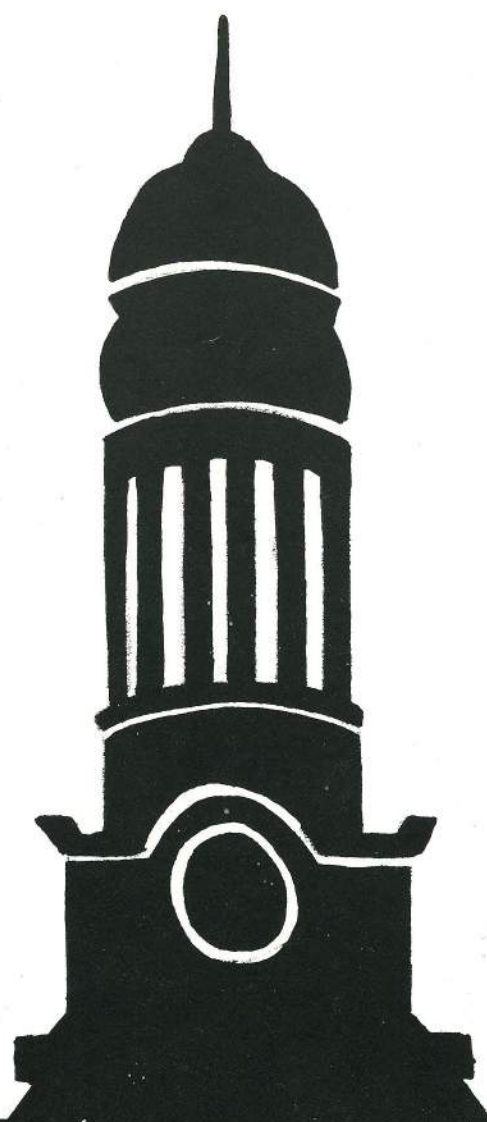


Lion's Eye

Fall

1984



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Hannold.

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Lion's
Eye

"The role of the writer is not to say what we can all say, but what we are unable to say."

Anais Nin

Editor's Note:

This quote strikes me as the truth. As an English major here at Trenton State, I've come to the conclusion that what separates one writer from another writer is not so much what each writer has to say, but rather how it is said. The hardest words to describe are the ones we know, but somehow just can't express. (If you doubt my statement, try to define love to the person you love).

When deciding to put a pen to a piece of paper, someone is trying to convey an idea, a dream, a personal thought of their own so that someone else can understand and appreciate it also. The ideas and thoughts rise clearly no matter what medium was chosen: a poem, a short story, a sonnet, or a picture or a photograph. For the whole idea of writing anything, whether or not it is prose or poetry (or even an Editor's note), is to freeze a moment in time so the reader can see it and experience it as if it were really happening.

There were 119 poems and short stories submitted for this issue. Choosing which pieces would appear was not easy. All the pieces had merit, and the staff thanks everyone who submitted something. The pieces appearing in this issue were chosen on the basis of their subtlety and complexity.

It is the sincerest hope that you will enjoy this issue as much as we enjoyed putting it together.

Sincerely,



Susan N. Schechter
EDITOR

Victory of the Mind

The heart and the mind
Intertwined as closely as flesh and blood.
Kill the first,
And the second lives on in success
But silently suffers.

Not feeling, but thought
Not loving, but knowing
Not seeing,
Just blindly walking a predetermined path.

How does the intellect survive so well
Though it is unencumbered by
The dead emotions of the heart?

All that remains is an empty shell
Easily broken but for the will of the mind.

Where has that small inner glow gone?
Has it gone the way of the heart,
Down a path to its death?
A path
That the mind refuses to follow.

No revival in sight
The mind will lead
The body will follow
They walk as one
Walking away from a tomb
Where the heart rests now
In peace?

Marielena Bresnen

The sun, the moon, the earth and stars,
Around the Ring of Rocks rhythmically roll.
Forever trembling in their place,
The lonely liege lords of endless ages last,
Bowing heavy, heathen hearts and heads,
Musing mystified as the delightful, celestial dance mocks
The futile, falling, festive, ancient Ring of Rocks.

Mark H. Breese

"Oaf"

Smiles built on hope that there's reason to smile,
Grins that are wearing a bit thin;
Tho' she may laugh and be happy a while,
There's something not quite right within.

Maybe it's because she knows she's wrong,
And maybe a little afraid;
Perhaps she's been fighting for nothing too long
And it's not worth the price that she paid.
She works hard everyday, but takes in no pay,
Nothing she does is worth a dime
To the many that watch her walk her lonely way,
Wondering what she does with her time.

She said, "All I want is to give them my best,
I know that it's going to be tough."
She went her own way saying, "T'hell with the rest."
But somehow, it wasn't enough.

That's why she mopes with her head on her chest,
You may say it's a strange way to live,
But the reason she shouts when you mock her in jest
Is because she has nothing to give.

Alice Sikora

Renewal

The sun no longer shines on certain
places,
But new horizons are found every
minute of the day,
The birds that flew my way
have lost their feathers,
The ones I know now are all
ground dwellers,
The former I flew with on
many a flight,
Until I crashed and hit rock bottom,
I have nowhere to go but up

Brian C. Borden

From "Dancing with the Fireflies"

We know what wise fools we are,
No vanity can cloud our eyes
When we set out to catch a star
And capture only fireflies.

Alice Sikora

I am the child
who sits on the earth
and watches the approaching storm
as it begins to form
a miraculous vision
a raindrop
falls
as I realize I am the only one to witness its death

Debra Marino

The Darkangel

(Title and idea conceived from Meredith Ann Pierce's novel The Darkangel)

The paradox of a heavenly being draped in onyx night
Eludes me
But the reality stands before me, beckoning me
As the world dons its evening cloak
And the moon looks down upon the mortal and the immortal.

His dark beauty is enticing
His eyes glow with the feeling he speaks not of--
He need not, for his touch says much.

Shall I trust a male who would drain from me with a kiss of hellfire
My living soul?
Fire and ice would sooner marry than I would gift
This stygian lover with my living love,
Which is celestial in origin.
O'er this vexing decision I suffer.

