned upward for the first time that day. Today he remembered his hearing aid.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Henry inched down the busy hallway on his way to class, he passed a large group of girls. With his hearing aid, Henry could hear them shouting some of the foulest words he had ever heard. Somewhat shocked, Henry blamed their language on drugs.

Henry Ensminger entered the cavernous lecture hall. Eyes watched the small man scuffle to the podium at the front of the room. Whispers and giggles were audible as the crowd hushed to a low murmur.

Henry squinted at the blurry mass and began to lecture on neoclassic literature. Discussing the gifts of Pope and Dryden, Henry heard the sharp tongue of some student. "Yeah, this man should know — he used to teach those guys."

Henry looked up from his notes and saw the surprised faces of the students who glanced around the room at one another. Henry then stared at Johnson, the guilty one. The big, hairy kid looked around the room at the other students, searching for support, but no one paid attention to him.

"Was that a comment on my age, Mr. Johnson?"

"Uh, no, sir. I was uh . . . just complimenting your, um, . . . your wonderful teaching ability. You know. I just meant that you're such a great teacher that you probably taught those guys."



What's their names?" Johnson nervously smiled and slid down in his seat.

The other students jeered at the limp mass of flesh slithering in his chair.

Henry Ensminger continued to stare at what was left of Johnson and cleared his throat. He looked down at his notes and mumbled: "Bull."

Laughter echoed in the vast white room. Johnson's face looked like a squashed tomato. Managing an embarrassed grin, Johnson faked his own laugh too.

"That's enough, class," Henry said pleasantly, "we should continue our discussion of Pope and Dryden."

The students resumed their scholarly positions and even Johnson appeared somewhat student-like, ready to listen to the old man. Triumphant, Henry ended his lecture a few minutes before the bell would ring. As the students gathered their books, a crescendo of voices arose in the air. Johnson tried to escape the room, but the one door permitted only a slow exit. Henry grasped his note cards and popped a rubber band around them.

"Mr. Johnson? May I see your for a minute?" Henry asked.

Johnson's eyes widened as he turned around to the small man who was putting on a limp hat and coat.

"Yes, sir?"

"Mr. Johnson, I didn't mean to embarrass you in front of the other students," Henry said.

"Uh, that's okay, sir. I'm sorry for bursting out in class like that," Johnson replied.

"It's not the first time, you know."

"Yes, sir. I know . . . but I was just . . . uh, trying to add some laughs to the class. Everyone seemed bored . . . I mean . . . you know . . . uh, not that your lectures are boring or anything like that, sir. It's just that, you know . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Johnson — Dale, is it?" Henry asked.

"Dave, sir," Johnson corrected.

"Yes, right," Henry remarked. "My classroom is not the place for clowning; that **is** what you were doing, Dale, and besides, I think the punch lines should be left to me."

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry. It won't happen again," Johnson quickly responded as he backed out of the room. "Thanks, Professor Ensminger!" the kid shouted as he turned for the door and dashed out into the hallway.

"No problem, Dale," Henry whispered.

Henry was almost trampled by the rushing herd of students in the hallway, but he managed to weave through the mob. Some of the students said hello to him while others smiled. He thought they were acknowledging him because they felt sorry for him. But Henry nodded at the boys and grinned at the girls.

As the crowd thinned, Henry shuffled behind a slow-paced group of students. He was able to overhear their conversation.

"Yeah, me too. I'm going to miss Ensminger when he leaves."

"Wasn't that great what he did to Dave? Dave is such a jerk."

"You know, the prof is a pretty good guy."

Scurrying into a side hallway, Henry stood with his hunched back to the wall. He raised his eyebrows and nodded his head. "So," he thought, "the prof is a pretty good guy."

On his way home that afternoon, Henry caught up with Mrs. McClarty.

"Rose, how are you on this beautiful day?" Henry sang to the old woman pushing the same empty shopping cart.

