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IT HAS BEEN A VERY REWARDING YEAR FOR THE ARCHARIOS. THE RESPONSE FOR CONTRIBUTIONS AND HELP HAS BEEN OVERWHELMING; I TRUST NEXT YEAR'S EDITOR CAN LOOK FORWARD TO AS MUCH ENTHUSIASM.

THIS YEAR THE ARCHARIOS HAD DECIDED TO HONOR THE AUTHOR WITH THE BEST ENTRY. THERE WAS A TIE, THUS, FOUR AUTHORS ARE HONORED FOR BEST LITERARY WORK. THOSE AUTHORS ARE: TERI A. BARRY, BILL JACKSON, MABEL P. SHIFFLER, AND RANDALL A. WELLS. THEIR WINNING WORKS ARE HUMBLY SET OFF IN BORDERS. CONGRATULATIONS.

THE EDITOR
Les Forets des Cristals

Cold prevailed upon the Earth.
The wind grew strong and chill.
Grotesque shapes loomed thru the night,
To complete the winter thrill.

Sleep prevailed upon the Earth.
The night grew silent in awe,
To await the coming of the dawn,
For what would the Master draw.

Dawn prevailed upon the Earth.
The light grew from afar.
The sun arose from his grave,
to ignite the sparkling stars.

Crystal Forests rose upon the Earth.
To twinkle and gleam forevermore.
Rudely, the Master awoke,
Knowing what he had in store.

Warmth prevailed upon the Earth.
The mighty battle began.
They fought hard but couldn't win,
So the Crystal Forests ran.

Warmth reigns upon the Earth,
Until that far distant time,
Made for the Crystal Forests,
Once more has its rhyme.

Tim Nesbitt
SINGING

A SONG IS SUNG OF DIVINE LIFE
FILLED WITH ECSTACY'S DELIGHT
A WIND SWEPT PLAIN KNOWS NOT THE CONTENTED
GURGLING OF THY SPRING
A GENTLY WINDING BABBLING BROOK BECOMES A
ROARING WATERFALL.
NEVER TO MIND THE PATH, A
PIONEER OF LOVE'S CALL
THE DIRECT WAY OF THIS RIVER IS
STRAIGHT UNTO THE FATHER
TO BE LOST THERE AMIDST THE WAVES OF THE OCEAN.

Steve LaFleur

The Greatest Painter

Today I watched a painter with palette,
paint and brush;
Begin to draw a work of art.
He worked in such a rush, as tho
afraid the nite would fall,
forbidding his finishing it all.
The picture he created, was for everyone
to see, but I had a selfish feeling,
He painted just for me.
With deft fingers he mixed his colors
and with abit of gray,
Spread it across an azure blue.
Then I watched it give way,
as His fingers flew;
to crimson red and oranges,
cadmium yellow too.
Twas a masterpiece, when He'd finished,
The greatest I've seen yet,
Drawn by the greatest Artist of His
own sunset.

GOD

Pat Graham

Of Ribs and Rainbows

We paint our lives
with love and laughter
with tears and trauma
We think about
the morning after
the misplaced comma
We paint our minds
in vivid colors
in postcard hues
We brush our lives
with strokes of others
with falses and truths
We watch the disappearing rainbow
We seek and seek
the thing that has no name
We wonder how to make the pain go
When life becomes
a paint-by-number game
We mold our minds
in shapes of truth
in lines of fears
We speak our souls
with tongues uncouth
with tortured tears
We show our love
to save our souls
to keep our friends
We prove ourselves
by lowly roles
by lordly sense
We walk a path
of trodden ground
of weary ways
We laugh and cry (to only find)
that life is found
in paints and clays

Joyce Lord
NO WAY

I AM THE ICEBURG; 
AND YOU ARE THE SUN. 
WE'LL NEVER BE TOGETHER 
OR UNITED AS ONE. 
NO FLAMING ROMANCE, 
NO BURNING DESIRE, 
CAUSE WHEN YOU MELT MY COMPOSURE, 
I PUT OUT YOUR FIRE.

LAUREL PHELPS

"SOPHISTICATED LADY" 

A Something From The Past

"... A sort of wisdom they had--
Springing from moss and rock and stone,
Singing in the star-light
Afraid and un-alone..."

La Barde Sedentaire
IT IS THE WINTER NIGHTS APPROACHING

It is the winter nights approaching
And perhaps
The clarity of the stars
Against the rolling skies
Which make me wish you were beside me
Beside a fire
Talking about the things that matter
Laughing at the things that don't
Pretending there is no tomorrows that will be.

A simple sigh from you
Would melt easily every fiber of my being
As you would move to cover me slowly
Shiftling my being as the sea does the sand
Heating my body like a blanket.

Christine Miller

STARBURST

STARBURST
OF LIGHT
VENTURING
TO THE ENDS
OF THE UNIVERSE
YOU TAKE LIFETIMES
TO ANNOUNCE
YOUR EXISTANCE

STILL,
PEOPLE GAZE
UPON YOU
IN AWE

HOPING
YOUR ANCIENT GLEAM
WILL MAKE THEIR WISH
COME TRUE.

Diane Sery

LOOK FOR THE STAR

TIME MOVING RESTLESS
AS THE WATER ALWAYS
SEEMS TO FLOW
NO POINT TO RETURN
ONLY ONE ROAD TO
FOLLOW
AS RIVERS FLOW TO THE
SEA
ITS' JOURNEY IS ALMOST
OVER
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT
TO BE SPRAWLED OVER ITS'
ENDED DESTINY
MOVE WELL WITH TIME
FLOW FREE LIKE THE RIVER
BUT ALWAYS REACH FOR THE
STAR THAT'S BEYOND

Aaron L. Duckett

DEDICATED TO THERESA BRYANT

L'Etoile-Vaisseau
(Ode a Leur Ignorance!)

They don't understand you,
Your worth they'll never see.
Oh, why won't they even listen.
No-one understands but me.

You symbolize everything,
That to me has ever been real.
You bring joy and longing
That not even they can steal.

They don't understand me,
Of my love they haven't a clue.
Your life and mine are the same
For no-one understands but you.

Tim Nesbitt
Igloo Three

Standing on the hill of whiter ice, they say
The natives or initiates can always tell
One ice house from another, nipped on the snow.
Though their eyes are numb to tropic shades
The igloo dweller detects the lush hues
As he seeks arctic metaphor for his igloos.

I

The bear is haloed by his dingy fur
Strict totem, he frolics like a cur

II

The salmon with his southern fin
Surveys from the ice the silent din

III

The fox feeds on what made bears grow
Is he laps up dark asterisks from the snow.

Raymond Cook

Nonsensical World

Geese sliding on a frozen lake
instead of flying South.
Eskimos kiss nose to nose
instead of mouth to mouth.

You want to be where you see me,
Me, where I see you.
Break a wish-bone, make a wish,
Then wait till it comes true.

Rabbit feet and black cats,
Buckeyes and chinkipins,
Hang rusty horse-shoes upside down,
This world don't make a bit of sense.

Envy ole Spence, up on his fence
balancing his pail,
But then you scoff, when he falls off
a-breaking his poor tail.

Can't get ahead of Jone-Z
You're broker every year.
Tell yourself and then believe,
You're advancing to the rear.

Newborn babes lands on his head
the moment of his birth
Runs in circles, fifty years,
Then leaves here in reverse.

Ding-bats, dum-dums, ding-a-lings,
All a-running wild,
Don't interfere, sit on your chair
And wear a phony smile.

Christine Miller

TO A YOUNG MAN TRAVELING WESTWARD

DID YOU SEE KANSAS
THE GOLDEN WHEATFIELDS
THE ENDLESS PLAIN
BENEATH THE MIDNIGHT SKY
WHEN YOU TRAVELED WESTWARD

THERE ANTONIA PLAYED
AND LAID
WITH SNAKES
(D.H. LAWRENCE TELLS US NOT TO BE AFRAID OF SNAKES)
AND DREAMED THE DREAMS A YOUNG GIRL DREAMS.