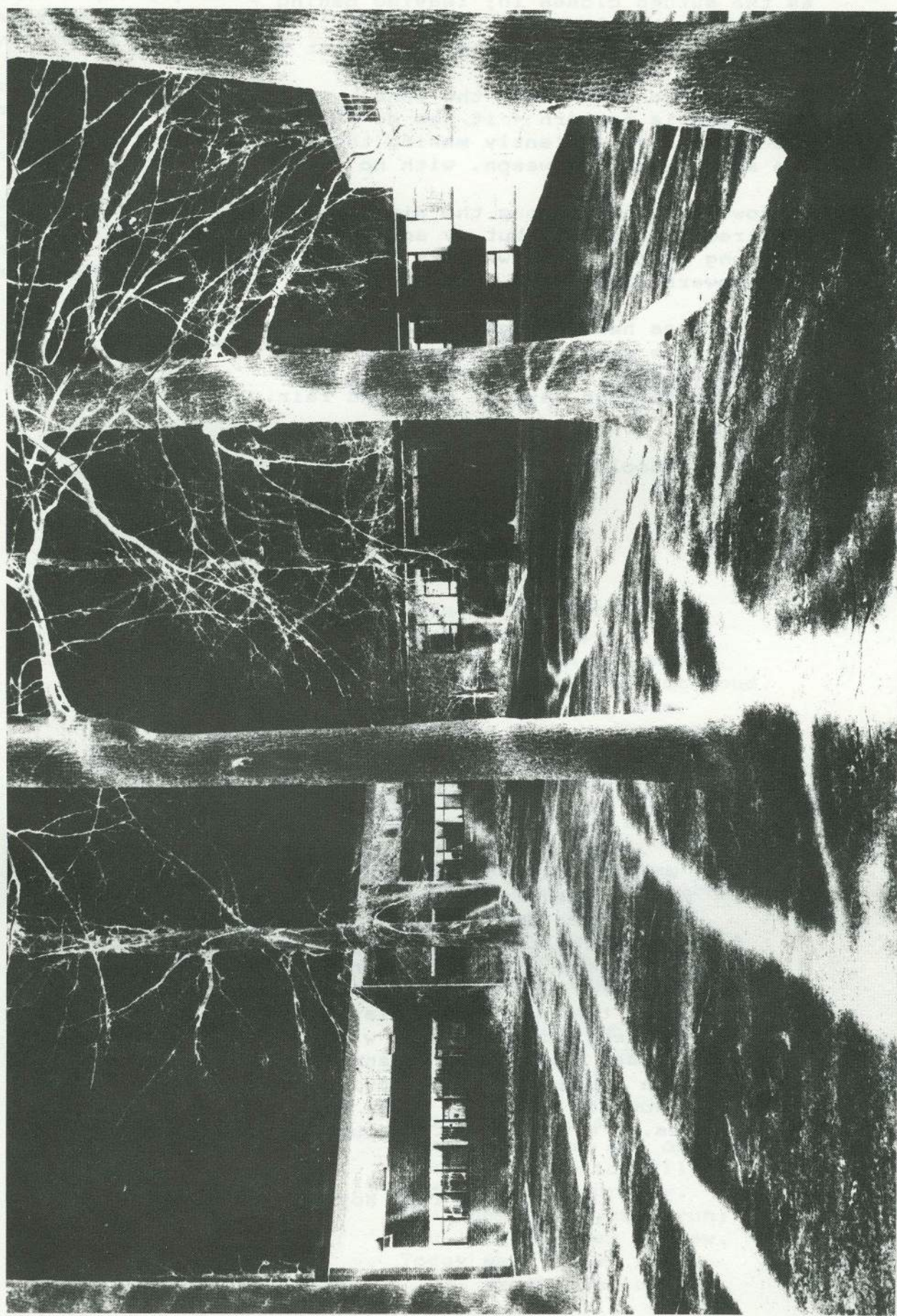
Shall I deny the day to live in night?
Can he possibly love as mortals do?
I fear him
But he awaits me no longer, and embraces me.

I sense his struggle with his need and his feeling
I know that his choice between slaking his thirst and falling in love
Tips the delicate balance between my life and my eternal fate.
He hesitates, then chooses.
I see all that is dark and dangerous in his eyes
Before he dooms me with that deadly caress,
I must give him my life.

Leveling my sea-blue eyes upon him, I quietly say:
"Life cannot conquer love
for your eternity would kill my mortality
but love would give you more than life."
Then I touched his icy lips with a kiss of sweet honey
That melted the cold darkness within him and restored his life.

We blended with the evening and hid within the night
When I rose at dawn on the morrow,
I found myself lying in the meadow of heather bathed in the morning sun
I was not lone, for I saw the seraph lying near me
His mysterious handsomeness had not deserted him, but
My kiss had warmed him and caused the evil in him to wither and die
The darkangel had become mortal like myself
And we now became one with the day.

Marielena Bresnen



Sorrow lives here among the willow
as the autumn closes in; leaving behind
The sunlight. Darkness is my only
shadow, I search for light - I cannot find.

Sorrow lives here among the lonely gulls;
The beach is forlorn - it has no choice.
The wind rises violently making the ocean spread,
The sea moans, and weeps, with no voice.

Sorrow lives here among the pines.
The trees stand tall but my soul does not.
The song of the birds who are left behind,
The flowers limp, Bark turns to rot.

Sorrow lives here amongst us all,
Sometimes we can't see it hanging there.
But, it lingers on, past the dawn,
and stays through days of dark and fair.

Sara Ann Schooley

Blinded by Sight

Close your eyes while talking to me,
So as not to be blinded by your own vision
God almighty granted us five senses,
But we're at the command of our sight.
While talking to me listen to what I'm saying,
Rather than trying to classify me by my dialect.
Feel how I desire to be understood,
Not unlike the rest of the people in the world.
Place your nose upon me for awareness.
Forgive me of my hard work and sweat.
Realize that you can't distinguish my race by smell,
But instead come to grips with your own stereotyping.
Last touch my skin and then feel your own.
Amaze yourself by how strikingly similar they are.
Now you can talk to me with your eyes open,
Yes, I'm white, but I could've easily been black.

Kyle Moylen

Love here has ended
While I quietly sit.
The vows see extended
My love do not permit.

Had I but seen through
Your one subtle hint,
The ring given to you
In my eyes may have glint.

But flowers never linger
And folly has no friend.
The ring that's on your finger
Is my gallows in the end.

Mark H. Breese

Fury Winds

Today rolled the sky
In a dark carpet cloud
And set winds to race
As they whistled soft-loud.
The rain didn't come
-No one else understood-
But I saw your face
In the sky drama's hood.

Today threw a chill
On the late summer sun
And most hurried by;
I could see their hearts run.
They ran to keep dry
But the sky held the wet;
I walked in your winds
And I stand here, drenched yet.

I laughed in the street-
Your thunder laughed back-
I ran after you
To be caught in your track.
Today did I soar
Through a noon sky of grey
You fought me to fall;
I danced in your way.
You thought I would run;
You laughed when I flew.
Today am I free
-I became one of you.

Leslie
Kalison

Goodbye

It's time you knew, it's time I flew,
I'm running far away from you,
I want you to see what you put me through,
When I run far away from you.