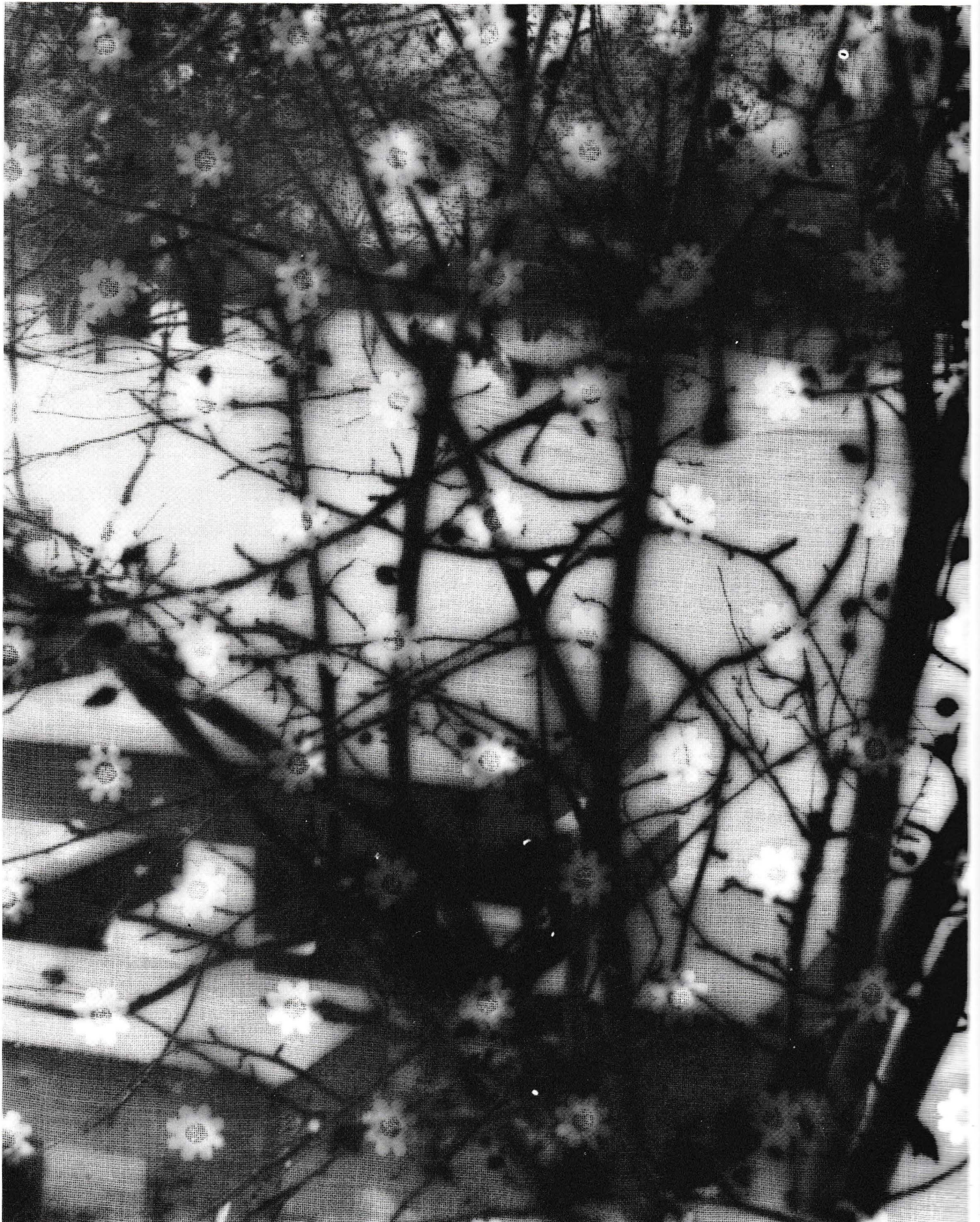
She glanced in surprise at the old man who tipped what looked like a hat at her. She noticed his pace was quicker than it had been that morning. She only retorted her usual "Hmph!" and swung her scarfed head in the other direction. Henry shrugged and went inside the apartment building.

Inside his apartment, Henry called Merlin. The gray and white cat stretched his old legs and meowed to the approaching man.

"How are you, Merlin?" Henry asked as he took off his coat and dropped it on a chair.

