

current 1971

"Underground"
1971

HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY
DARIEN, CONN.

autopsy

autopsy

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.50

I HATE SUN

On a rainy day, I feel like

a diamond rain-jelly clinging to the crisscross wires in a screen,
waiting for someones musty breath to vapor me.

On a rainy day, I fell like

a soggy leaf trampled into a mud collage,
hiding from rubber feet.

On a rainy day, I feel like

a red Volkswagen, small and safe and tight,
wiping myself with stiff stubby arms,
dressed in glass beads and paper flowers.

Yeah, on a rainy day, I have thoughtsihatotothinkothercoplethoughtof,

CARLA WEIS

We were suspended last winter, suspended in time and space and dargled in sight and sound like foreigners nor knowing a language. Sometimes we drifted; sometimes we walked in space. Going somewhere, nowhere, non-direction often took us to the highway. In darkness like this and midnight cruises we would jump out roofs of red coaches and join the all-night non-denominational service under the sign on the highway that advertised holiday.

They would float in then too, appearing from darkness, returning to darkness. Those others, loners alone, or loners in packs, they, as we, came quietly searching. Their red sunken eyes glistened moistly. They crept forth to drain cupsacoffee, to keep the red eyes open a little longer, as they sank a little deeper, squinted a little harder.

They came to devour the bodyandblood that lay in metal pans before slick attendants. At night the cooks and washers were the only ones whose loud laughter desacrated the place. It echoed over the large room, and was slung back finally by the walls. It lay trembling in metal pans with the bodyandblood.

In meek reverence they offered their copper and nickel and silver and drained the cupsacoffee and squinted harder as they devoured the holystuff amidst the choir of clinking spoons and shuffling feet. Warmed by the electric bulb, strengthened as by formica hard surface, they drifted back to darkness, and maybe another midnight shrine. And we to our pumpkin, rolled out to night.

CINDY FLAMM

i'm filling up
with tomorrow and
next year and
generally speaking
my future
but today
so and so told me
she don't get it
her sister tried to kill herself
i tucked my half-baked hands into my pockets
what could i say? me too?
me too. Holy Toledo

we passed a white snowdog
lost on the super thruway
on his way to silent drifted snowdogland
and
we heard
a saxophone solo
from New York City
all this again
and again
since we've been
aimless

kathleen donkin

It was early in the morning, when I snuck out of our hotel room. I walked to the elevator, and the only sound I could hear was the heat being piped into each hallway and room. The elevator brought me down to the lobby. Everyone was busy checking in, loading sight-seeing buses. The dining rooms that were so alive last night were dead now; Even the Merry-Go-Round Bar was stopped. I walked out the door leaving me closest to Kenmore Square; Heading for the newspaper stand ahead of me. The Prudential building blinked at me: 8:10 Not that I knew the time I realized why my breath came out frosty. The city and people running around made me think it was much later. Those new dorms at Harvard were really something. My brother used to stay there when he came to see his girl friend, who went to Emanuel. It seems she knew some guy that went there, or something. I got the paper and headed back to the hotel. I felt sorry for the bum wrapped in yesterdays Boston Herald sleeping behind that bench. I got off the elevator and walked back down the hall, still only hearing the heat. I reached our room and walked in seeing that my friend was awake. I palced the paper down and was going to read it but instead walked over to the oblong window which faced the city. Everyone was singing, yelling, and shivering. And then I saw it. I really did. I saw snow for the first time, today in Boston.

NANCY OWEN

HE IS A GREAT MAN
WENT TO COLLEGE
PLAYED FOOTBALL CAPTAIN OF HIS TEAM

KNOWS ALL THE RULES
HE CAN TELL YOU ANYTHING.
ALMOST LIKE A COMPUTER.
a computer

DEATH

it comes in spurts
it gushes and gnarls its way through
bones and tissues, to tiny nerve endings.

every organ works to its capacity
filling the limp form with slight warmth.

the effort is useless
the body no longer thrashes,
but lies still awaiting a still greater
HELL.

JANE IRVINE

THE SUN
SPREAD
RED
ACROSS THE SAUCER-SKY
BLED QUIETLY
BEHIND THE BLACK MOUNTAINS
UNTIL
FINALLY
IN ONE GREAT GODLY
HEMORRHAGE
OF BLOOD-LIGHT
DIED

ROGER BEATTY

#84

Bleeding sweating, hurting.

Your beyond your endurance,

But you're forced to go on.

Across from you is the enemy

He is out to get you.