I'm too young to be linked by a chain,
To a pursuit that only causes me pain,
So I'm breaking away so I can live again,
I don't need that kind of strain.

I could follow you around,
And be your stupid little clown,
But you'd build me up to knock me down,
So see what your circus is without a clown.

I'm tired of being your silly little pawn,
So I'm giving you up; my life must go on,
Now it's your turn to put my shoes on,
As I give you up for my life to go on.

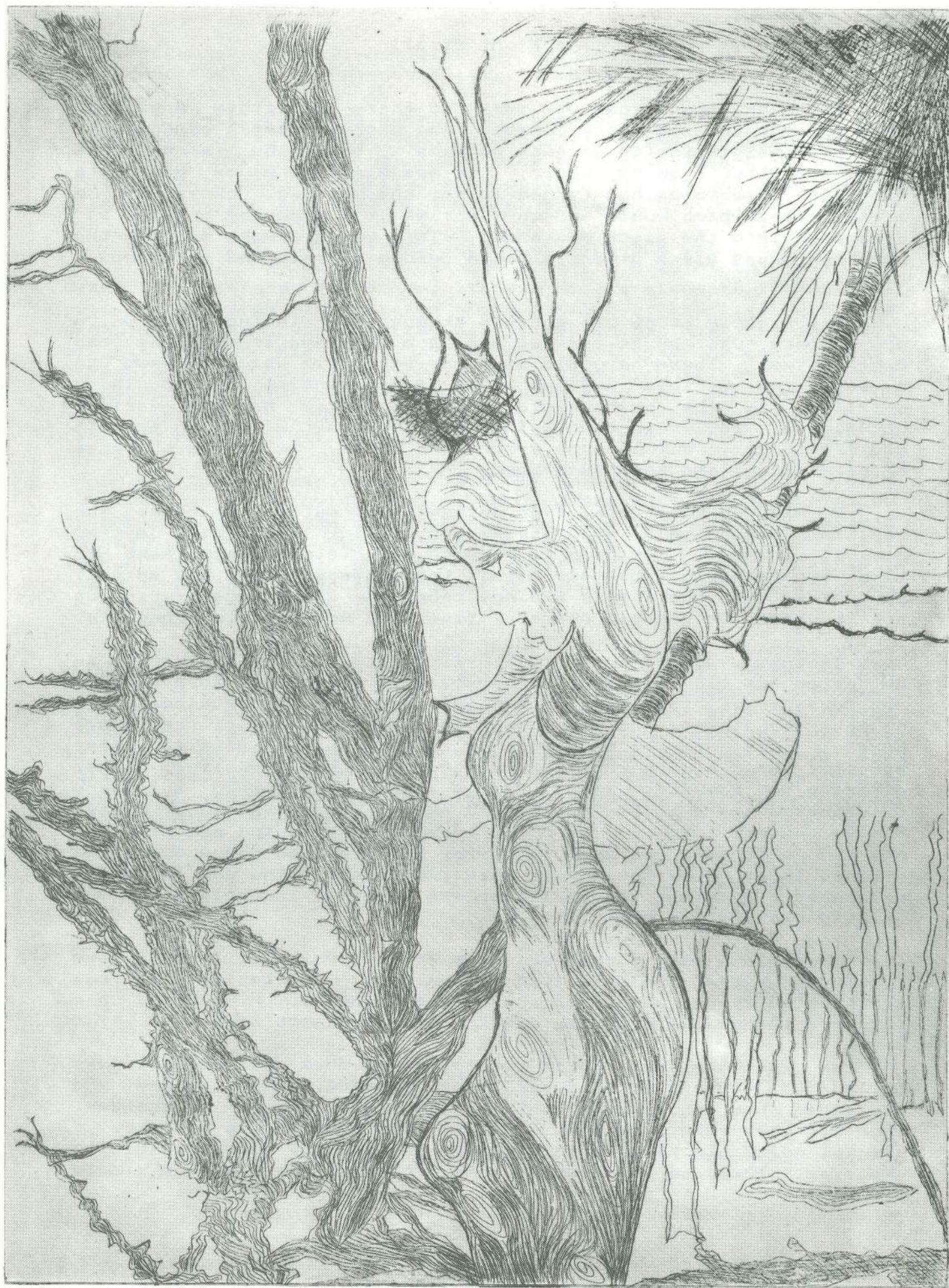
When you get it through your head,
I will already have fled,
And you'll lie awake in bed,
Wishing you were never bred.

That's when the loneliness will come,
To make your heart sink, and your head hum,
You'll remember driving me off, and feel so dumb,
For treating me like a second rate bum.

But one day I know you'll come back to me,
Long after I run and make myself free,
For running away from you was the key,
That made you start to run to me.

And that's where I differ so far from you,
You threw me out when I ran to you,
But when you run to me what I'll do,
Is hold my arms out wide for you.

Eric Oliver



A Night Stroll

Although the night was dark and there was little starlight peering through the thick clouds, the nightly stroll of one man had gone uninterrupted because he didn't mind the impenetrable black of the evening hours. It was also late as even the nocturnal creatures had turned in for the evening, except for a stray raven which would suddenly shriek from a nearby branch and disappear into the black distance. This would always startle the man and cause him a moment's pause before he returned robotically to his walk.

His nightly haunt brought him through the winding paths of a great park whereby he resided and into the town in which he had once lived. There he would pass the stores in which he used to browse, the offices through which he had managed his business affairs, and the restaurants that had served him on various occasions. He would then swing back through the town up to his old front door, circle once around the block, return to the maze of park paths, and head back home.

He enjoyed this walk, even daring to go out in the rain. The familiar sights and open air were a relief from his daytime activity, and it felt good to stretch out his shoulders, take his time, and relax in a private stroll that always lifted his spirit. He avoided cars and lights and any people he saw, concentrating on his thoughts. It was his peaceful time, and nothing disturbed him.

Tonight, however, he felt a little tension in his mood. As he neared his old dwelling, he abruptly recalled that this was the anniversary of the night he had left his wife and pausing for a moment, he turned and looked straight at the frame of the ranch house. This was out of character for him for he usually never stopped; he'd always continued stoically past the dwelling, never altering a moment's step. As he stared, he viewed a window illuminated by a light from within and in the frame was a female figure bent in sorrow. When she raised her head and saw him, she started, whispered his name in horror and wrenched the shade down. Moments later, the house went dark and silent. The man forlornly whispered a name but the rising breeze swept it suddenly away. He quietly resumed his night stroll.

The block hadn't changed; the streets were still dark and forbidding, the trees silent and ominous, and tonight all was accentuated by the shadow of the overcast weather. He found his thoughts turned again to his distant wife and past life.