I HAVE SEEN MANY STARRY SKIES
ROLLING BACKWARD LIKE A SCROLL
AS I TRAVELED NORTH AND SOUTH
BUT AS YET, I'VE NEVER TRAVELED WEST.

I WONDER WHEN I LIE AT NIGHT
WHICH DIRECTION I'D LIKE BEST.

Pat Graham
"O, Liquid-Lava, Quick-Silver Shimmering
and a-shining on this O, So Clear, Horizon
Day"
by Teri A. Barry

The sea today--seen from the black ribbon
road of hill,
Is on the one hand (the right)
Like pure silver light poured into the gold-pan
basin of the earth sea,
And shaken by the cherubim's giggles,
And the lava-laughter of the Lord...
On the other hand (the left) the sea
Is like the blue breath unfurled
From the pipe of Old Man Sea-----
Necktonic Neptune,
Who sat and smoked his coral pipe,
Ruminating on this winter day,
When the sea is both like smoking silk and
leaping light;
And on both hands the sea seems to stretch so
Far,
That the horizon is a blurred, sky-merge
ribbon,
And the ocean a steam-rolled star...

THE END
THE FIRST STAR OF DAY

by Heather Jade

He was alone in a lonely world. But he was not lonely. He did not know whom he was nor where he was. But he was at home, though he knew not why. A silver blaze filled the black night of the planet, and the stars seemed to burn the viable darkness like lunar blossoms run amuck and wild and brambling. These mad, beautiful flower phantoms of light were his companions, and this diamond darkness was his home.

As long as he could remember it had been like this. He did not sleep nor eat nor drink (though he did not know of these); he only walked and wandered, deep-wandering on this firmer darkness which was the earth.

There was a growing song, a pulsing brightness within him, for which he had no name. It was most like a star, and yet utterly different. And so he walked in silence and stars. And this thing within him, it matched the star's song and somehow outshone them all in a single, piercing note.

... And then suddenly it all changed and he fell to the warm, firm darkness in a deeper slumber than the dark before the birth of the stars....

When he awoke, it was in a golden dazzle, and at first he could not see. And though he did not know it, his eyes looked out upon the first golden tingle of dawn. When his eyes grew accustomed to this strange brightness, he felt a knowing thundering in upon him, and the growing within him was a lashing storm. He saw and yet did not know what to do with his sight, for the world which stretched before him was utterly new and alien. Gone were the stars and gone was the night. And what had replaced it was such a pristine rainbow of yet un-named colors and things, that he felt as if he were a blank spot in this cornucopia universe. He looked blindly upon the sky, which was streaked and gently glowing, and in which flowed bursts of chameleon masses. And he saw creatures of every unimaginable sort springing forth like sentient flowering of thoughts which must have been born like rainbow-waterfalls of lava. And he felt that his eyes were drunk. All of his senses were at full keel and crying—calling out to this newness—this growth. And he saw a different song than the one inside him, and the two songs, the two silent growths, leaped beside each other and frolicked in the rosy, humming air. And as they pivoted and pirouetted gladly, a thought rose like smoke in his mind. "Where were the stars—where was the sheltering darkness—and what was this growing, new song?" And for the first time he felt fear, and the song within broke jaggedly on the peaks of this other namelessness. He lay down on the damp, cool greenness and hid his eyes for fear. When he dared to peak out, what filled his eyes was both a joy and a wonder. He saw climbing stately over a gilded ridge a golden star—far larger than those of the night and shining more brightly than the liquid silver of their song. And as it rose, he smiled and suddenly he understood, and the song-storm in his soul was smooth as a summer sea at noon. And he laughed—a loud, ringing, day-bringing laugh; and that first man-noise was the trumpet which wake-welcomed the dawn of Earth.

********** LE FIN **********
DARK STARS

I stand in shadowed renunciation
knowing wild sorrow.
Things I touch, always fade away
like red-light rhythms (streetlight security)
hollow hours and rain filled nights.
Diamonds liquid
falling, always falling
from my fingertips
the blood rushing through my open veins/quickfire rivers
blood-red rainbows.

Two dark stars
raw silk suspensions
painted stark, velvet stroked sky.
Singular movement and the machiolated silence
soldered across the quiet.

Falling
catch myself,
the outer perimeter/soul.
You darkening my sun, frozen gold
comet in the winter rain.

Mabel P. Shuler
When Professor Stephan Fowler came out from behind the partition, a hundred cameras suddenly began to create lightning. He wore, much to everyone's surprise, no more than an orange jumpsuit with a patch of the United States flag stitched to his sleeve, and the insignia of the Advanced Technological Institute for Mathematics and Physical Sciences monogrammed over his chest pocket.

As he stepped onto the podium, he looked out into the sea of faces that had come to hear his message. On them were looks of anticipation and impatience, formed from the knowledge that, finally, those countless hints and rumors about the most closely guarded secret in the world were about to be proved or crushed, whichever might be the case.

As his eyes grew accustomed to the continuous stream of exploding light, Professor Fowler could see that those faces were not looking straight at him, but at what was behind him. Fowler was not surprised nor was he disappointed. He was actually quite pleased and proud of his imposing creation that they gawked at.

It was the time machine that captured their amazement, the concept behind which Professor Stephan Fowler had spent a lifetime attempting to make real and concrete.

Fowler did not have to wait to speak. There was no applause, no cheering, no fanfare, just the amassed sound of a thousand people being quiet, mixed with the soft and monotonous clicks of a hundred cameras.

Undaunted, Professor Fowler addressed the crowd. "Today," he said, "I am thrilled to be able to tell you that I am about to take a trip that, only a few centuries ago, more accurately, a few decades ago, would have been thought a ridiculous fantasy of the imagination, a hoax to make fun of the laws of nature and the scientist who laid down those laws, a violation of pure logic.

"Well," he beamed. "This is not a hoax. I have succeeded in breaking that razor-sharp instant known as NOW which separates the past from the future. And, with the help of this 'vehicle' you see behind me, I am going to obliterate the time barrier into non-existence. I am going to visit the future."

The silence that followed was totally unexpected to Fowler. He thought that they would perhaps, at least, shout and laugh him off the podium. But they simply remained transfixed with the task of taking their pictures, and keeping the place as quiet as they could. He tried to reassure himself that the silence was a good sign, but was not convinced. So he continued.

"I began my project - well, when I was only a teenager, when I read a famous quote by the father of twentieth century science, Albert Einstein. He said, 'The most beautiful and most profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead'."

"Then the very next thing I did was look at my watch. I'll be damned if I didn't tear the guts out of that watch to see what made it work."

"Then, as I contemplated the pieces of watch that were spread there before me, I realized that a watch is merely a scale, a marker, that told me at what instant in time I was in. It wasn't an accurate scale, for nobody actually KNOWS when the 'flowing of time' began. Nor does anybody know when it will end. So, when man was first aware of the passage of time, he simply made up units of measurements to suit his needs - units that nature would allow - and started from there."

"But, as I said, the watch only measured the passage of time. I was interested in the pure fabric of time. I wanted to manipulate and bend and break and ... I wanted to control time."

"But, as you might have guessed, they laughed in my face. 'Write it down,' they said. 'It'll make a good science-fiction story. But don't be surprised if someone has already beat you to it."

"At first, I almost believed them. That it was all a fantasy. For years I encountered so many different obscure and perplexing theories concerning time travel that it was disheartening. Yet, every last one of them seemed as logical as hell! This is what is known as a paradox: when a statement seems contradictory or absurd it may, in fact, turn out to be true."
"One such enigma, the most popular and basic of all, is called the Grandfather Paradox.

"This runs as follows: Suppose that at the age of eighty, your grandfather invents a time machine. Now, because you hate the old man with a passion, you steal this time machine and take it about sixty years back into the past and kill him. The perfect crime.