He repeated the day's events to his purring companion. ". . . and you know what, Merlin? They said, 'the prof is a pretty good guy.' They're not such a bad bunch after all, huh."

The cat managed only a slight meow.



HELENE SANTOS — "UNTITLED"

**With Her**

Like a symphony, her voice  
And I too  
Began to speak  
Realizing  
All too soon  
I could not carry her tune.

**Joanne Dal Sasso**

**Postcard of Europe**

*for Tara*

I stare into  
the English countryside,  
seeing through a mountain  
to a space where  
I could build a house  
that receives rain  
and is sheltered  
in the cup of a valley  
beside a lake  
as if it were an offering.  
Somewhere Tara stands, singing  
like wind through valleys,  
her hair  
a dark rigid curtain, pointing  
to light pulsating,  
encircled by the old stones.  
Where I live there is no land  
I could hoe with hands  
and rename my own.  
The coal has claimed all hillsides,  
black lung and hard labor  
the people.  
I want to weave my home  
from twig and reed.  
At night in starlit darkness  
upon my knees  
I will bless the forest.  
My house will meditate  
behind a calm slope of mountain.

**Anna Mae Stanley**



## Translations from the Last Scroll from the Dead World of Methnicar

### The Old Wizard R

On the summit of the mountain  
Is the last remaining Wizard,  
Monarch of his highest order.  
Seeing all above the clouds  
Beyond the fifth horizon  
And the far far better land.  
His introspective eyes  
Look, staring into space:  
The silent, unseen mountains  
And the shades of the twentieth sea  
Which borders Methnicar.  
The sapphire statues  
On their marble pedestals  
Return his gaze,  
Seeing nothing, saying nothing  
As they weave their spell  
On their granite minds.  
Neither he nor they  
Notice time.  
But for you he'll twist reality  
To strange and grand designs.  
Over-flowing, never knowing,  
Always seeing questions being  
Spilling out within his mind,  
The ever-present flowing  
Of the caverns of his mind.  
He sends his thoughts to places  
Beyond the distant misted heavens  
For he knows that everything is fine  
Within the caverns of his mind.

### The Jistar

One morning back on Methnicar  
This dream came into existence  
(Though dream it truly wasn't, in its way,  
Despite its qualities of enigma)  
When every sight was brighter shining  
In something quite like optimism.  
It came in the form of flowing light,  
Not harsh at all.  
It dispersed in foreign sense  
And introduced itself with a smile.  
Do tell.  
It spoke of many wonders,  
How its world was unfulfilled  
(Saying in its voiceless way)  
And how its light should onward glow.  
It called itself the Jistar  
And its task was very simple . . .  
Embellish on frivolity  
And other things to realize.  
Indeed.  
And as the Jistar and I went on  
What's known to it as Jistarlight  
Grew in fineness  
That inspired transcendental serenity  
And (what we called) the Sphere of Quietude  
Or the thought inspired by  
Fantastic Jistar artistry.  
Jistar was not in form,  
Not simply so.  
For Jistar made all things beautiful  
In its special way . . .  
A quiet, unrushed, intimate kind of way.  
Everything was fine when the Jistar  
Showed its being.  
And then one morning  
The Jistar became a finite amount  
Of laughter and excitement  
For the Jistar became a shadow.  
Like the dark of the night  
In which it came to me,  
A fog of vision,  
The Jistar grew into  
Another empty crevice in  
The caverns of the mind.  
But when the night is right,  
And the moons are in alignment  
Like the crystal and the star,  
A shadow often forms on the floor  
In the likeness of the shape  
Of the creature known as Jistar.

### And Then . . .

I think it was a month ago  
Or maybe it was longer back  
Than I would care to remember.  
That's the way it goes, sometimes.  
Anyway, as I was about to tell you,  
There was this sudden thing  
Then came my way.  
Then!  
Then struck and left me staring  
In awestruck wonder  
At something to rival even the Jistar.  
For Then had something  
That the Jistar couldn't have.  
Then, this feeling of amazement  
Replaced the void of That.  
Then: what or who or why  
Taxed all thought, for it was . . .  
Not like anything else.  
Then was gone without a word  
And kept me wondering  
If there might have been more.  
Keep making merry.  
Well, I breathed a sigh of loss,  
Or just a sigh of knowing  
That departs as Then departs,  
And the world of Methnicar lives on.