He was the only child of adoring parents who ceaselessly toiled to provide for him and as he matured, they guided and protected him while giving him the most and best of themselves. When his time came, he gave up their love for that of his wife, a special woman his parents introduced him to. He was successfully employed, comfortably salaried, and presented the image of middle

class success. In all his life he could not remember a time when he didn't feel loved, successful, or when he felt alone.

His existence was surely at a peak when he learned of his wife's pregnancy, but the news turned hollow when his parents fell ill to a cancer. They hopelessly died months apart and in echo of this tragedy, his wife delivered a still-born. In one fatal sweep of fate, he lost the love of the past and the love of the future.

Despair fell heavily onto his shoulders and emptied his life of any joy. He could not escape from the grey cloud over his head, and it grew darker despite his wife's attempts to ease his pain. His mood infiltrated every portion of his life and its great endurance cost him first his friends, then his job, then all of his money. His wife, facing a painful time herself, sadly struggled with him to no avail until finally her understanding withered and died and he became unendurable and intolerable to her. Having lost the one thing he had left, the man took his familiar night stroll and never returned to her. Until tonight.

The town disappeared behind him in a chill fog that slowly developed on the blowing wind. The grasses that lay to the sides of the park paths were now damp and the ghosts of his past danced in his mind's eye. The night stroll was no longer relaxing, not as on other nights; now he felt lonely, unloved and miserable again. Though he had run a great distance, he had again returned to the doorstep of his loss.

The dark park paths wound under the peaceful trees which bordered the town cemetery and the man continued to the end of his stroll. The evening had been alive with death's shadows which had returned to remind the man of past failures, and they had taken their toll for he now regretted ever venturing forth this night. As the first faint glimpses of the rising sun sprayed above the horizon, the man turned with a heavy spirit and the specter of his lost wife and echoing life following behind into the still cemetery and towards his waiting grave.

Ken Paris

I made my introverted
cocoon and sat inside and
watched with eyes of
gloom

Sara Ann Schooley

Flying

I'm flying through this world and all I can see
are lies, and scorn, and competition. Life won't let me be.
This World just knocked me flat on the ground: I was shocked.
It said, "Hello, how are you?" - I knew Fate had knocked.
The wicked smile, the coal-touched heart. I felt the cold wind blow
Little black seeds in my soul-life began to sow, sow, sow.
"Leave me alone", I tried to shout, but no one seemed to hear.
Then I met with Icy Cold and Fiery Hot -
My Soul froze/melted: I've lost my fear.

Sara Ann Schooley

HE IS A MAN

He is a man who is content in and of himself
He is man who needs not the false security of wealth
He is a man, who knows strength and daring
And yet to the needy is so caring.
He is a man who can fight his battles
But when He speaks he never prattles.
He is a man who knows of victory so sweet
And yet is no stranger to defeat.
He is a man unafraid to win or lose
For the better he will often choose
Wonder who it is I speak of thus?
A little of him exists in all of us.

Bruce E. Flourney

I SEE A STRANGER AT MIDNIGHT

(With apologies to T.S. Eliot)

"I am alive and if you seek fame
it may be precious to you above all else
that my notes on this descent include your name."
(Dante, Inferno. XXXII, Circle 9, round 2.)

As the clock struck twelve he came
a jilted lover or the devil's own
friend
Stopping to take me
Waiting to take me

What is that?
Nothing;
A car backfiring.
I am cold, very cold.
You can't be, it's summertime.
Nevertheless, I am shivering, please
Stop it.
Why you are! You look pale
Someone is walking over my grave...

The spired towers that raped the sky
Were the heart of the school.
The students walked from class to class
As the bells in the tower struck two.

From whose Gothic towers
did the Lady look below
...And from the base of that horrible tower heard
the sound of hammers on the gates
But it was only rain pounding on the door
Which the lady closed,
Nevermore.

The wind at the door
is a restaurant near.
To get in you must recite Macbeth
to a drunken English Barmaid
with a bad memory
taken by time

Time
Time
Time

The waters call me
Who knows when you and I will meet again?
Nevermore
Nevermore

The nuclear age is at hand
Mankind but a shadow
a mere idiot
facing existence
 nihilation

Baby John stirred in his crib
reaches for a bottle
and plays with himself.
Cries "Da, Da, Da",
until his father comes home
at 5 o'clock.

Leaving the bedchamber
Orphelia Legg left a sawbuck
finally bedded Hamlet, undone, undone....

The corset slipped off
Blood is on the floor
She straightens her hair with a dull comb
and finds no tissues to mop up the blood
for who would think the old girl had so much blood in her?

Looking disheveled in the mirror
clasps her hand over her face and mouth
screams

The horror of it all

 The horror!

 A fly crawls up the wall.

The river flowed
past Moses' door

-Yet-

Thirty one is a magical age
Halfway between youth and middle age
Never has one year claimed so many
Romantics

fools all
Yet were right.
Surely, every story has been told
only told now better.

One drowned, one gassed
While two babies cried for their mother
while dada was away.

The mirror cracked from side to side
Leaving a hole 100 feet wide
glass was scattered round and round
yet glass was seen no more.

Buddy, Buddy, where are you?
I remember the time we were two.
We went to the cemetery
and played around Emily's grave
leaving a white rose for remembrance
Pray, love, remember
Poor girl died young and left no children

Tragic.

Published poems are children
Poetry in a trashcan, crumbled and torn-
-aborted children.