"But you've killed him before he can meet your grandMOTHER. Thus your parents weren't born, and, of course, YOU weren't born. And the grandfather didn't get a chance to build the time machine.

"But you DO exist. So you couldn't have killed him. Thus he does sire your father, and a time machine WILL be built.

"You and the time machine both do and do not exist. Paradox!

"This ushers in an idea which originated in the Greek times, in which I'm a firm believer, as you'll see in a minute. The philosophers called it Fatalism. The fatalist believed that everything that happens in this universe is predetermined to the end of all eternity. So, when time travel is introduced to fatalistic views, it is concluded that the traveler could not alter the past nor the future in any way, because any attempt on his part would have already been made.

"Fatalism solves perfectly the Grandfather Paradox: You can't kill your grandfather because you DIDN'T. You'll most likely kill the wrong man, or you'll forget the bullets.

"Furthermore, if you tried to save Jesus, with a machine gun, your gun will, without a doubt, jam!

"Humbling, isn't it? Believe me, you could go on playing these games forever.

"Another good example of time travel theory is this: probably the simplest way to travel into the future is to build an EXTRAORDINARILY durable time capsule. Assuming that the universe is cyclic in time, that it expands and contracts, repeating itself over and over again, it WILL work.

"All you have to do is go past the Big Collapse, in which the gravity of the inner galaxies pull the outer galaxies back toward the center. Then go past the Big Bang when it explodes again, and keep going until you find the earth and reach the time you want. Then you kill Hitler, talk with Christ, or anything else you want to do.

"Of course, the next version of YOU will not make the trip. You've eliminated his purpose to do so. Therefore, the next cycle will see Hitler lead the Germans into World War II, the Bible will NOT speak of an angel from the past that talked with Jesus, and so on.

"But, alas, I haven't the patience for such a long journey as that. I'm afraid that it wouldn't work after all. Moving the time capsule away from the reaction of the Big Bang would probably change the final outcome, the final configuration of matter, thus giving it an entirely different history.

"So, as I said, you could speculate for a lifetime, as I did, and not get anywhere. But I went a step further. I did not accept the fact that time travel violated certain laws of nature: conservation of momentum, statements about kinetic energy, and laws of gravity, ANYBODY'S law of gravity. And I proved, with the help of the government and this Institute, that these laws COULD be broken.

"And the fruit of that work is what you see behind me: a vehicle in which I will see the future . . . the fate of mankind."

Professor Fowler stopped to see what effect he was making on the crowd, and smiled inwardly. The cameras were completely silent, and the thousand people merely stood motionless, as if they could not wait for him to stop and catch his breath. They wanted him to go on.

"Well, I don't mind telling you that I'm scared as hell. Not only at what I might find, but also I'm worried about two certain laws of nature that I failed to mention a second ago: the laws of conservation of energy and matter.

"You see, a time machine that appears out of the tenth century A.D. into the twentieth century of today, might be regarded as turning up out of nowhere. That violates both the law of conservation of matter and, assuming the machine carries a power source of any kind, the law of conversation of energy. If you are not familiar with these laws, they are both essentially stated the same: that energy, and matter, are never consumed but only change form, and that the total amount of energy, and matter in the universe is constant. It cannot be increased nor diminished.

"So, when I disappear from here to visit the future, I might be heading for nothing at all, since the future hasn't even happened yet."
"Futhermore, when I disappear - let's say that I go a hundred years into the future and DO find something there - I will be taking the matter of both my body and the time machine out of existence for a hundred years, thus violating those two precious laws of matter and energy.

"To say that an equal amount of energy and matter will disappear a hundred years from now to make up the space that I just vacated is no answer. Because for an extra hundred years there would be an extra me and an extra time machine.

"So, I'm afraid that until someone DOES travel in time, we will never know if it actually works, or if it is simply a good plot to be used by a science-fiction writer. And what if it does work? What if I DO visit the future? If I bring back news of what this world will be like in a thousand years, would you want to hear it? Certainly not me. Nobody wants to know how they're going to die.

"But, if the Greek's belief in a fatalistic universe is purest hog-wash, if the fate of man is NOT predetermined, then the news I bring back - if it be bad news - can be used to solve those problems that led up to...well, to whatever kind of future I find."

As he stood there in front of the audience, Professor Fowler's palms were sweating, and his heart was pushing the blood through his body faster than usual. He was anxious. He wanted to get into his time vehicle right now and find out the truth.

Fowler did not mean to make his speech so long, but he knew subconsciously that he was stalling. It was just that he wanted to spend as much time with his friends as he could, just in case...

"I just hope," he said, "that those Greek philosophers knew what they were talking about. I hope that there is SOMETHING for me to see. But that's a big hope, and probably the most sincere one ever uttered."

Somehow, the audience knew that Professor Fowler was through speaking. From the back of the large hall came the sound of cameras taking pictures again. Then, like a tide heading for the beach, the sound got louder and louder as it came closer to where Professor Fowler stood. But this time the sound was mixed with voices. Voices filled with so much anticipation that it could almost be seen in the air.

Fowler had already stepped down off the podium and was now heading for his time machine.

The part of the machine that would actually do the traveling through time looked simple enough: it looked like a telephone booth - tall, but round. It was large enough to hold a swiveling chair in the middle, and a horseshoe-shaped console cluttered with various buttons, switches, and readout displays.

Before Fowler got into his machine, he turned to the audience one last time.

"Well," he said, clasping his hands together. "The next time you hear from me, I will have seen the fate of mankind. I dearly hope that you're not disappointed with the news that I bring back."

He waited for a response, a cheer, applause, something, anything...but got nothing. The audience only watched like a kid watches a magician do a trick.

So Fowler turned around, took a deep breath, and stepped into the time machine. As soon as he was seated, he started pushing buttons and turning dials on the console before him, and suddenly the machines and computers that surrounded the small time vehicle came to life.

The sound of a specially built generator could be heard from all the way outside the building and steadily increased in pitch and volume second by second. This generator was the main source of power for the computers, and for the shove into the future.

As the audience watched, the feeling of expectation rose to its zenith. Most of the photographers were forgetting to take their pictures.

But, that feeling of expectation suddenly began to change into anger. The audience watched and waited, but the time machine only set there. They wanted it to shake, or glow, or expand, or do SOMETHING, not just sit there like it was doing now. They wanted a show.

Then, instantly, without any warning, the time vehicle vanished. And, at the very same second, a thousand people dropped their lower jaws in sheer awe. The whole audience could not believe what they were seeing...or not seeing.

But as the next few seconds were spent gawking, some seemed to recover slightly. Slowly, when they finally grasped their hold on reality, they leaped toward the area where, only an instant before, a time machine had been.

But, even as they leaped, the time machine popped back into existence. The hard shock of displaced air that was caused by the vehicle's sudden appearance almost knocked them over.
As they gained their stance once more, half of them almost lost it again when they looked inside the time machine.

Professor Stephen Fowler was not there!

At once the audience broke out in an uproar. Cameras started clicking, people started shouting. Others ran from the building, fearing that perhaps there was more to follow.

All that could be found in the time machine, along with the chair and console, was a solid gold plaque propped up against the seat's back.

The next day, literally every newspaper in the world had on its front page a picture of that empty machine, with the rest of the page, and the five pages that followed, filled with eyewitness accounts; pictures of Professor Fowler before he had disappeared; science articles by the world's leading physicists and mathematicians; official statements by the leaders of the world...and the message that was found on the plaque that Fowler had sent back from the future.

When the world read the message, their hearts ached to be with Fowler, to share what he had found. But they knew that it was impossible. The secret of how the time machine worked was taken by Professor Fowler and was lost to the world. So they just smiled with content, knowing that they had a future to look forward to.