Stare into his eyes and see his hate.

Transfer your hate to him.

Hit and keep driving.

Your legs ache beyond feeling

Your head hurts beyond thinking

And your body gives out without stopping.

Fighting like vicious animals, whose lives depend on this battle.

You must win.

Voices yelling at you, telling you to go harder.

He keeps hitting you, and you keep hitting him.

One of you must give up

Not me, not him.

Who can outbleed, outswat, and outfight the other?

Ten thousand signals from your body
Telling you, you must win to make them stop throbbing.
You give all you have, and extra you can summon
You've won, but you pay the price.
Totally exhausted, you try to tell yourself it was worth it.

You can't walk straight
Your mind is spinning like a gyroscope
Bones feel like their broken
Sweat drips into your eyes making them bleed water.

You see him lying of the ground, bleeding.
He can't move. You beat him.

He lies there, like a dead man.
You walk off the field, knowing he would have done the same thing.

BOB GRAHAM

tall, green giants against the dark beyond
chimney tops recognized by single lines
quiet, tranquille.
everything----out of order
then it comes
the light from the east
everything----operating;
again.

NANCY OWEN

the tall orange crates smelled
sweetly of wetted orange blossoms
eventhough they were empty.
their light wood was stained heavily
in bright orange colored puddles
ringed with a faded yellowish green.
they waited to be thrown on board
a steel gray tug
or to be kicked off
into the slimy water.

JOHN MUCCI

I remember the way he said it with a low sing-song voice. "And he shall judge the quick and the dead." I think of him less now, but when I do it's clear. Maybe I'm adding something to my memory. I guess that's what time does.

His face was old and wrinkled, but not the way it should have been. It should have been tanned and hard, from all the time in the salt air and sun. It was smooth except around the corners of his eyes and mouth. When he was mad his eyes would squint and grow narrow. His lips would press tightly against each other.

Then there was that last time I saw him. I had come to say good-bye. I was no longer needed there so the time had come. I would come back in the spring, but would he be there.

I knocked on the door of the trailer to give the keys back. There was a voice inside. Then he said in a muffled voice, because he had taken his teeth out, "Who's there" "Charlie."

Steps from inside came towards the door. The sound of a latch being pulled and the door opened. He stood there for a minute while his eyes became adjusted to the light. Although being short, he was looking down at me. He was wearing those dyed blue khakis and undershirt. His large, but firm, stomach protruding in front of him. He was bent over at the shoulder which made him look older.

"What's the matter."

"Just came to return the truck and say good-bye till spring."

"Oh, you going now."

"lille while."

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"Yeah."

"Well, have a good winter."

"Yeah, take it easy."

Then as I started to walk away I called "You too" Turned my head back for a second and walked away.

That was the last time. I was back at work again when I found out. It just didn't sink in when I heard it, I didn't think about it, not even for a minute, a second. It was a long time before I even realized it. But even then I didn't really feel bad.

CHARLES ROOME

THE STEAK HOUSE

I

I ASKED HER HER NAME
AND SHE STOOD FOR A MOMENT,
THINKING I GUESS,
THEN SHE SAID "BRIGETTE BORDEAU"
AND I WROTE IT DOWN,
THEN TOLD HER TO WAIT IN THE LOUNGE
WHILE LOOKING AT THE
WARTS ON HER HANDS
THE MOLE UNDER HER NOSE
THE LINES UNDER HER EYES
AND THOUGHT IF WE HAD
A TABLE FOR ONE.

II

AND SHE SMELLS OF STALE PERFUME OF BODY ODOR
EXCESS HAIRSPRAY AND CIGARETTE SMOKE.
HER JAW MOVING RAPIDLY CHEWING HER GUM, EACH
TIME OPENING HER MOUTH TO BATHHE ME IN ALCOHOL.
OR SITS JUST SO AT THE END OF HER SEAT
YOU KNOW ITS LIKE A PATTERN
THE WAY SHE WETS HER LIPS, PLACES HER HAND ON
HER NECK AND STARES ABSENTLY

OFF INTO THE DISTANCE

SHE SMILES OCCASIONALLY COLDLY USUALLY

AND SHE IS MY MOTHER AND I AM BECOMING
MORE LIKE HER EACH DAY

III

SHELLY LIQUER GLASSES

PASSING GLANCES

CIGARETTE CIGAR, PIPE SMOKE

AND PEOPLE KEEP ASKING FOR THEIR TABLES

THEY NEED THEM NOW

Cause theres a TRAIL TO CATCH

MOVIE TO GO TO OR

THE "RUSLANS ARE COMING" IS ON T.V.