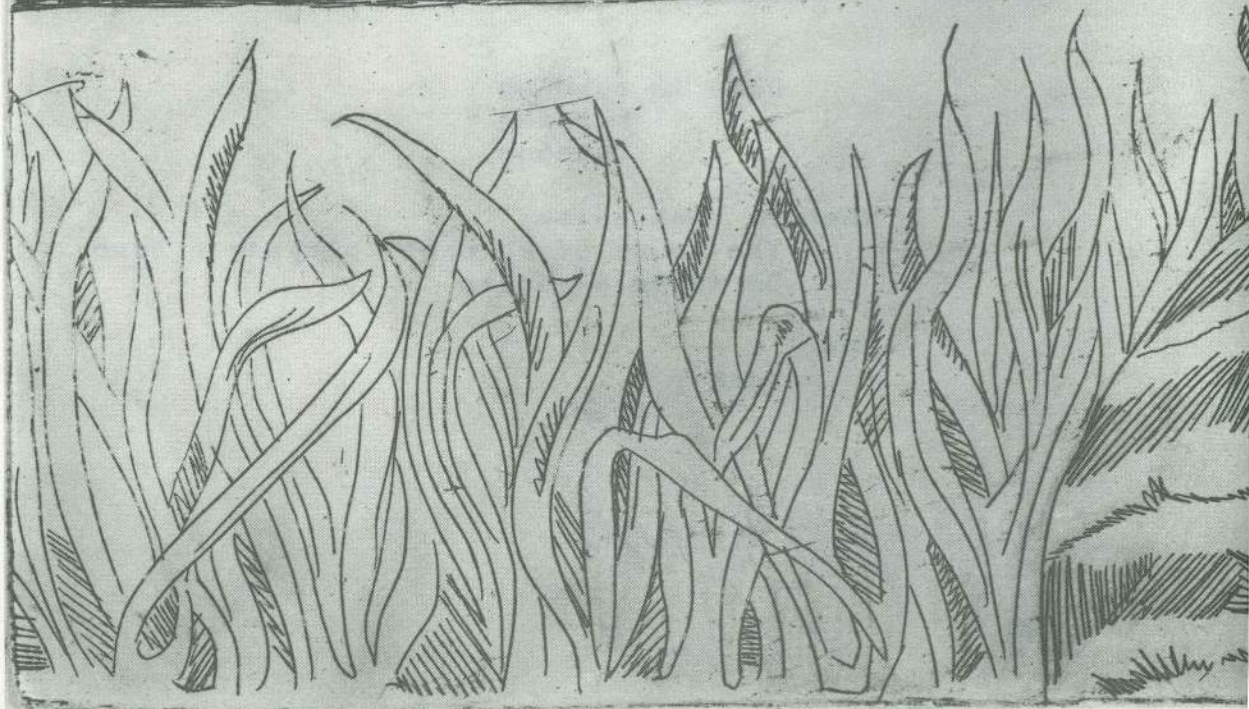
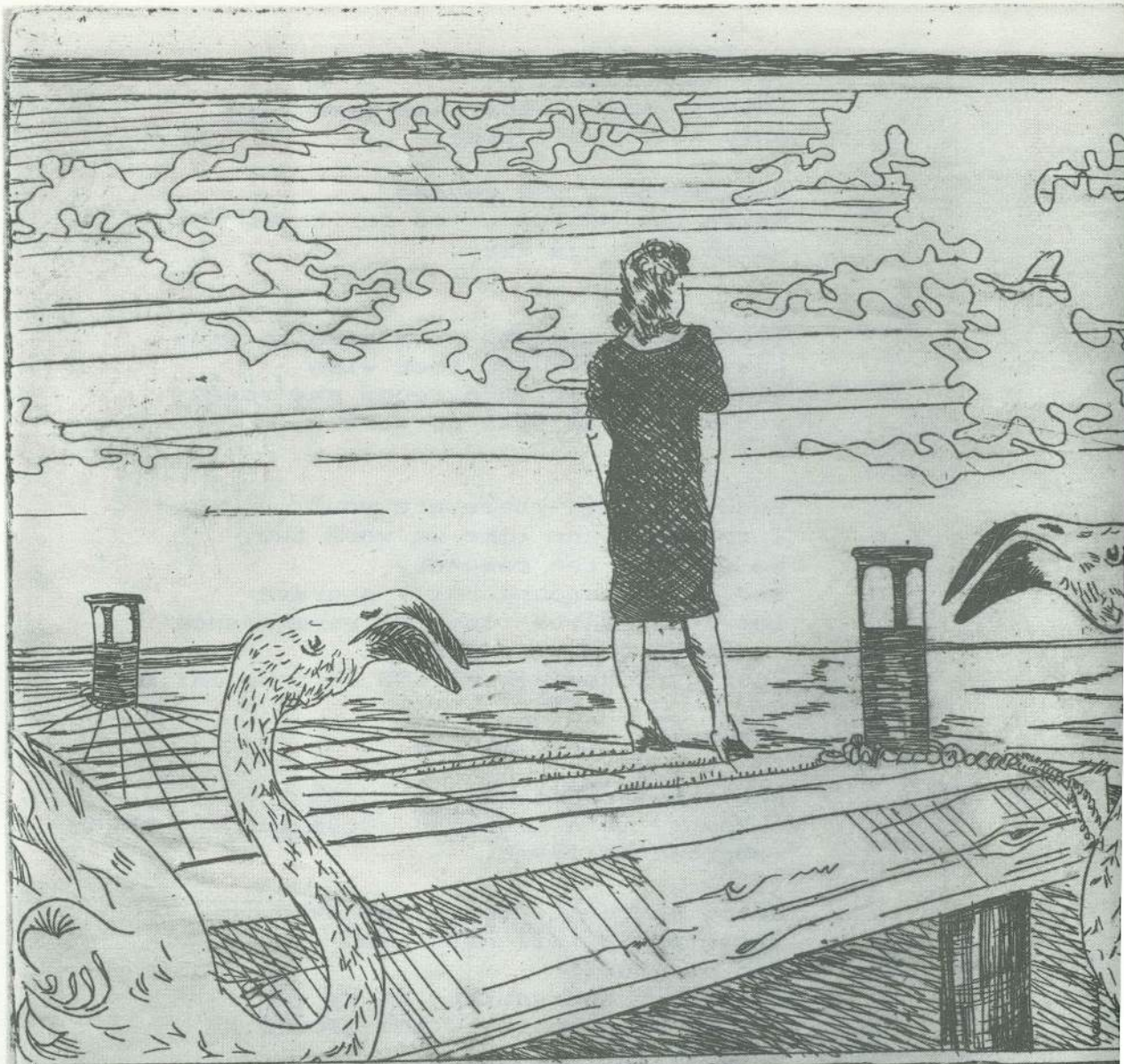
Blood and dust, bones and skin,
These poems will not live
Sad diagnosis
terror and wasting of my own
the seed split on the ground
Burning to a crisp
Flames climbing higher into black night

Rome is burning
burning
burning

What is that noise?
The sound of an angel playing a harp
Or maybe a violin

Heat
Purgatory
Sleep.

Susan N. Schechter





REFLECTIONS OF A BORED MAN

Feel the silence all around?

Hoping to break for new ground?

Want excitement, ebb and flow?

But don't know where to go?

Alone I be in this room

Each second taking to crack of doom.

I want to go but don't know where

Feel nothing now save despair.

I want to go outside

Why does a part want to hide?

I feel the boredom all around

Now realizing silence to be the loudest sound.