James Lehet

### **Folding Paper at Night**

*for Bobbie*

The music of folding  
was our hands  
until the pale papers we folded  
and folded  
became cranes.

I walked the stairs,  
hands still tingling  
from folding  
believing we would waken  
finding our eyeless cranes  
had flown away.

But in morning  
they rested  
still, in the cast of shoe boxes.  
Their symmetrical bodies  
heads tilting into profile.

I had slept deeply  
in dark filled heat,  
cool light  
upon cranes  
relieved me  
of the night,  
my eyes hurt  
from the reflected brightness  
of light.

I remembered my sleep  
and the sound of pigeons  
lulling me into rest,  
many claws scraping hard  
within the space  
between my room and roof.

Every time I awoke,  
looking up  
I followed the edge of light  
to where like a hinge  
or fold of wing  
it cleft open.

**Anna Mae Stanley**

When a deaf mute talks  
to herself she  
makes designs  
with her hands  
in a looking glass  
or against the  
light of a candle across a wall  
sometimes a person on the other side  
can hear her and  
this is when four  
hands may dance together

**Megan Clarke**





HENRY E. LONG — "NIGHT IN THE BATHROOM"



### Revelations

*(on a marionette show)*

White faced and muscles  
of string,  
see the body reflected  
and journey to learn from  
where it came.  
Finding blind corners  
and empty space;  
a mind confused.  
A shining portal opens,  
the body flies like  
silver bolts of light  
and splits  
into three.  
Slowly enters a glow  
and a being beckons . . .  
Then is gone.  
the search begins  
— and ends —  
behind the self —  
reflection.  
An obsession  
trapped within  
its own soul.  
And existence goes into  
blackout.