The message read: "PEOPLE OF EARTH, THANK GOD FOR THE MIND OF A PHILOSOPHER, BECAUSE I HAVE SEEN YOUR FUTURE, AND WAHT I FOUND MADE MY HEART BURST WITH JOY. WHEN I ARRIVED, A WHOLE WORLD WAS ACTUALLY WAITING FOR ME. THEY KNEW THAT I WOULD BE COMING. THEY KNEW WHEN I WAS TO APPEAR. THEY EVEN HAD THIS VERY INSCRIPTION TO CONFIRM MY DISBELIEF. AND, AFTER SEEING WHAT THE FUTURE HAS IN STORE FOR YOU, MY ONLY MESSAGE IS THIS: TO THE PESSIMISTS OF THE WORLD I SAY - "WORRY NOT". FOR A TIME WILL COME WHEN ALL THE WORLD'S TROUBLES WILL COME TO AN END, AND THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD WILL UNITE TO BE ONE.

"YOU WILL GROW IN WISDOM AND IN KNOWLEDGE, AND WILL APPLY THE LESSON THAT YOU HAVE LEARNED FROM CONTINUOUS WAR AND STRIFE THAT HAS TAKEN PLACE IN YOUR PAST. "AND YOU WILL GROW IN NUMBERS TO POPULATE THE STARS. BELIEVE ME, FOR I HAVE BEEN THERE. I HAVE TRAVELED TO THE PLANETS OF OTHER STARS IN A MATTER OF ONLY DAYS. "YOU WILL WITNESS ARCHITECTURAL GENIUS IN THE FORM OF TRANSPORTATION, BUILDINGS, AND MONOLITHIC SPACE SHIPS, SO FANTASTICALLY WONDEROUS THAT IT WILL INSPIRE AWE IN THE MINDS OF CENTURIES OF PEOPLE TO FOLLOW. "THE EXPERIENCES THAT YOU WILL HAVE IN THE FUTURE WILL BE OVERWHELMING, I SIMPLY CANNOT WAIT FOR THEM TO HAPPEN, SO YOU CAN ENJOY LIFE AS IT WAS MEANT TO BE. "BUT, ALAS, MY EXPECTATION IS NOT NEEDED, BECAUSE I HAVE ALREADY SEEN THAT YOU WILL PREVAIL OVER TIME'S INFINITE STRUGGLE TO RID THE UNIVERSE OF ALL LIFE."

Titre Inconnu

Diamonds fall upon the Earth
With the sprinkle of the frost.
Glittering, sparkling with rebirth
From the mighty city; the lost.

Tears fall upon the Earth
To the passage of a time,
Gliding, twinkling, full of mirth
For the silvery cities; the Mime.

Voices fall upon the Earth
Some to be heard and unheard.
Screaming, attesting to thier worth,
They crumble the city; the Word!

Tim Nesbitt
When Love like a mighty river doth flow
And relations begin to linger long
Feelings can be easily crushed like fresh snow
But love formed solidly is always strong
Few major courses in love are yet known
And they are as fire unkindled; weak
But when nourished by true feelings are grown
They should be handled as a rare antique.
True love on tempest is never shaken
It is as sturdy as an old oak tree
But so often are feelings mistaken
It's quite hard the difference to see.
So if it's love don't be left-out like me
Because everyone has the need to be.

Fred Davis

(To James, July 13, 1977)

I cannot sing to you
in stars and rhyming fire.
I can only sing in silence
shot by resounding hands,
warmth of two bodies
making electric friction
thunderbolts flashing down the spine.
The silence finely stitched
glass needles sewing wound-edges/steelscars.

I cannot sing songs of myself.
I am still too young,
nor can I shout to you the goodness of America.
I heard once that Amanda's menage is one
slim-hipped boy leading a stained Vesta,
and I know that Benjy's sins are still.

I can only move toward you
in a lazy fashion.
My fingers a rolling tide
your flesh arrows/sings from the bow.
I cannot sing - but I can die
a thousand deaths.
the old bones knocking boards
primitive patterns foretelling of the end fore-run.

Mabel P. Shuler
The sky is grey.
My path is dampened
By the morning rain.

The echoes of my lone footsteps
Blend into the sound
Of passing cars.

Sadness fills my heart.

But I am not truly alone,
For the clouds cry with me.

Laurel L. Phelps
TWO YEARS

SUN-BLEACHED HAIR OF HONEY-GOLD
SURELY SUCH A TALE'S BEEN TOLD
OF INNOCENCE AND TRUTH AND PEACE
WHEN PAIN AND SUFFERINGS UNFOLD.

SO SAD TO SEE THE ANXIOUS EYES
THE NOSE, THE MOUTH THAT TELLS NO LIES
PERHAPS HIS DAY WILL BE DECIDED
WHEN SAINTS AND SINS ARE NOT DERIDED
AND ACTS OF GOD ARE GLORIFIED.

HE'S CHASING NOW A BUTTERFLY
WITH OPAL WINGS AND DIAMOND EYES
SO SURE HE IS TO CATCH HIS PRIZE
I'VE NOT THE NERVE TO BREAK THE SPELL
AND CHANGE THE DREAM WHEREIN HE DWELLS
TO ONLY HEAR HIS SHATTERED "WHY?"S.

Joyce Lord

But what of this and that,
And how about here and there,
Have you heard of us and them,
Tell me of You & I,
These and those are all that matters,
Don't you know?
Surely, you remember,
Yours and Mine
That's right!
You haven't forgotten?
Have you?
This is the World:
   Pain-Pleasure
   Good-Bad
   Black-White
   Finite-Infinite
You didn't think it just was!
Did you?
Ah, come now,
We must be adults,
Mustn't play silly games,
Must we?

Steve La'Fleur

MICKEY: JAMES R. PONCE
SAND DUNES

SAND DUNES SHIFT AND ROLL ACROSS THE BEACH AT THE MERCY OF THE WIND, BUT STILL, THEY ARE WHERE THE SEA OATS GROW, AS IN THE OCEAN BREEZE THEY SWAY AND BEND. THE SAND IS PULLED ALONG AND FILED HIGH, GRAYWHITE GULLS SOAR THROUGH THE AIR, THEN SAIL BY SCREAMING THEIR SHRILL CALL, AS THEY'RE APT TO DO. FROM THE DUNES THEY CHARGE THE WATER, THE BREAKERS FORCE A QUICK RETREAT ROLLING LIKE A LIQUID BLUE SHEET. IT'S REALLY NO WONDER, WHEN YOU CONSIDER THESE SAME BREAKERS CAN SPLIT THE MIGHTIEST OF ROCKS ASUNDER, UNTILL THEY TOO ARE JUST SAND PARTICLES, TO BE BLOWN AND PUSHED BY THE WIND. UNTILL THEY TOO ARE PART OF A DUNE WHICH IS THEIR DESTINED END, BUT UP COMES SOME WAYWARD BREEZE OR GALE OFF THE OCEAN AND THEN ALL OVER AGAIN WILL START THE SHIFTING AND PILING MOTION...

Tony M. Edwards

I've never known George to refuse a task Nor offer to do one. You had to ask.

Were it a fence to paint: A lawn to mow. Hints wouldn't work. George had to know.

Like a lawyer working for a price, George gave no unsolicited advice.

Someone asked him: "Know the time of day?" George said, "Yes," then walked away.

He gave to the poor - He never reneged, Liberal to all - Providing they begged.

His house was within the tornado's core But George had to be asked to shut the door.

A blind man approached the rickety stair, George held his peace and said a prayer.

His daughter stood under a falling tree. George thought: I'd move from there if I were she.

A child crawled toward the rattlesnake, And George made a note to attend his wake.

Like most "good" people without contrition, Our George sinned only through omission.

But George's detachment wasn't vanity Nor could you say he loathed humanity.

He didn't share the ideals of Rousseau, Nor preach reclusion like the fake, Thoreau.

Hate the system? Well, he didn't attack it. Why fight for freedom? George didn't lack it.

Perhaps that was it: George was too free, Devoid of one essential quality

With which our human clay must be seeded To be alive: The need to be needed.

GERALD GROVES
SPACES FROZEN

Slipping into those dark wet caves
She reaches for the thread of time
spinning like molten metal
weaving her web of protection
from the kodachrome remembrances/the shadowed men printed
on the mind.