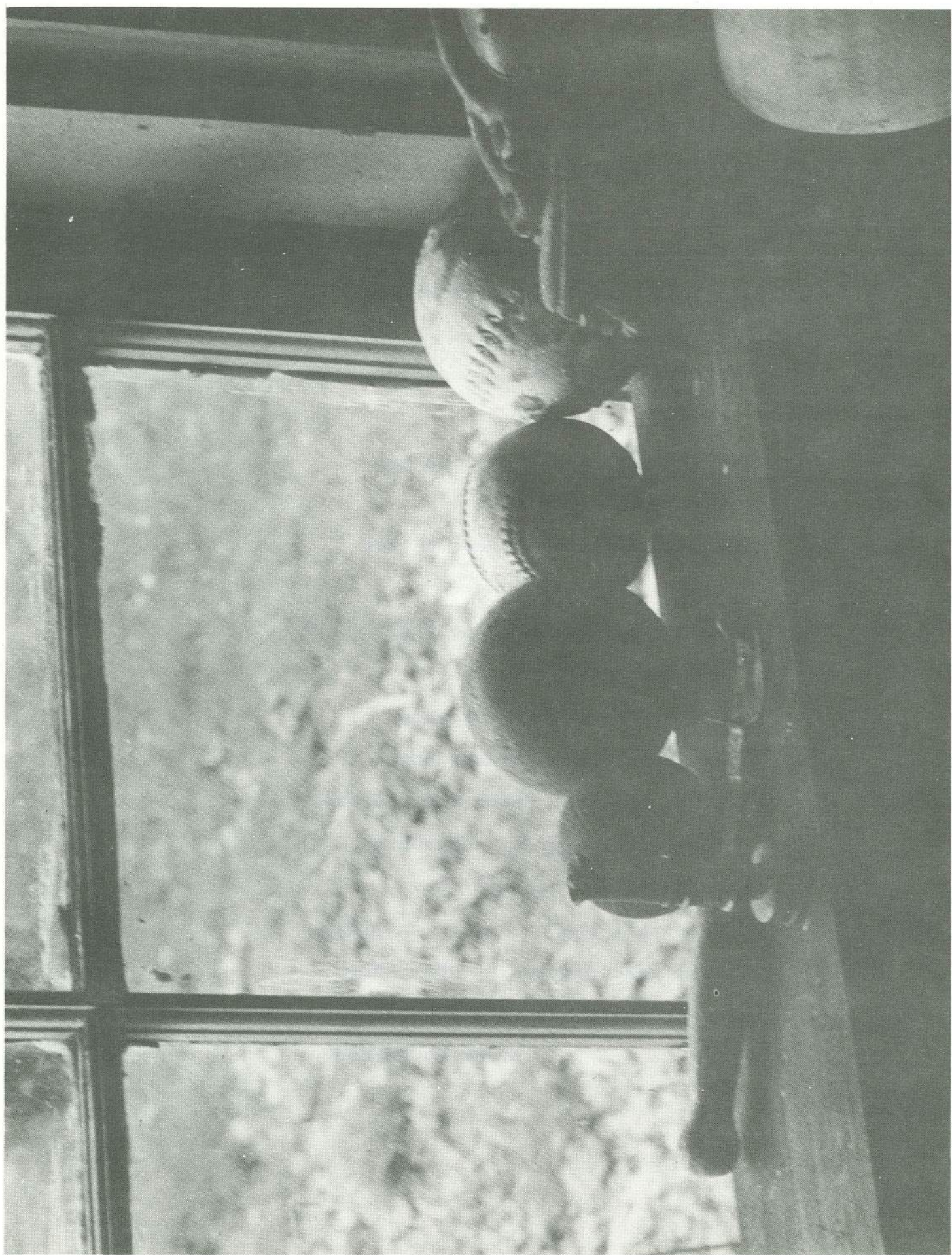
A mystery then that's what this is

Why any man would want to be alone in his . . .

Room, Room want to leave,

I can if I just in myself believe.

Bruce E. Flournoy



People That Give Me Personal Highs

People that give me personal highs,

They look at me and dance with
their eyes,

They work so hard and don't
tell lies, that they make me want
to reach for the skies

I love to hear them talk about
things they enjoy,

with the enthusiasm of a mother
with a new born boy,

They make no promises about what
they'll achieve,

Instead they work hard to try
and succeed,

When they fail, their excuses
are none, because they don't
give up, and they reach for the sun,

They don't express judgments
based on value, because they

know that theirs may be shallow,

They take people for what they
are, and everybody is a superstar

Brian C. Borden

Alone on the Avenue

The darkened street stretched out before me as a cool wind wrapped itself around my body. As I plunged further into the deserted, unlit avenue I felt the shadows envelop and caress my body with their seductive blackness. Emptiness and loneliness draped itself upon my shoulders like a heavy velvet cloak; yet it afforded no warmth despite its thickness. Darkened buildings like silent sentinels lined the street, their unlit windows seemed as eyes which mirrored the depth of their solemnity. They guarded secrets within their walls which would not be revealed until the rising of the sun. The full moon in all its cold brilliance shone down upon the boulevard making bizarre shadows as its light bounced off of the quiescent cars sleeping peacefully on the silent street.

A light fog slinked along the ground and wove in and out of the underneath of the cars, the wind causing the sultry smoke to undulate as the moonbeams added their frozen, supernatural touches to the ever changing palette. The breeze rustled old newspapers in dented garbage bins, their wire mesh casings broken and bent. On the corner a newsstand boarded up and covered with posters, pamphlets and flyers stood alone like a decrepit old man waiting for a bus that would never come. Its shabby coat of yellowing, water stained paper blown by the wind rose up and down like a woman's skirt in a breeze.

Dark alleys between buildings with their deep, black emptiness beckoned me like a courtesan to an unwary client, their shadowy sensuousness appealing to one's desire to learn the unknown that dwells in those darkened corridors. Suddenly a feline shape oozed out of the blackness for one such hallway and much like the dog slithered across the street momentarily stopping to arch its back as if to say, "Come with me and share the secrets of the emptiness, the blackness, the eroticism of the night."

Alone on the avenue I rejected her offer and watched the cat meld back into the darkness from whence it came.

Alone on the avenue.

Jeff Stundel

Time's Mingled Love

But soft! The wind upon the moors doth speak
And I am drawn to you, my love
As with a silken cord.
Time, man's mortal enemy
Divides us
Yet we are one
Never have I seen your countenance
And I will not
For I am now
And you are yet to be.
My love for you grows, but it is destined
Never to blossom
Would that we might meet in that world
Where time cannot enter
Darkness dares not approach
Beauty wears the crown in this kingdom
We, her subjects, serve her by
Pleasing her with our love.
Ah!
If only we could reach through time
I know that we would be one of heart
Nevermore would they torment me
And you, my darling
You'd never learn about loneliness or heartbreak
As I have
For I am now
And you are yet to be.
Tonight in my slumber
My dream becomes reality
For I walk upon the moors
The wild winds carry your call to me
Fog clears as the earth's path leads me onward
Now...
For the first time
I see you beckon me from atop the cliff
I run to you
As I reach the top of the cliff
You turn and shield me from the wind
I gaze at your face
You are strong of body,
Raven-haired,
With stormy eyes that
Will never release me.
Oh, my love...
Fires roar around us, but
You and I know no other fire but the one that burns as
Our kiss expresses undying devotion.