I WANT TO TELL THEM TO GO WHERE THEY ARE NEEDED

AND LET A WETSON'S HAMBURGER ON THE ROAD, WE DON'T NEED THEM

IV

SATURDAY NIGHT'S WHORE

JUST WALKED IN WITH A NEW BOYFRIEND

BUT WITH THE SAME WHITE DRESS

WITH THE SAME LOW NECK

THE SAME LONG PLEATED SKIRT

SAME BROWN STILTS.

OVER DRIED YELLOW HAIR SHE WEARS SHE WEARS THE SAME FUNNY SCARF
WITH IT'S LILLY FLOWERS,
TIED UNDER THE NECK OF A TIRED FACE
WHOSE WRINKLES AND CRACKS AND CREVICES
DIE UNDER LAYERS OF MAKEUP
EYES MOVING SLOWLY
UNDER BLUES AND GREENS
HEAVILY EMBOSSED WITH THICK BLACK LINES.
ACCENTED BY MISGUIDED CHALK WHITE LIPS

BETHANN KENNEDY

FRAGANT

THE BISHOP IN BLACK AND RED
BLESSED THE DUST
THAT SETTLED IN THE ARCHIVES

THE CARDINAL IN PURPLE AND GOLD
KISSED THE MUMIFIED
HEADS OF TWELVE

The peasant in rags
died of the cross
his eyes to the sky
and heart to the kiss.

NEIL PENNELL

THE BREAK

YOU
I
YOU AND I
YOU AND I
YOU AND I
SHE
YOU AND I
YOU AND I
YOU AND I AND SHE
YOU AND SHE
YOU AND SHE
YOU AND SHE
I.

CARLEY TANKOOS

THE CONCERT

It was on a Monday. We bumped down the cobbled streets in his VW, bus. It was August and very hot in the city. We parked the bus in the usual spot and walked the remaining few blocks to Central Park. The stagnant air and car exhaust was stifling. A heavy odor of garbage hung over the city.

-I promised my mother I'd eat some dinner.

-Okay, we'll get some hot dogs at the theatre. Is that all right?

-Yeah, that's fine.

We crossed a small intersection and then another street and we were in the park. It was cooler there and people seemed happier. Maybe it was because of the trees. Or maybe because it smelled nice.

We walked down an asphalt path. Beautiful trees shaded the walk and glass skyscrapers shaded the trees.

-Hey, there's a softball game. We've got a few minutes before the concert starts. Let's watch for awhile, okay?

-Okay.

We walked towards the field. It had been divided into four diamonds and all four were being used. We stopped and watched one game. It was a girls softball team and they seemed to be enjoying themselves. We started towards another game when a ball rolled towards us. He neatly fielded the delinquent ball and tossed it to a nearby outfielder. The spectators gave him a round of applause and I felt a surge of pride in being with him. I told him so but he just smiled and laughed at the nice things.

We walked through the park and laughed at the nice things around us.

The trees, the softball games, the ice cream vendors the fountain, the music. The music? We'd better go.

We strolled towards the memorial theatre. A long line was forming on the sidewalk. People were talking, eating, singing, laughing, watching, and waiting. Suddenly the line started to move. We pressed through the entrance gate relinquishing our tickets to the sour, old doorman.

The theatre was actually a small stadium with gray folding chairs set on a cement base and bleachers rising in the back. On the stage of steel, wood, and canvas, people were milling about trying to look busy, adjusting microphone stands, adjusting snare drums, adjusting spot lights.

We looked for a place to sit. It had rained that day and although the sky had cleared there were still many puddles and many wet chairs. The stadium smelled musty from the moisture. Finally, we found two seats in the middle section of the gray folding chairs.

-Do you want something to eat?

-Do you?

-Yeah, i'm really hungry.

-Okay. I do too then.

-Okay wait here.

He returned soon, grinning, with a tray filled with hot dogs and Coke. He splashed through the puddle and sat down.

-Here.

-Thanks. Oh...you didn't get any mustard?

-No. I'm sorry, I forgot.

- -It's okay. Don't worry about it.

We munched quietly and looked at the other people and at each other.

Suddenly, people started laughing and yelling. Some were standing, waving their arms in the air. We looked up and saw an orange frisbee in flight. Ten hands reached out of the crowd and snatched it down. In seconds it was in the air again. Soon nearly everyone was on their feet trying for a chance with the frisbee. They reached and jumped and fell and threw. And people laughed.