Slipping into the womb
her old friend, the crystal sun
reflects her image:
a skin of stretch mark/scars, the great ridges of sheared pain
Elasticized fingers
Scratching through her heart
the leaden bells of time spreading sound into silver circles
And words written in dreams and steel beams
splitting blackboards/ erasing all knowledge, all memory
She begins again.

There is the heart of larvae (the hot core)
Cocoon spun of innocence; a crystal cathedral
Then, here He comes, a slant of light
Like prismsed beams through stained glass windows
His light and heat enter the cathedral/splitting the cocoon wide
splintering the fragile glass
Silver shards/swords unhilted
The butterfly saw spinning lights/the points of jackstone fire
And emerging the butterfly like the moth
sought the flame and burnt its wings
Falling, aimlessly, a white paper poem
marked by wingdust
Back into the ravaged remains and reaches for sedation
that seal/heal the soft recesses
Those Leaden Hours (acidcrystal eyes, cubicle mescaline eyes)
A final drawing of the threads together
Wrapped around the eternal core

Now she is dressed as a Snow Queen, alabaster carving
spinning her scepter
concentric circles
hemming the bands of electric silk tight
Now cool as mountain stone
Smooth as skin
Her convex shell/naked protection

Then, came this wandering Star, who
spectator to this battle
saw the temple entered
heard the mountains echo structured sound
the red-embered trees enameled against the night
By His White Heat.
The frozen Star, the aluminum reflection/Him
smoking her down
A pounding locksmith
Hammering her heart beats
Electric flashes from his anvil, and he slips the sheet-metalled
glass into the ice of his own creation.

She falls once more, splinters silver
and this time,
binds herself more tightly
wrapped in electric silken bands/cocoon threads
sealing her in.
A Little Poem

i was running
from reality
when i fell
and sprained
my life.

Laurel Phelps
LIFE'S STAGE-OR
AWAKENING

NIGHTS' VELVET BLACK CURTAIN WAS PULLED AWAY,
AND THE SUN ROSE OUT OF A SILVER SEA,
THE GREY MOSS LACE BEGAN TO SWAY,
WHERE IT HAD BEEN DRAPE ON EVERY TREE,
TO THE MUSIC OF A MILLION BIRDS VOICE.
EACH SINGING A SONG OF HIS OWN HEART'S CHOICE.
THE SPRING BREEZE DANCED WITH ADDED GRACE,
EVERY ACTOR OF NATURE WAS IN HIS PLACE.
THE STAGE OF LIFE, FOR A NEW DAY WAS SET,
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT MY SCRIPT WAS YET.

Dedicated to the Bewildered

PAT GRAHAM

Hey Lord, your representatives here, on this earth, believe;
They are relating to your ideals and image exactly;
Are they wrong?
Or has the concept they hold become distorted badly?
So, please Lord, identify with your true nature, and help us see;
Which is the correct guru, Charles Darwin or Robert Ardrey?
Is society articulating with the right notion?
Or, could all life be fixated on the wrong solution?
Darwin declares, "there are no goals."
Are our peculiar patterns expounded through our emotions?
Like a fading shadow, does The Robe hide the many lost sheep?
Or, could you and the morning sun be the answer we seek?
We beg, Lord, please return to hear our cry;
Instill the proper vision, again, in our lives.

"Buddy"
247-74-0315

OLD AGE

I'M SURE AFRAID MY FUSE IS BLOWN,
'CAUSE NOTHING SEEMS TO "TURN ME ON".

PAT GRAHAM

THE PROFESSORS HERE AT THE COLLEGE
DISPENSE THE MOST MARVELOUS KNOWLEDGE:
FISHING, FLICKS, SAILING,
AND FRIDAY NIGHT ALEING
RATHER THAN WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE.

T. TROUT
Afterward, she walked by herself down to the edge of the sea and stared out at the waves, thinking softly. She wore different clothing at different times: sometimes shorts and halter, sometimes a bathing suit, sometimes jeans and t-shirt, once a long cotton dress whose hemline got wet in the water. Sometimes she wore nothing at all — on these occasions she waded into the water until the small waves broke gently first around her waist, then her breasts, then her neck, until finally she dived, surfaced, and began swimming with long, powerful strokes, feeling free and safe and thinking louder all the time. Swimming, she luxuriated in her freedom and let her thoughts run wild until they ran short and she stopped and looked about herself. Then, turning around in the water and seeing the big house look small in the distance, she realized that she had once again gone farther than she had intended, and she returned to the starting point of her journey. Once there, she left the water and, pleased that the big house was big again, walked back to it, thinking softly once more.

On the sixth day of her seaside sojourns she saw another person. It was the first time she had seen anyone else on the beach. The tourists wouldn't start arriving in force for at least another month, and, since the beach was all the area had to offer, it was quite unusual for anyone to be there out of season.

The apprehension she felt at discovering that she was not alone was mixed with more than a little surprise, as well as curiosity. After several moments' hesitation, the curiosity won out and she began to walk toward the stranger.

At first she was unable to determine just who the intruder was, but as she drew closer she saw that it was a young boy, maybe ten or eleven, digging with a shovel in the sand. This also surprised her, although she couldn't say why — for some reason a child was the last thing she would have expected to find on the beach. By the time she had gotten close enough to make the boy out, she had begun to regret ever approaching him, and she started to turn and head back for the house. But by the time she saw him clearly, he had done the same with her, as indicated by an upturned head and suddenly motionless shovel. It was too late now.
She stood still for several moments, allowing the wind to blow her hair in her eyes. Brushing it aside, she looked at the boy once again. Two dozen steps later she was beside him, hardly thinking at all.

Between first notice and arrival he had resumed his digging, but now he paused again and looked up. "Hello," he said.

"Hello."

Silence. He started digging again, a halting process beginning with shoveling small areas of sand, followed by rapidly scooping out the same areas with his hands to prevent the holes from collapsing in upon themselves. She watched for a while and then asked, "What are you digging for?"

"Crabs."

"Crabs?"

"Yeah, spider crabs. See those holes there?" he said, using the shovel to indicate several small, perfectly round holes punctuating the sand in and around his excavations. "They live down there, and if you dig long enough you'll get one."

"Oh," she said. Several moments passed before she realized that the boy was no longer digging but sitting there looking up at her, waiting for some word out of the strange woman who had interrupted his crab-hunt. Recovering, she said, "I don't think I've seen you around here before."

"We just got here yesterday."

"'We'?"

"My parents and me. We're staying in that house down there," he explained, pointing his shovel toward a small, gray oceanfront cottage several dozen yards down the beach. "Oh -- I didn't know it had been rented."

"Yeah," he responded cheerfully, shoveling sand again. "We're staying there for three whole weeks."

"That's nice," she said absently, watching him work and thinking a little bit. Nothing seemed to happen, so she asked him, "What are you going to do with them when you catch them?"

"Put them in that bucket," he replied. For the first time she noticed a small green plastic pail lying beside the boy, the kind of pail bought by the thousands every summer at dime stores everywhere and lost by the thousands every summer at beaches everywhere.

"And what will you do with them after that?"

He stopped digging and looked thoughtful. "I don't know," he said. "I hadn't really thought too much about it. Let them go, I guess."

"Well," she said, "if you're going to let them go once you catch them, why bother in the first place?"

"'Cause," he said, "it's fun. There aren't any crabs or anything at home, and I like to look at them. Anyway," he added ruefully, "my mother won't let me go swimming unless my father's with me, and he's in town this afternoon seeing about renting a boat so there isn't much else to do."

She smiled, remembering her own mother. "I guess not."

He put down his shovel, leaned back on his hands, and looked at her. "What's your name?"

"Jessica."

"That's a nice name. Mine's Tommy."

"That's a nice name, too."

Silence reasserted itself, Then Tommy got up, brushed the sand off himself, and said, "I don't feel like catching crabs anymore."