**Tawny Rashoe**

### The Salt Man

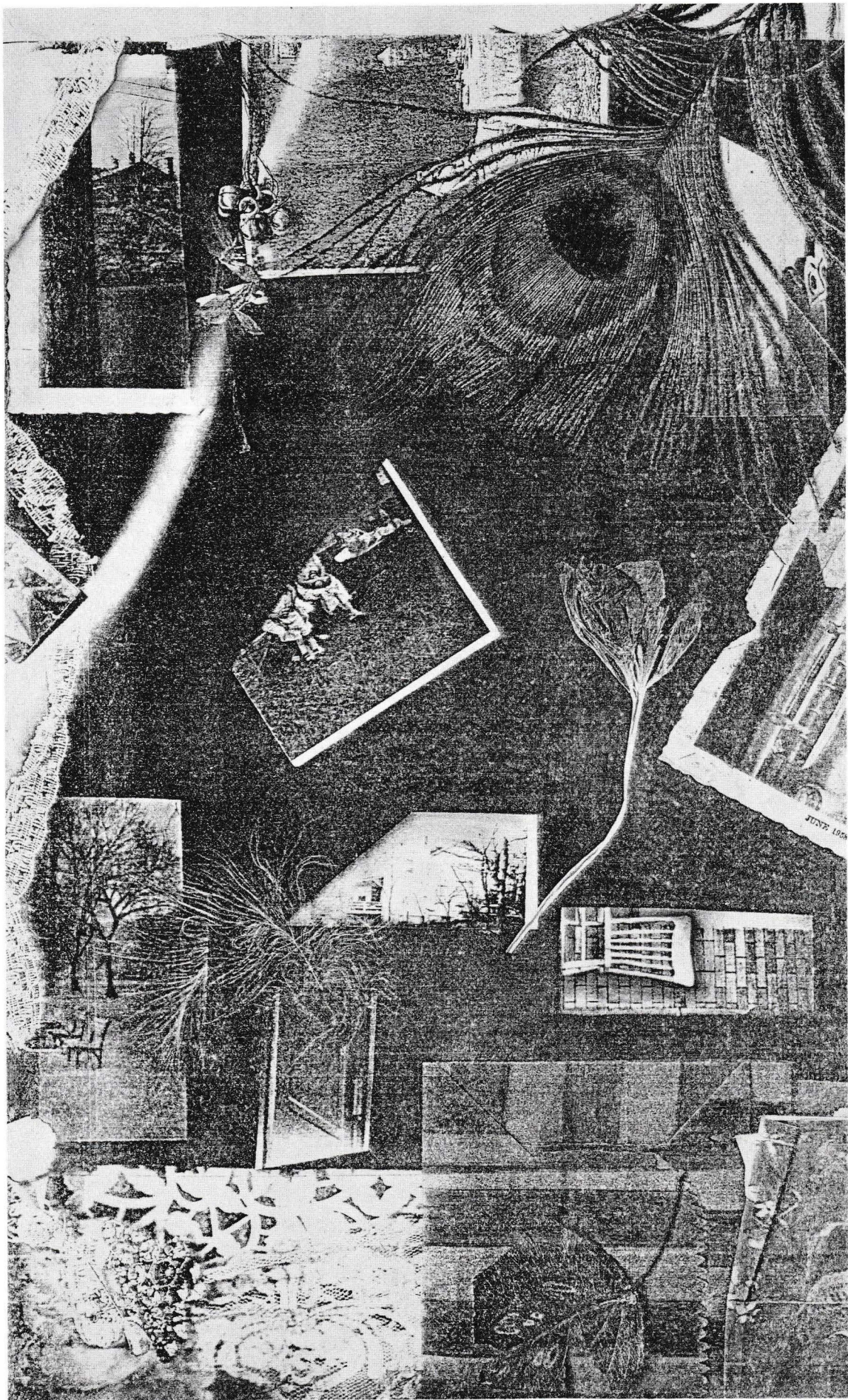
You took your words and went away.  
I hold those memories within my prison  
like a beautiful, fragile, transparent liquid soap sphere.  
The sun comes shining through it, and the world is  
reflected, topsy-turvy tiny.  
That time of insanity is inverted, behind a bright yellow door,  
with a light glowing above it — eternally on.  
That heat has burned a scar on my wrist that  
follows, follows, follows me, out from the museum  
to the lecture hall reality.  
Now the mystery remains.  
Neither Rabbit nor Brown Beggarhouse have an answer.  
Still, each morning comes, I rack my brain.  
You made me want to live, said the world is a good place.  
Life is great, sure, so why did you end yours?  
Rabbit wrinkled her head  
and choked  
the resurrection of AI.  
Some of us guessed, some perhaps knew  
Sanity reversed had planted a bomb inside you.

**Beth Kaplan**

### **Summer Dance**

I had a room  
of no sound,  
quiet and dark  
so wings of pigeons  
could be heard flapping  
like canopies snapping  
against cold wind.  
The floor did not creak  
as I walked across it  
swaying half one way  
then another  
almost dancing across soft boards  
breasts pressing firm nipples up  
from under a brown nylon robe.  
Some afternoons  
the wind never arrived  
to sing night air through  
like a soft fan.  
The leaves created a singing  
that cannot find words,  
like the moaning  
of pigeons in night.  
At dawn  
my body would be swollen  
with heat.  
I moved slowly  
discovering song  
piercing through light  
as thin curtain expanded  
contracted, pulling in  
pushing out all air  
of the night.

**Anna Mae Stanley**



ANNA MAE STANLEY — "PRESENCE"

## LIES

This lying will get you nowhere  
you'll never know about mine  
Better you lie than nothing  
Better I don't even try  
I'd rather be lying with you  
Than speaking the truth alone  
Old times were good times  
Better thinking of good lies  
Than remembering bad truth  
A little of both when I think about you  
Any lie you tell, I'll find out the truth  
Anything you've done, I already know  
Ask anybody; they'll give me what I want  
I can get it without you  
Everthing I say to you is true  
You know this is exactly how I feel  
But what you think you know about me  
Never was right  
I'll tell you something now — I lied

**Anne C. J. Roche  
and Jeanne Gaiteri**

## Concrete Despair

Despair — an emotion?  
Oh no, much more.  
He is real, alive,  
Breathing heavily.  
The rain — rolling black clouds  
When a single ray  
Of sunlight meekly  
Shines through.  
Heaving, I yearn  
For more light, more warmth.  
A single chord — broken,  
Hit relentlessly over  
And over, without a breath.  
Its absence of change  
Inviting a resolution  
That is never heard.  
A love — walking away —  
A strong back  
Forever facing me,  
Shrinking with distance.  
I hold my breath,  
Hoping he will glance backward.  
Taillights fading  
In the oncoming  
Fog.