A man walked on stage.

-We would like...we would...we would like to introduce...The concert had begun. A young man walked out in purple silk pants and sang folksy songs. People talked through his music, impatient with these preliminaries. People yelled at him to leave. The young man finished his set and walked out of the spotlight. The crowd was restless and tense. A thin haze settled in the air. Some talked, Others just smoked and waited.

Then, the man walked on stage again and began:

-Ladies and gentlemen the fabulous... and he was not heard over the cheers and applause. Four young musicians, artists in their field, took their places on stage. The lights turned green and purple and the instruments exploded with music. They chanted, they crooned; they quavered. They were harsh, melodic, loud, soft, urgent, complacent. The crowd had submitted to their magic. These men had control over the people. They could make them sing, clap, sway. They could make them happy, sad, angry. They knew their power and played all the more fiercely for it. Frenzy fed on frenzy. People were standing, clapping and moving. More!

With a crash and a sweep of the hand it was done. The concert was over. The excitement was over. The sensations, the throbbing, it was all over. The musicians were tired. They would have to play again later. They had to stop. The concert was over.

He took my hand.

- -Let's go,

-Okay.

KATHY GREEBLEY

THE BROOK

Slipping cautiously over the green mossy rocks

it sneaks up on the toad

Rippling slowly so as not to disturb the log where he sits

Now silently approaching, ducking between the fallen leaves and branches

Shoots toward the toad and slaps him wet.

Then retreats, sliding between the crevices of a once standing wall

gurgling and gulping with laughter

As it continues swaggering out to sea.

CAROLYN UNNEVER

sunny afternoons

i met this beautiful chick from kansas, maine,
this somber afternoon,
and it was like we'd met for the first time somewhere long past
into oblivion,
but it suddenly dawned on me i was with her, here now,
dig?
we just sat there on the river's edge, singing early dylan and booz,
and rappin' 'bout the weather cows, and fickle things like that,
and suddenly,
sounding out down the river,
we heard the melodious vibrations of a flute
piercing the lazy masses of air lingering around us,
which brought and held our eyes together for a moment's glimpse into
pure eternity,
and i whispered gently,
why should we try and use words in place of music?
and ya know, we laughed, and sang forever.

nicholas ney

REUNION

Bob surprised me so much that I nearly tripped down the stairs to where he was lounging in the dorm. I hadn't seen him sitting there. "Mary" was all he said to assert his presence. But, in his voice was utter incredulity. Blazing from his oval black eyes were questions. What are you doing here in Maine? How on earth did you get here, when, and why are you here at the University? How did you know I was here, why did you come?

I introduced him to my two girlfriends and explained that we had driven up to visit the campus and have an interview. "We are staying in a cottage on the coast. When we were walking around before, I felt really out of place. I said to Kathy, "I wish we knew someone here," and then, suddenly I remembered you had once mentioned you would like to go to the University of Maine. It was so long ago, I had forgotten. So anyway, we looked up your schedule, found your dorm, and are now here."

Francine and Kathy started right in with questions about his professors, the social life, and how big were his classes. I noticed how very little he had changed. He was still just as tall as before. About a foot more than myself. Was still kind of chunky, but his forearms were nice and long. They made his athletic legs look thinner. I hardly noticed that he was still a bit pigeon-toed. His pull-over was big enough to fit two of me inside. It sagged over his shoulders, for they weren't as broad as perhaps he would have them, but his chest was wide with pride.

"Hey, would you like me to give you a tour? Wait -- I better get my jacket."

While he was upstairs, Francine whispered, "Wow, he's really good-looking. And that smile, it's so sincere!"

I nodded. "I know. Two years ago, he looked just as good. Only his hair is longer now. Maybe because it's so thick and straight. I didn't remember it was such a dark brown. Anyway, he does look really great."

It was cold outside. The sun was hiding behind the trees. The day's brillian-
cy had subdued and the area was quiet. A few students were rushing either to the
dining hall, library, or to their dorms. Rushing because they were late, or most
probably, trying to get warm.

Bob showed us all around, and was really nice in trying to think of things
that would particularly interest incoming freshmen girls. He joked about ordinary
things, and when we would run out of questions, would continue talking in a friend-
ly manner. "I'm taking geology. Boy, we sure do alot of work just for some old
rocks."