Jessica watched him closely. All of her logical self told her to get up and leave but the rest of her said something else, and, and usual, won. "Well, if you're not going to catch crabs anymore, would you like to go for a walk with me?"

He grinned, and the sun rose. "Sure! Wait just a second, though. He turned the green pail over on its side and out crawled three minute spider crabs, each scurrying away to once again bury themselves in the sand. "Ok, I'm ready."

"Fantastic," she said, and they began to walk away from the big house, he swinging the pail by his side and she thinking just a little bit louder now.
After a while, Jessica asked, "Isn't it a bit early for you to be here? Most people don't come down until next month, at least."

"I know that, but Daddy decided to take his vacation early this year when there wouldn't be so many people here."

Jessica looked out at the ocean. "Your father's a smart man," she said. "I don't know. I like to be around lots of people, most of the time. It seems kind of lonely out here to me." He looked up at her, "Do you live here all year 'round, or are you on vacation too?"

"No, I live here all year 'round."

"You must like it, living by the ocean all the time."

"Yes, I do -- I love the water, the beach, all of it. I always have."

"You don't get lonely?"

"No, not really. Actually, I prefer it at this time of year, before the tourists pour in and the place is crawling with people."

"Why? Don't you like to be around other people?"

"Frankly, no."

"Then why did you ask me to walk with you?"

She stopped short, paused, looked down at him. "I don't really know yet."

They walked on, not speaking. Around them, dune grasses moved with the wind; the tide pulsed in and out, smooth ripples of ocean occasionally washing over their bare feet; gulls screamed and flew in arcs; scalpel clouds circumcision a swollen sun.

Glancing back, Jessica noticed that the big house was smaller than ever now and wondered if Tommy's mother would begin to miss him soon. They walked on, not speaking.

After a while, Jessica asked, "How old are you, Tommy?"

"I'll be eleven in August," he answered. Then, as if her question were a cue, he said, "I'll bet you say that to all the girls."

"Oh, come on," she chided, "I'll bet a good-looking boy like you has dozens of girlfriends."

"Not really," he repeated. "I've been sick a lot, and I haven't been around other kids that much."

Jessica stopped, frozen. Memories surged loudly and unbidden -- images of illness, doctors' examining rooms, her mother's tearstained face leaning over her at night. She stopped, and thought, and Tommy stopped too, and said, "Hey... ."

Jessica started, looked down, said, "what's the matter?"

"I don't know -- that's funny."

"What?"

"I don't know, it's just that I felt kind of strange for a second. I started thinking about being sick all of a sudden."

Jessica blanked her mind immediately.

"-- only I wasn't really thinking about it. It was like I felt really sad and nervous, like I do when I think about having been sick so much. But when I'm on vacation or something I hardly ever think about -- hey, are you ok?" Tommy asked, seeing the expression on Jessica's face.

"Go home," Jessica said. "Huh?"

"Go home, Tommy! Now! Go home!" She began running away from him, running in the direction from which she had originally come.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Tommy cried. "Where are you going? What's the matter? Why are you --"

"Get away from me!" she yelled, running faster.

Tommy stood still, mouth open, pail still dangling from his hand, staring at the woman running away from him. He stood and stared until she was barely a dot on the horizon, and then he began to walk slowly back to his cottage. When he finally got back to his mother, always worried about her sickly child, began scolding him for going away like that without her permission. When she got around to asking him where he had gone, Tommy replied that he had gone for a walk on the beach and let it go at that. What had happened that morning was too special to be spoiled by sharing it with adults.
At dinner that night, Tommy's parents talked again about the man who had been found dead. They shook their heads and said how terrible it was, and they wondered how a strong young man like that could possibly die of a stroke. Tommy, being too young to care of such things, paid only slight attention to his parents. He had more important things on his mind, like his walk with the pretty lady, his surprise at finding someone who wanted to talk with him, and most of all his puzzlement at her running away. He still couldn't understand what had scared her so.

Jessica ran. She ran as fast as she could for as long as she could, covering almost a mile of strand before she began to stumble and fall. When this happened, she turned and ran headlong into the surf, not bothering to take off her jean and t-shirt, and began swimming frantically out to sea. She swam as she ran, desperately, as if she were trying to push the whole ocean aside with each stroke. And finally, when she could swim no further, she stopped and floated on her back, panting for breath, legs partially submerged. She floated, and thought about her childhood, and her illnesses, and the nurses who wouldn't stay with her because they grew inexplicably nervous and depressed in her presence. She thought about her mother, who had suffered a stroke and died after one of their all-too-frequent arguments. And she thought most of all about the young man who had done nothing but be near her when she had happened to be angry at something. Jessica floated sobbing on the sea, and thought. And thought. And thought.
From a plane high over the mountains a button is pushed, and as simple as that, a radio signal departs. Racing around the globe in a mere matter of seconds, the radio wave stops at nothing to deliver its message to its intended receivers. Suddenly, without warning, the radio waves hit a parabolic dish, are changed into electrical impulses and are sent through the tremendous amount of solder and metal and wire of a computer, simply to illuminate a word on a display unit.

In response, a few switches are turned from "off" to "on", a couple of special keys are turned, and another button is pushed. Again, a radio signal departs. Skimming the surface of the ocean, these radio waves search out a special receiver and find it below, in the deep confines of the Mediterranean Sea.

There, another word is illuminated on a console, this time, however, bringing a different reaction. No buttons are pushed, and no switches are turned, because the computer that receives this message already knows what to do.

In response to a command from that computer, a small rocket is ignited and turns a small pool of water at the bottom of a tall and slender cannister into boiling water. The steam from the boiling water then pushes a missile up through the ocean out onto the surface. As it reaches the top, the missile's computer brain commands the first-stage-rocket motor to activate.

Thus, over thirty tons of fire from hell, just waiting to be released from its shell, are hurling towards human beings.

Minutes later, the missile reaches its predetermined destination. And a thousand feet above the ground, a thousand feet above the busy streets, the crowded restaurants, the quiet living rooms, the loud bedrooms, the city parks, the bustling sidewalks, the noisy children's schools, a single atom is split.

Below, anyone unlucky enough to be looking up is instantly blinded by the white flash. Others are crushed into unrecognizable heaps as huge chunks of buildings fly through the air as dust does in a hurricane. Still, others are ripped apart by winds of four hundred miles an hour. And the rest, after dropping to their knees in fervent prayer, are turned to ashes by the shadow of a giant mushroom cloud which grows darker by the second. And those lucky enough to be out of town that day, find that they are not lucky after all; in a few days they will die of radiation sickness.

And as simple as that, Hell on Earth is created.

As simple as that, whole cities are wiped out of existence.

As simple as that, a life is taken.

(sigh) As simple as that....

DON GAMBLE

---

Working on a circuit assembly line, she uses her breaks to comb her shining hair. She doesn't eat because she is waiting, waiting for someone to notice her beautiful face and her blossoming, firm young body. She means to find someone who can properly appreciate her appearance, someone who will agree with her opinion that someone as lovely as she shouldn't have to toil at a monotonous job. So she stares at her reflection in the restroom mirror noting how perfectly glistening her hair is. She tells herself that it is only a matter of time. Then the bell rings, and she leans forward for a closer look before she hurries back to work.

M.V. Hodges
WINTER

WHEN WINTER DECIDES
TO COME ROLLING AROUND
NOBODY, BUT NOBODY
STOPS HER.
SHE STREAKS UP HER HAIR
AND POWders HER FACE
THEN ARRIVES
EARLY OR LATE
WHENEVER SHE’S READY.
THAT WOMAN’S MORE LIBERATED
THAN STEINEM OR FRIEDAN WILL EVER BE.
SHE STRIPS DOWN THE LAND
AND THEN SPREADS HER WHITE
PETTICOATS
ALL OVER THE FARMS AND THE CITIES.
SHE MAKES NOISE WHEN SHE WANTS TO
SHE KEEPS PEOPLE AT HOME
SHE WORKS DAY AND NIGHT JUST TO KEEP UP THE COLD.
AT TIMES SHE’S SO RUTHLESS,
THAT EVEN IN HEAVEN
SHE’LL PUT DOWN THE SUN
FOR DAYS AT A TIME
WHILE ALL OF THE WATCHING WORLD TREMBLES.
SHE GLITTERS THE TREETOPS
AND PAINTS ROSY ROUGE
ON THE INNOCENT CHEEKS
OF THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.
SHE DEFIES SPRING
AND PUSHES OUT FALL
BUT I LOVE HER.