My eyes see no more
For you have sheltered me in the circle of your arms,
Protecting me from the biting wind.
Suddenly all sound ceases
My eyes open
Only to find myself in my bedchamber
I smile, for I know I have at last seen you
My fondest wish has come true
E'en though
I am now
And you are yet to be.....

Marielena Bresnen



Long white rolling line,
Bearer of gifts unknown
With spraying salt and curling foam,
Rushes up joyously fulfilled,
Then smoothly slides back
Exchanging new for old
Leaving behind a pearl for sand.

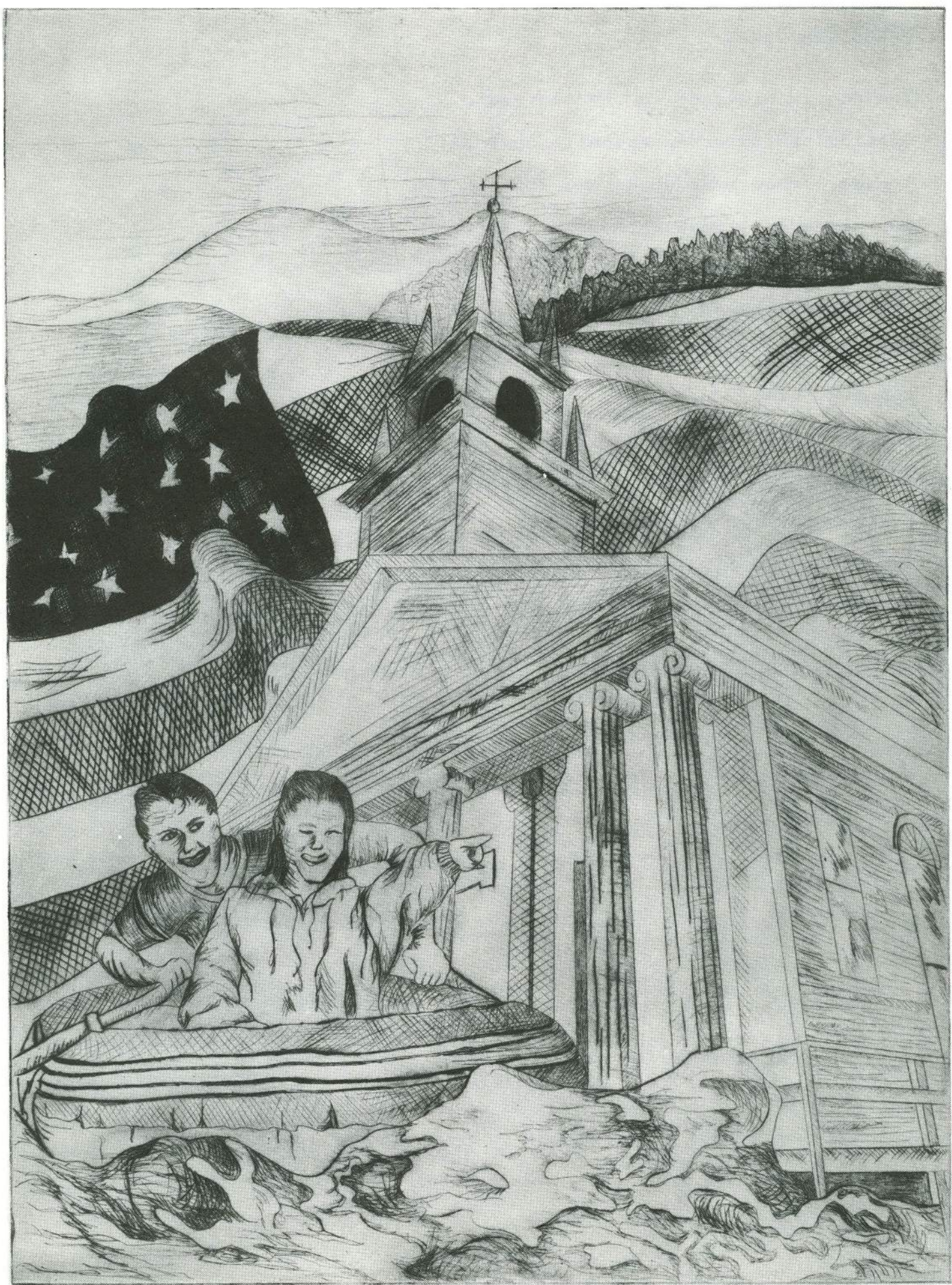
The second comes joyously free
Only the sands
Does its random purpose see.
The foaming line, the crashing sound,
It runs up reaching high,
Bearing gifts; seeking treasures to be found.

The shore gains its sand,
The pearl returns to the sea.
Alone I lie,
Still besieged by the relentless, pounding blue;
For I am the sand filled, tearful shore,
and the pearl...it was You.

Mark H. Breese

There's a new kid on the block
and she can make some heads turn.
But this world is all too new
so there's a few things to learn.
She's the youngest and the smallest
and the only single girl there.
All this makes such a difference
and it seems all the guys care.
Heads turn as she comes along
and there's nothing she can do.
But over by the left is someone special
and he's not one of the few.
He watches from a distance
and doesn't want to be one of the crowd.
But he's still friendly and talkative
that much he will allow.
What does a young girl do
to let him know that he's the one?
He's the only one that doesn't notice
and it's him her heart has won.
He is all that matters in this world downstairs
and time is running out.
What does she do
to get rid of all this doubt?
Watching from a distance
is the new kid on the block.
Waiting for the moment
while her eye is on the clock.

Anonymous



Suburban Decay

The dog is sleeping on the bed again
Outside the suburban scenario unwinds
Inside I read some words and look at you
our words fall past each other's ears
we talk of dreams
we think of fears
with coffee cups
the t.v. dies
and catching your eye
as you leave the room
I see only your forecast of doom
and still the dog sleeps on the bed
my chenille robe beneath his head

Debra Marino

Looking Backwards

Looking Backwards,
A dark tunnel of misery,
I don't know how I
made it through,
A thousand nightmares
wrapped up in one,
The main dish on the
devil's menu,
Fear of flying, but not
of dying,
The piper of peace
is on his knees, waiting
for the verdict,
A piercing sound,
The atom bomb has
fallen a thousand times

Brian C. Borden

No Money For Flowers

Six bucks for a rose,
Fragrant to the nose,
A dollar for carnations colored green.
Two quarters and a penny,
Will not get you any,
But floral decals from a big machine.