**Carrie Walters**

## ANOTHER NEW LOU REED SONG

*for Hippie Mary*

I wanna be green  
'Cause green is mean  
I wanna be green  
See a whole new scene  
I wanna be green  
Like Kermit the Frog  
Has a voice like a toad  
Runs around with a hog  
I wanna be green  
Just like money  
I wanna be green

**Anne C. J. Roche**

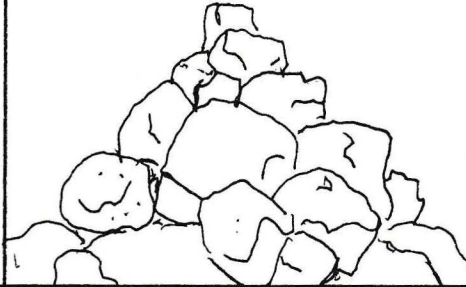
# THE ROCK CYCLE

AS PROPOSED  
BY DR. RALPH  
LAMPOST



BRUCE LAWNING '84

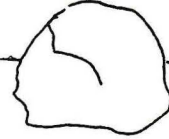
MOST ALL PEOPLE HAVE A  
FALSE VIEW OF ROCKS



TRUE, THEY GET SMALLER  
AND SMALLER DUE TO  
EROSION

BEFORE

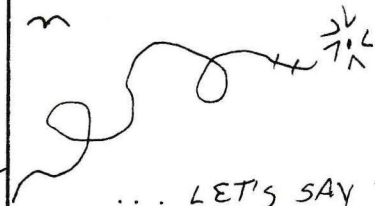
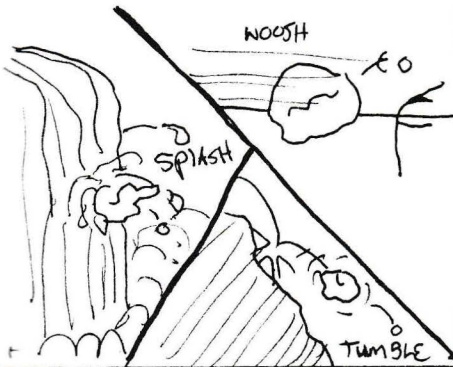
AFTER



EXAMPLES: WATER, WIND AND  
MOTION

EVENTUALLY, A ROCK  
BECOMES DUST

THIS IS MY THEORY...

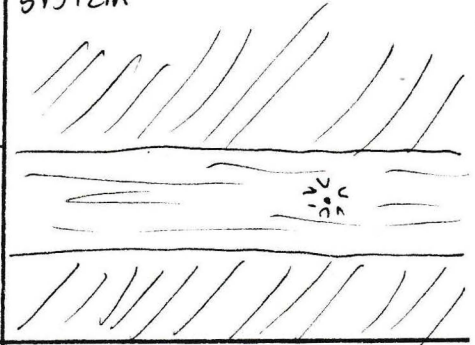
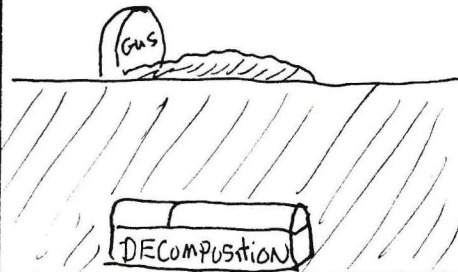