AND WHEN I DECIDE
I WANT TO ARRIVE
ON YOUR DOORSTEP, I SHALL
EARLY OR LATE
WHENEVER I’M READY.
I MAY EVEN ARRIVE
IN JULY.

CHRISTINE MILLER

---

**Feeling Good ! !**
Never quite sure. I could really be

**Feeling Bad**
My mind just playing a trick on me so I won’t be

**Feeling Sad**
Just a defence mechanism. In this world, how could anyone be

**Feeling Good ! !**
Just a ploy so that you never know that deep down, all the time, every little smile, every laugh, giggle, chuckle; every squeeze of your lover’s hand is only a cover-up because you are really

**Feeling Bad**
Yet, as I think of it, I might just be

**Feeling Bad**
Only because I’m afraid to think that somewhere deep in my heart I might truly be

**Feeling Good ! !**
Afraid someday, sometime that I might lose it, and then I would really be

---

James R. Ponce

---

**Aux Montagnes Bleues**

O great Father,
Who raises Thy majestic heads
In ominous silence
Why dost thou hold
Me to such sadness

Thy beauty and fragrance dost in earthiness dwell,
As thine own crystalline tears lap at the stagnant
Worlds madness; seeking to revive the once

Natural kingdom of Thine brothers.

But from all sides Thou hast opposition
To desecrate Thine beautiful face.
I swear!, still they shan’t succeed
For you and I are one; me and this place.

Tim Nesbitt
You usually see
Alone together
As two people
Close
Inside of Four Cozy Walls
With soft light
Illumination from
A low burning fire
Which makes red wine
Look rich and alive
And the edge of the glass
Glow Like a distant star.
But I don't know...
I went crazy once
And fell in Love,
And no walls
Could contain me
And Fire could not burn
Beside
What was inside of me
Or keep me as warm.

Red wine
Was cheap
A weak substitute
That could no longer
Take me from
Where I was,
I was where
I wanted to be
Any way.
You have to really
Be looking
To Fall in love
Looking...
Into space
Into time
Into the beginning
And the end
Until you stand
Alone
So long that you
Scream
"Here I am!"
Sometimes
There will be
An answer

Sometimes
You are allowed to stand
Before all space and time
And you share
The beginning
And the end
Until you are
Naked
In the wreckless wind
Before the pounding sea
Beneath the endless sky
Crouching...
Afraid
Wondering still
Alone before all
Crazy life
But so in love
That you are alone
Together.

Bill Jackson
Public Housing

Leaving Black Bottom, jingling cash
Hard-stamped coppers "In God We Trust"
Coat hems dragging, puddles seeping
Over toed-out tennis shoes
Sagging tongues, tangling in twine
Off Salvation Army's Christmas box
Feet march soaking, voices singing
To Volga Boatman played by HUD
Last will be firsting: first lasting
They prophised from a Thunderbird.
(V-ing their fingers, smiling a face)
Paid with pennies off deadmen's eyes--
Free-will offerings--the contract waving,
On to the flats on Happy Days Drive!
Where the poor sleep on procruscan beds.

Gerald Groves
L' EPIPHANIE

I hear Thy voice
Calling from across the sea.
I hear Thy voice
And I fall upon my knees.

I hear Thy voice
As the night falls deeply.
I hear Thy voice
My soul answers sleepily;

From my grave!

Tim Nesbitt

DEAR PRINCE

EVERY NIGHT I WISH YOUR ARRIVAL
BUT ONLY THE SANDMAN COMES
AND HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT LOVE OR REVIVAL
OF A SLEEPING PRINCESS.

SO I'VE BEEN Tossing AND I WONDER A LOT
IF THE BRIAR WALL COULD BE ALL THAT TALL?

I'VE SEARCHED THE VAST SILENCE
FOR A RISE OR A FALL
BUT SILENCE IS DUMB
IT SAYS NOTHING AT ALL.

CHRISTINE MILLER

Many times I've asked myself
If you are what I need
If loving you the way I do
Would change the life I lead.

I look at all the different sides
Of what I think I am
And wonder if when I'm with you
I'm not a different man.

Sometimes when I look at you
In other situations
I find that you are not the same
As my evaluations.

Wait a bit and look at love,
And all that it can be.
I'm sure you'll find that love is more
Than either you or me.

James R. Ponce

THERE IS NO ROOM FOR YOU TO STAY
IN MY LIFE FOREVER
MY HEART IS CROWDED WITH A WANT
THATS NOT CONTAINED BY YOU
I LOOK INSIDE YOUR EYES AND FIND
THEM LOOKING FOR ANOTHER
HIDDEN IN THE DREAMS OF ME AND YOU

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECTION
PEOPLE OFTEN PREACH
PERSISTENCE GAINS PERCEPTION
ONLY PROPHETS REACH

ARTHUR RICHARDS
There once was a king
With a very long red robe
That he kept fastened
Tight around his chin.
Every morning
The king cut himself shaving
And the robe chafed his neck
But the king thought it was right
So he expected everyone to shave
Wear a tight around the neck robe
And be chafed
The king of course was a judge
One day a jester
Was brought before him
Who did not shave,
Wear a tight around the neck · robe
And was not chafed
Of course the king judged death
To the poor jester
Just before the jester was to die
He said "Hold it king, I got something
I want to show you."
And he held up a special mirror
In which the king
Could see himself
The king saw a heavy frown
A cut chin
And screamed "Free the jester. Bring him to
My holy conference room."
So the jester was led by guards
Into the kings conference room
The jester lit a cigarette
and the king said "Now just who the hell
Do you think you are?"
The jester shrugged.
The king hollered at him, "You cannot smoke
In the holy conference room."
The jester looked at him calmly
And said "King do you know I may
Have walked on the very ground that
Made the cement that made these
Walls? I appreciate the compliment. But holy?
I am but a jester."
"You are an exclusive ignorant rogue"
The king retorted, "Don't you know those cigarette
Things will kill you?"
The jester ran his fingers
Through his beard
And adjusted his hat
He said, "King, a very wise jester
Once told me that every breath you
Take moves you closer to your death.
We concluded that the way to
Avoid dying is to quit breathing."
"Some kinda smart ass, Huh" said the king.
The jester was outing his cigarette in a potted plant.
"Oh, oh" he said "What do you want?"
"I want to know where you got that mirror."

Said the king
"It was given to me by God" said the jester
"Well, kinda" the jester lit another cigarette.
"Whatya mean kinda! Either you do or you don't."
The king was a specific man.
"Well I kinda know you don't!"
The jester was looking at the king out
Of the corner of his eye.
The king looked puzzled.
"You know man, you ain't such a bad jester
Your self." The jester floated these words
out on a trail of cigarette smoke.
"I know" said the king
"Your mirror proved that well enough.
Where are you from anyway? How did
You get your wisdom?"
The jester said "I come from a land
Across the sea and I am not wise.
Everyone in my land has a beard,
Wears a hat and smokes cigarettes."
The king rubbed his eyes and said,
"So yours is obviously the better way."
And he moved to tear the tight
Around the neck red robe off
But the jester grabbed his hand
And kissed it.
The jester looked the king in the eyes
And said "I love you man..."