Even with Bob's constant conversation, he seemed distant to me. As we walked
by the ivy-covered buildings, instead of opening up personally, he kept on with the
guide role. "If you can see through that facade of brick you'll see our dean argu-
ing on the phone with his wife." Prattle, prattle, I wanted to jerk his hands out
of his pockets and hold them in my mittened ones! As he pointed out places and told
us more about the school, I wondered why and what was the block that prevented us
from continuing our once innocent relationship. Why was it so difficult just to
say, "Remember when."

As I watched the lights turn on one by one, I realized Bob was like the strip-
ped trees. Lonely. Yes, he had made a few friends in the short while he had been
away at school, but he was not himself: involved or really a part of the place.

I asked him if he'd like to come back to the cottage with us. He became ex-
cited and glowed with eagerness, but then remembered an early class the next day.
College had changed Bob. I remembered an enthusiastic boy. A happy, determined

boy, who would never let restrictions obstruct his path for pleasure. However, was it college or was it time that changed him? He really did have more freedom, and fewer restrictions, but also had more obligations and was caught up in isolation.

When it was time to say goodbye, we smiled. His mouth moved, "Hey, thanks for coming up. It was good to see you. I hope I helped you out, and if you have any more questions, why don't you write." But, as I always had before, I looked in his eyes for a real message. Suddenly feeling poured out from them, and I felt as though I had lifted him from some sort of rut, and he was as I remembered.

MARY DUGDALE

it would be nice

to take a vacation from Here

a permanent sabbatical would do nicely
once i took

a lovely walk

over a rock

down a path

into

the folds of a world

the ends the limits

of Here

however

Now

is something different

observing brick

at 10:03.5

from a rock

i overlook this

concrete

(which is really jello)

it is disappointing

that

concreteandbrick

forgets its roots

rocks

becoming incredibly stagnant
stinking

there are no bars inside concrete

walls is all

rocks are the salt of the bottom.

nn

THE BUS RIDE

The monsoon rains had fallen long and hard the night before. The inundated paddy fields mirrored light rays back to the equatorial sun. I stood there, by the side of the road, contemplating my reflection in a flooded rut. Having had enough, I jerked my feet to disturb the tranquility of the pool. A red cloud of sediment gushed up with mushroom like intensity, swallowing my reflected self.

Splashing out the water from my rut, the rickety, tin plated bus lumbered to a halt. I boarded in my usual fashion, swinging on cowboy style, hanging half way out the door. On securing foot space, the stench of dead fish, betel nut, curry breath, and the heat of so many bodies packed together, settled around me like a fog.

The buses were always crowded. For the people who rode them it was a way of life. I felt guilty, because for me it was only a game. It held a strange fascination with me. The people were all so diverse. It was an adventure being with different people, and riding the bus into the city, not knowing where I'd end up.

After managing to squeeze myself into the back seat, the bus jerked to a stop at the central market place. The haggard old women stepped down with their day's wares of fish, fruit, and vegetables. The uniformed, briefcase carrying children alighted to walk the last blocks to school. With hopes of bringing home the family dinner, some of the young girls set out for a day's haggling with the merchants.

As I was intently watching people get off the bus, I didn't notice the boy who collected fares come up and sit by me. I was surprised to turn around and find him.

He was rather dark, about average height for an Oriental, but of a strong build. Anticipating a demand for a fare, I reached into my pocket and produced a coin. He waved it away with a hurt look in his eyes. He said a few words which I couldn't quite catch, but I understood by the way he said them. He wanted to make friends. He'd never talked with a farang before, save maybe to swindle one, then laugh behind his back. But he was sincere and I trusted him.

We talked until I exhausted my vocabulary. I was embarrassed that I could understand only about his every fifth word. He toyed with my sunglasses with the curiosity of a baby. Likewise, I fiddled with his ticket taker and money changer. From around his neck he pulled out his gold chain, from which hung his most sacred possessions, three ancient Buddha images. I admired them, being careful not to touch, and destroy their divine powers.

After awhile, my new found friend and I had attracted quite a bit of attention. Three little school children sat with their knees in the seat, facing back at us, giggling and pointing. A silver haired, toothless woman, her gums crimson from chewing betel nut, smiled at us. Three school girls passed us back a fried banana. Some boys came back to talk with this mysterious farang. An elderly Chinaman took my hand and squeezed it. A prostitute smiled at me, not a beckoning smile, but one of warmth. I'd gotten used to being stared at, but had always resented it. But today was different. People were not looking and resenting, but looking and accepting. I didn't feel alone and defensive, but rather, I felt a strong sense of belonging.