... LET'S SAY THIS  
DUST SPECK TAKES  
TO THE AIR

UNTIL IT FACES AN  
OBSTRUCTION

SOON, HOWEVER, IT ENDS  
UP IN THE EARTH

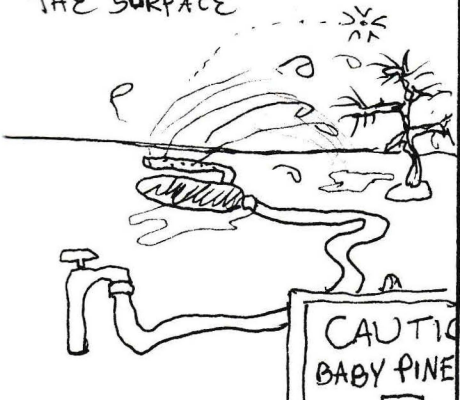
FROM THERE, THIS TINY  
ROCK MAY FIND ITSELF IN  
AN UNDERGROUND WATER  
SYSTEM

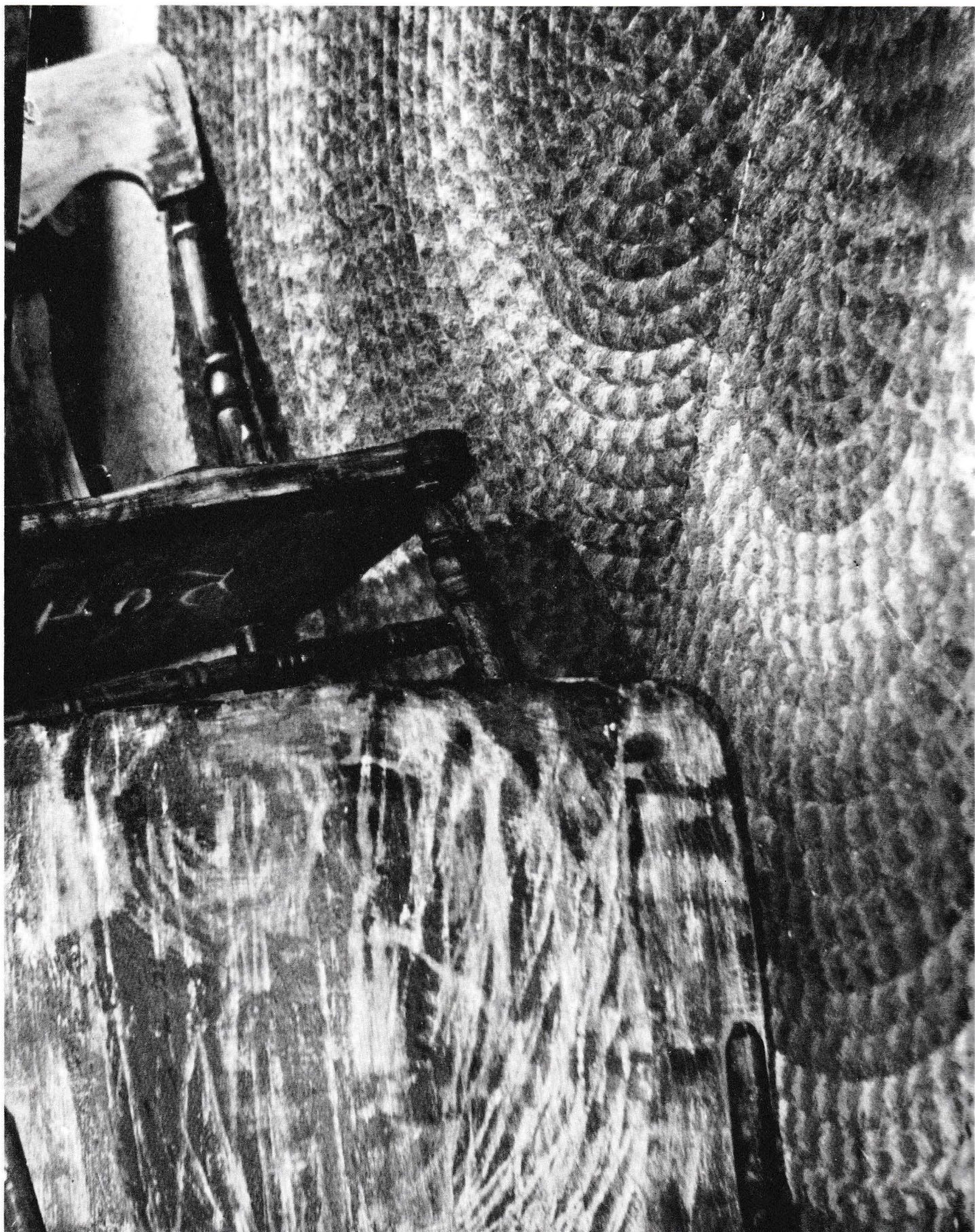


THIS WATER MAY REACH  
THE SURFACE

IN TIME, A MATURE  
TREE MIGHT PROVIDE  
SHELTER AND  
NOURISHMENT FOR THE  
DUST TO GROW UNTIL...

... THE RARELY SEEN  
BIRTH OF A FULL  
GROWN ROCK  
TAKES PLACE!





HELENE SANTOS — "UNTITLED"

### **Autumn Ritual**

*dedicated to the river living within*

When the Seneca and Susquehanians lived here  
the mountains were less smooth.  
The Indians buried their dead  
in earth; years later  
my grandfather mined for coal.

If ever he felt  
their presence like a breeze,  
passing as he moved through a tunnel  
with his helmet's small light glowing  
upon anthracite walls,  
he never spoke of it.

But I have sensed spirits  
even in silent trees.  
They have entered rooms  
and pressed invisible hands down  
upon my frightened shoulders.

On spring nights  
I would dream  
of many people standing  
in circles,  
waken, look out my window  
to hear wind  
like the sound of polished wood  
upon polished wood  
come clacking down  
through trees.

Wind would filter down  
touching through my window screen  
to reach my face  
as I stood still,  
crying,  
alone,  
and blaming the wind  
for its March warmth.

I knew Indian graves  
had not been opened,  
believed it was wind  
travelling from the cemetery  
down through yards  
to form my face  
in its hands  
as though it were light  
and not wind.

Now I hear wind  
as the music  
of spirits walking.  
I go to the river  
to tune my ears  
to its sounds  
upon water  
and gather its heat  
into my body  
so I can burn my way  
through winter.

**Anna Mae Stanley**



HELENE SANTOS — "UNTITLED"



### **WE MEET AGAIN**

Hidden in the shadows,  
Guarded by a buzzer,  