The next morning the king awoke,
Cut himself shaving
And fastened the tight around the neck
Red robe
Very tight around his neck.
He grabbed his pack
And went into the room
Where the jester was sleeping.
The king touched the jester on the shoulder
And said, "Hey brother I'm going, I need
The map."
The jester awoke, found the map
And handed it to him
"OK," said the jester "Its this country here
Near the equator. Good luck with the
Winds my brother."
The king took the map, embraced the jester,
Grabbed his pack and headed for the door.
"Oh king!" The jester was running toward him
"I nearly forgot, here."
He reached in his pocket and handed
The king the mirror.
"Your gonna need this over there."

Bill Jackson
She lies in silence. When she opens her eyes, all is a blur. People approach, roll her over, and clean up the mess. The murmur of their voices refuses to separate into distinct words in her mind. The people hurry away before she can remember what she wanted to ask them. Once, a long time ago, someone rubbed her back while she was on her side being cleaned. Whoever it was also handed her her reading glasses before padding softly away. The next time the kind soul also gave her a newspaper to "read". Ah! There was a clue: the date, nevermind the day, just the month and the year help. The corners of her mouth quivered in a suggestion of a smile, and her eyes seemed to open just a little wider as she focused on the person in a fleeting expression of gratitude. But someone who knew better told the helper not to bother. That was five years ago. She lies in silence.

M.V. Hodges

Can you hear the chilled Wind of Winter? Whispering words heard But too faintly murmured to Comprehend

Soft sounds tossed teasingly Around listening ears. Muffled as if a hand had Hurriedly covered someone's mouth

As if something familiar was Said, But it couldn't quite be Understood.

Unseen sound of leaves Rustling In a dark world of Silent sounds. All telling their untold Secrets.

Teac Cook

TIME AND LIFE Swollen With layers of meaning Argue with each other Only to be distracted By your laughter And the absurdity Of it All

PHOTO: DON GAMBLE

COMPARISON

MY LORD,
THE CLOSER I LOOK AT YOU,
THE SMALLER I LOOK TO ME.

Pat Graham
MARSHES AND CREEKS

CAROLINA MARSHES AND LOWLANDS STRETCH
OUT IN A WAVY SEA OF BROWNS AND GREENS
CRIS CROSSED BY SHALLOW CREEKS AND
MEANDERING STREAMS
HERE LIFE ABOUNDS AND GROWS
OBVIOUS BUT SOMETIMES UNSEEN, DRESSED
IN A MYRIAD OF COLORS
A SCHOOL OF SILVER MULLET FLOUNCE AND
DANCE IN A MIDSTREAM SHOW
WHILE ON AN OYSTER BED
FIDDLER CRABS DART HERE AND THERE
NOT FORWARD BUT SCURRYING SIDEWAYS
INSTEAD
IN THE DISTANCE A WHITE CRANE TAKES TO
THE AIR ON WINGED SAILS
SEARCHING FOR A MEAL AMONG THE REEDS
AND ALLIGATORS
PASSING OVER LITTLE BROWN SNAILS.

TONY M. EDWARDS

Le Trinitaire

The triad encircles the Trinity,
Enclosing each in perfect spheres.
The triad forms the trilogy,
To enslave us from our fears.

The strophe becomes the anti-strophe,
As a fact of his everlasting power.
The rain flows past His lids,
And transforms the shrinking shower.

The anti-strophe forms the epode,
To acclaim His Heavenly wrath.
As His mourning becomes my darkness,
I hear the tolling of my epitaph;

Death!

Tim Nesbitt

THE POTTER AND ME

Once a great potter sat at His wheel,
A lump of clay clasp in His hand.
He pondered a moment at what it would yield,
And then His work began.
With warm and tender love He toiled,
He fashioned, He smoothed, He kneaded.
He thought of the beautiful vessel He'd
Have, whenever He succeeded.
But then in spite of all that He did; and
Through no fault that was His own,
Something about the piece of clay, He found,
Was not very strong.
He started once to throw it away,
Why! it would never stand His kiln so hot.
Then out of love for the bit of clay,
"I'll try to keep it," He thought.
But instead of the beautiful vessel He so diligently sought;
Out of the kiln, He brought me,
Just a useless, weak "cracked-pot."

Pat Graham
Honorary Degree

With unsure taps his cane
Drives pilings; soft, his voice
Directs a revving crane
To jab the future, hoist

Its cable-straining steel
Upon the shoulders grown
(Though stayed) almost too frail
To bear the hooded gown.

Randall A. Wells

TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM A. KIMBEL

Photo: Chuck Batson
THE OLD MAN

His shoulders swung like an oaken boom
His face was scarred by the salty wind
He ploughed a furrow through the room
And we feared a squall until he grinned.

His beard was white as the ocean's foam
It brimmed and glistened upon his cheek
His glance, as cold as a blast from Nome
And his raucous laugh made our knees go weak.

In his filthy trousers and khaki shirt
He caused more stir than the fiercest gales
Women didn't seem to mind his dirt
And they filled his arms as the wind fills sails.

At the bar he stood -- rolling side to side
Drunk as plundering buccaneer
He stamped one foot, swayed and cried:
"Give me whiskey and a glass of beer!!"

But despite his gruffness and cocky air
He bothered no one with his play
Even the Cuban he lifted by the hair
Said:"Tu eres bueno, Papa Hemmingway."

Gerald Groves
A TRIAD OF SONNETS

"The Almanac of Age"

"Old Eve" - that's what I've come to be, she thought.
As doleful Baptist chimes remarked the hour,
The children, laughing, fled the dusk and brought
A measure of relief. Noises of youth sap marrow.
Eve didn't find pleasant at all the change
That rose through her in sudden fits of heat,
But daydream-filled evenings she could still arrange
To watch Adam's return from down the street.
She heard the long-awaited sound- her every sense alerted.
While many pause to talk of love's tranquility,
He shuffled on beyond her - his eyes averted,
His form neatly wrapped in shroud of chaste senility.
Eve turned away from hope and, with a shuddering sigh,
Entered the house to gulp a dose of soothing Cardui.

"Criteria for Judging Worthiness"

I say, old chap, is your surname in Guiness?
Would you point out the page in the corner pub?
If you can't, you know your ambitions are finis
And you'll not get to join the Superlative Club.
It matters little whether you're smallest or tallest,
Or whether you're the furthest or closest,
But we do insist that you give of your all-est
To try to become of something the most-est.
For that's the biggest kick in our society,
And most important to our philosophy.
Somehow everyone, or thing, or place will be
Superior in mind, or form, or topography.
And all will grant you the greatest accord,
If your name is in Guiness, Book of Records.

"The Conversation of Marriage"

We were never, my dear, adept in the art
Of easy communication. We spoke in heated
Tones so much that each was, of course, defeated.
So both of us began to seek the heart
Of someone new. And willing to play the part
Prescribed, of a mate who's been badly treated,
I found lust, but different from that I needed.
To regain your life is the course I must chart.

I run from the roaring sea to the coolness of the sands.
Then pause, accepting the sun and wind to atone
For drops that I stole from the ocean. You understand.
For I turn to find you've come back alone
To claim now, and ever, the newly shriven banns.
A silent "Benedicite" for us the whales intone.

Marjorie G. Morgan
Never ending time.
I try to hold on to a moment
But it evades my touch
As I reach out to hold it, it flies away

The time is now!
My past is done.
Only memories remain
to mark me in time.
My mind, a mortuary
of memories.

The future!
A mere promise of time to
come.
The hope of a tomorrow
dangling in front of our noses.
leading us through life

And then that icy cold thing.
It stays hidden in the
depths of our minds.
Like a black demon
crouched,
Patiently waiting
Knowing its time will come.

Teac Cooke

I have been known to tease you sir
But best it be not to please you sir
For fear of rapture to see you sir
I have been known to tease.

Come home with me you sir
Have a spot of tea you sir
It's been a lovely day you sir
Sir, I have been known to tease.

The night will fright and chill you sir
A lighted house will thrill you sir
And my spouse will kill you sir
I have been known to tease.

The morn comes, awake you sir
The night, such a delight you sir
To meet you was quite right you sir
Sir, I have been known to tease.

Thomas David Wilkie