Soon, it was time for me to get off the bus. My friend took me by the hand and walked me to the door. I remember the first time a man had taken

my hand. How ignorant I was, feeling embarrassed and repulsed. I'd learned and understood. He was my friend and protector. We said goodbye and I stepped off the bus. As the bus pulled off, we extended our hands and our palms touched for a final moment.

It was raining again. I felt good inside. People ran for shelter and took out their umbrellas, but I just stood there. I knew that my skin would always be white. I would never be able to speak the words I felt. But I was comfortable. Communication was more than the mere exchange of words. I felt as though I belonged.

REUBEN JEFFERY

TABEAU

LOOK.
there it is.
humbled by the smothering, smoldering sun;
an empty Coca-Cola bottle.
No. Not quite empty.
Thick, glass bottom is coated with that sticky brandy
liquid-
SEE.
pregnant food particles
sunk in the sodden syrup.
an ugly glass bottle;
ugliness enhanced by warped glass;
cheap warped glass enlarging, distorting the
flies-
unctuously swarming, grasping the throat of the bottle.
LOOK.
black, shiny green scourging fleshy pink human lips.

IN A SERIES OF THOUGHTS

GAY WHEELBARROWS
FILLED WITH PURPLE SEA-SHELLS AND PEONIES.
WARM TANGY SEA BREEZE
BEARING GOLDEN PERFUME OF ORANGES FROM SOME DISTANT ORIGIN.
FRIGHTENED FIDDLERS
SEARCHING THE MORNING TIDES, FLIRTING WITH PAINTED TOES,
SKIRTING COPPER BODIES.
AURBOLE SUNSHINE
DRUGGING THE ERRATIO RHYTHUM OF THE DAY.

CARLA WEIS

UNKNOWN NARRATIVE

I'm tired and--yes--defeated.

Look at me now. I say LOOK at me. No, not up there swaying freely on the branch of that hideous oak or coasting in the late autumn wind but look down, down in the mud, and you will see me.

Look at me. Here I am brown, crinkled, dejected, like an old man's face on his deathbed. But, it's Mother Nature's work, you protest sweetly. Hah! You see, I remember the other times, too.

I remember that dawn of my first morning. The golden sunlight pierced the blackness in my depths and stirred the eagerness of my life. I remember when my veins first ran with that sweet green fluid. The breeze was cool then, too. But the cool was delicious--not condemning as the breeze is this night. No, that breeze was coaxing, gentle, trusting. And I in my naive eagerness sprouted, thereby opening myself to the vulnerability that will see its end today. But, the snow was melting, and spring promised.

I grew. How could I resist the sun's and the earth's inviting treats? I grew, and my existence was acknowledged in each cell. I was not alone. Were the other leaves and trees and forests my companions, you ask? Companions? How trite. We were not companions but crusaders. We were not friends but lovers. We were one, together, for nature had breathed us from her lungs. We lived growing, reaching, and aching to a universal rhythm. Why, how nice, you say. Yes, how pleasant to find summer's hot sunsets abdicate to fall's icy dusks. I don't want to talk about it any more.

How naked the trees seem. They are silhouetted against the gray sky as skeletons on gallow poles. They are as void as I.

I must admit, the colours were brilliant. All of us dressed up in our best to march off to war and fall one by one. An unforgettable display of heroism we made, don't you think? Or do you? Yes, I know it happens every fall. But, must you rape me of my delusions?

No, don't look now.

VAL MEHLIG

PEARLS

I

Gliding in the lamplight
My shadow laughed back
And rummaged through my thoughts
Like a Thief.

II

Fall below me, heart of reasoning;
I have no fear of being nothing more
Than polished pebbles strung upon the shore
Of Life: I am already a dead thing.

III

Looggedda kid obbly balanced
On na pickketts
Trying to catch at the butterflutters.
Goan tellim the best way to. Go head a-
Claus he won't lesen and ewont catch
A blarsted thing but hell fromis
Mofer hool gripe
About all the Clorox shesad to use.

IIII

I like the winter most of the best times of all:
It's the best time acause it's cold
And you can always find another blanket
Whilst in the summer you're
So dripping hot, blankets do no good,
And you have to resort to the airconditioner.
Snow to shovel out is nothing compared to
The sand that sticks to your towel and won't dry you off
worth beans:
Skidding and breaking your neck is nothing compared to
Dragging yourself languidly in the infernolike sunfirerays.
Hands that cleave to freezing metal are nothing compared to
Hands that turn five seperate shades of red from fourth
degree burns.
Tow-week vacationa are nothing compared to
The homesickeningabsolutelyboringevenifittissummer drag.