The center of so many people's lives.  
It doesn't matter where you've been  
As long as you show up there  
(night after night after night).  
Silent greetings, unspoken rituals,  
Expectations harder than work.  
But there's security in the repetitions,  
Friendships in a glass.  
A place to rest, a place together.  
It's goodnight, never goodbye.

**Anne C. J. Roche**

### **FLEETING GLANCE**

Did you ever think  
That when you see somebody,  
And you stop what you're doing,  
But you're both too shy to talk:  
We could have loved each other?  
And if you were to waste  
A moment thinking  
About that person,  
You almost could've loved,  
You wouldn't want to see  
Each other again,  
And test it,  
Because you're not the same people  
You were,  
When you could've loved each other.

**Anne C. J. Roche**

### **Sunset Without Wind**

I have returned to this river  
quiet and solid  
I, the stone  
that left a dark hole  
within the river bank.

Here, next to the water  
crickets hush their singing,  
mourning for hollow branches  
scattered by wind  
upon rocks.

The quaking aspens  
do not shake  
with music of hard rain  
because the wind has forgotten them,  
but the pure light of sunset  
still traces an edge  
across dying reeds.

Shale,  
when last I touched you  
you were warm as my body  
warm as my lover  
who is gone from me.

Now you are cold,  
the sun has moved far away  
rocking her orange body  
into the smoothed hips  
of a mountain side —  
she no longer sends us her heat.

Silently I watch  
three geese fly south  
in a triangle's black formation  
flapping urgently through sky  
as if blown like leaves.

Soon the air will become colder,  
I will not walk  
down rocks  
to cry beside the river's currents  
with the sparrows  
as we wait for wind  
to return and sing,  
as we wait for an echo to resound  
when we make no sound that rings.

**Anna Mae Stanley**



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