JOHN MUCCI

The airport terminal was under construction. There was a big hole in the wall of the second floor there the window wasn't yet. People were standing around the hole watching planes take off in the dark. She went to the hole, but there were too many people. There were some stairs near the hole in the wall. She climbed the stairs. They led to a landing just before the roof. She hoisted herself above the landing, and stood there on the roof, the cold wind blowing her hair, surrounded by lights on the ground and the roar of the jets taking off.

He stood looking out of the hole in the unfinished wall of the second floor of the air terminal. He could hear bits of conversations around him. He watched the jets take off. A starved woman stood in front of him, her stiff hair struggling to be free in the wind. He stepped back, suddenly very tired. He noticed a stairway. He went up the stairs, came to a landing and hoisted himself onto the roof.

They looked at each other in the noisy night. She with her blue jeans flapping around her legs in the wind, and her hands tight in her pockets. He with his hair escaping from the string he wore around his head. They stood there with the jets taking off around them, flying to other airports, other lights.

I'm running away.

So am I.

LISA DREW

THE AGING OF NATURE

Nature stretches her tired arms,
she prepares for another day.
Her skies are gray,
and her arms reach out in yellow fingers.

The blue reflecting pools are her saddened eyes,
she never showed her age.
Now her eyes are aching.
She cries to save fleeting life.

A virgin does not like to loose her soul.
So it is, with this abandoned lady.
She has lost her youthful glow...
Her virgin soul.

TIMES EVENTUAL DEATH

The planets are viscera of the universe.
And the clouds are cells,
which nourish this creation.
Philosophers are food for this vast system to digest.

The fools and warriors are disease,
which infest and decay the universe.
The only defense is war between them,
and eventual death.

BOB GRAHAM

A ROUND, TWO-SIDED PEBBLE

In the depth of man's confused, insane world, we seldom experience anything floating on the surface, anyone who breezes by the confusion like leaves, until he too gets raked into the pile...

Timmy had a face like that of fire- but a fire being quenched constantly, always to be relit. His eyes were cool and effervescent, yet a cold, blue flame burned beneath their pupils. He was a bit thin, but the heat of his glare counteracted his lack of weight.

One pink-skied day, Timmy was playing his normal games in the back yard when he suddenly saw a glitter in the distance which soon faded away. He immediately sprang up, his normal games left to bask in the hazy sun, and leaped over to the approximate location of the glitter. The source was found- a small smooth pebble which irregularly emitted rays of light that turned into a million colors and spectrums before his eyes. He reached down, placing his muddy hands (muddy from his normal games) around the jewel. It died down and then ceased its rays altogether. Timmy placed it in his pocket, and ambled back down to the pit of mud and bits of rock and sand, back to his trucks and cars and soldiers. But about halfway there, he saw his house in a different way- different only to him. It was very confusing, this new way. All the things he used to see in the correct way now had new qualities, all mixed up and jumbled together. Telephone poles, houses, cars, roads, were all confused and meant nothing. He walked into his house and talked with his mother in a way he had never before experienced. His mother's kind face and hopeful eyes suddenly contorted into wild ecstasy. She gasped and began crying.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she shouted. "Doctor Lesley did it! I knew it! Oh, Timmy, oh Lord, I'm so happy. You're well!"

Timmy talked with his mother for two hours, talking in a way brand new to him, the words flowing, the thoughts matching together. He didn't know if he liked it yet. It was a very strange, mixed up feeling. He walked outside while his mother called his father at work to tell him the good, wonderful news. Timmy reached into his pocket and pulled out the dark stone. He hurled it, and it flew into a pond nearby, never to be found again. Timmy saw one last ray of light shoot out from it. Then his new way stopped, and he was satisfied to go back to his normal games like a good twelve-year-old boy, the experience of the second way was gone forever. Just two small hours of sanity out of a lifetime of distortion. Or could it be that Timmy's way was right? We shall never know.

CHRIS ANSON

mc

White laughter, running in the bathroom sink,
is all i hear these days
as i sit contentedly in my closet
chewing jujubees
to the beat of swanee river.
I really dig this scene cuz
i can play dominos day and night
and watch loretta young make instant love
and die mourning after morning.
And if i had only one wish, mom,
i wish you would renew
my daily news prescription
soon cuz they are the only folks
that can help me
now.

kaleidoscopic reality

when i wake up again,
i shall pack up again,
and travel on down the road a ways,
spending a night here,
loafing for days there,
and crying and sighing everywhere.
and somewhere, somehow,
i'll settle down,
for four weeks, perhaps,
perhaps eternity.
yes, perhaps eternity.

my daydream existence was alright
for a time when nothing meant everything
and so forth,
but now,
as i evolve and grow taller,
above aimless adolescence and pseudo-delight for life,
i will blaspheme no more.

stethoscope psychology

doctor, must you understand?
stethoscope to my brain,
calculating my ticks, recording my aberrations,
measuring my accomplishments, my goals, my loves,
dissecting my fears, my hang-ups, my oedipus complex,
everything! . . .
my life, my thoughts, raped by an icy, omnipotent
metal disc;
hey shrink, . . . i once believed in god.

nicholas roy

SOLITUDE

Mr Samuel lives alone in an old wooden house. On the outside the old faded paint is peeling, and leaves needing raking pile up.

Inside, Mr. Samuels, a very old man, thin and bony, with grey, almost white hair, sits in a comfortable chair reading a book of Tennyson's poems. As he reads, a grandfather clock at the other end of the room strikes seven, he looks up with a start and with a shaky hand closes his book. "Benjamin", he says softly, to his cat, a rather plump, marmalade colored animal, curled up on the floor, sleeping contently. "Benjamin" he repeats, "its time for you to be fed". Benjamin arises, stretches his front paws and stands up.

Mr. Samuels struggles out of the chair, his old bones cracking, and with slow steps, he proceeds to the kitchen. Benjamin following close behind.

He takes down a small can of food, and with nervous hands he fumbles, and opens it. After putting it in the cat's dish he bends down, his hand on his own back. "Here you are, Benjamin" he says with a sigh, and places the dish on the floor.

Mr. Samuels slowly makes his way back to the small living room, where he sits down, picks up his book and continues reading.

DONNA R. KLES

COMPUTERS BREED CONTEMPT

Roaring, blasting, buzzing,
Sounds of the city (They constructed)

Plastic bulbs take the place of skyscrapers
Popsicles get you to work on time
Spinning lollipops shoot you to the second floor
(Of the plastic bulb)
Wheelchairs squeal towards office doors
Creating traffic jams.

Temperature being at a normal 170.

Little ones play computers in schools
Typing homework on paper made of
Dollar bills
Pushing punch cards when coming and going.

They wear ice cream coats to keep warm in the winter
Tobasco minks in the heat.

They swarm the beaches where
Oceans of gasoline flood dirt coasts
And all of Them sit around and moonbathe.

Big ones take pet rats on walks
crashing into babymobiles on their
Way?

Paula Carder ran down the road
And passed the Mailman with all (our letters)
But nothing for himself.
He went to her door and delivered himself
And Mrs. Carder let the well-known in;
Of course (she never pulls the blinds down)
Paula Carder sat behind a rock and wept.

BETSY BLAKE

the arrival

they were late but came spotless
in their whites
i was downstairs waiting
with the fireless fireplace
in the cool blue room
i sat in the square flowered chair
facing the door i watched
perhaps expecting sirens and redlightflashing
there were three trooping
up the wooden steps cracking
peeping through the windowinthedoor
smiling
solemn they joined me waiting
until she came
stumbling slightly
awakening from her sleep
she looked questioningly to me
wet eyes glazed
black pools
puffy and soft beneath
she saw those frozen iceman
cruel statues standing straight and cold
why
bewildered wild wondering wordlessly asked

does she know

i whispered frantic

nooo

ah no

she doesn't

i held her to give her

my warmth my love

let her feel my arms my strength

encircling round drooping shoulders

i pushed away sticking clinging dying hair

to push away and cleanse

the dirty film of fear

i hugged her close and tight to

love her

as she had me

when i

alone afraid unknowing crept from within her

held her

so that she would understand

why

midge mehlig

HILARY

a walking orange
roughly beautiful
red freckles and
thin arme
and frizzy hair
remind me
of fruit
I ate
a long time ago

the reason
for the universe
(earth moon and planets)
is written on a piece
of toilet paper
all a
waste of god's
time
hid ass is pure
anyway
so flush reason
to hell

THE SEA FOR SAM

an orange and yellow sunset
reminds sam
of daniel and
anne
and jeanie
(all of whom he loves
and loves)
when he stands by the sea
grinning his eskimo-white teeth.
LUKE GRANFELD