A twenty dollar box,
Of the assorted choc's,
Will taste delish and sweeten up the lips.
But is it really worth,
All the money on the earth,
To win someone you like with costly gifts?

The money that I have,
Would really make you laugh,
For all my wealth could fit inside a thimble.
But I do have a treasure,
That goes on without measure,
It's the love within my heart and it's quite simple.

I'll give it all to you,
And be yours through and through,
To be there when you laugh and when you cry.
With you I want to share,
My joy, my hope, my care,
To me you are the flower of my eye.

So please come go with me,
And see what I can be,
I'll show you just how much I care for you.
To you I will confess,
My words cannot express,
The tenderness I have at heart for you.

Eric Oliver



FROM A DIFFERENT OBJECTIVE

Sunning myself
on my roof of hope,
I did not realize that it was so paper thin.

while

CRASHing

through,

I thought I would be able
to rely on you to cushion my fall

How disillusioned can one person be?!?!?

I realize being bombarded with
a thousand sharp feelings at once
is not fun; but--
damn it!--you could have caught me!

So here I am
sitting with only
a stream of contradictions
to clean my wounds.

My eyes vacantly watch
the rosy colored water
wander callously
past my life...

but, hey, --don't worry-- I'll be fine.

Susan Ciccotti

- Faculty Feature -

WHERE MAIN STREET CUTS

Where Main Street cuts
 Bridge Street
the spotted duck struts tippingly
perhaps recalling streams
gone underground

and pecks among the tossed off
tourist filter tips to
filch a broken fry

I too could seek and strut, just tippingly,
--but me? the stream for which
I thirst
is more like ninety proof;
I cannot fly.

But what's a duck? & what
of me? Two birds

most mixed of wild and tame,
& though the walking tourists joke,
I cannot mock the duck
to stay alive.

At nights I've stood
upon the bridge the cut street
is named for, and
saw all darkness move below,
with strands of moon and dust of broken stars.

Francis Hannold

"Polynestene"

Within these plastic walls

There are such spiders!

Lurking, waiting silently to leap--

(To cut my throat, I'm sure)

And little spiny sea crabs

Washed in by the tide; some dead,

Some alive--some with hideous legs a'kicking,

Pawing at the sky they cannot see.

I wander, lost here, among many legged creatures,

Back bending from fear and self disgust,

Wishing I could understand

Why they kick their legs so high,

Burrow holes in the glassy sand

To disappear and die.

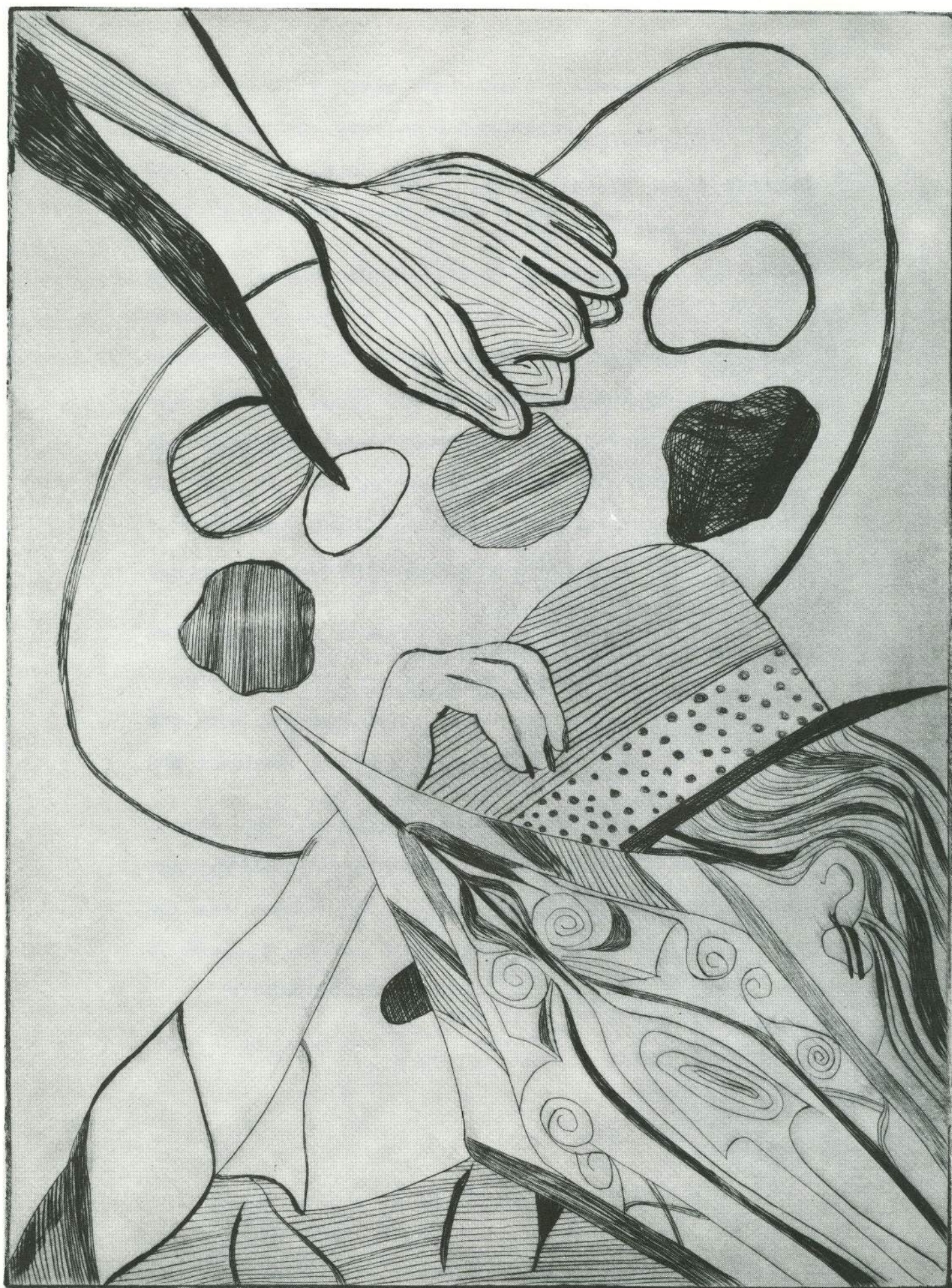
Oh gods, I know this place so well,

So many ugly things to find,

So much death, despair and disgusting things--

All within my mind.

Alice Sikora



Words

Words flow out
from a bleeding fountain pen
dripping blue-black ink
over a white page

A maiden ruined on her wedding night
beckons to her lover
He comes closer.

Syllables of endearment
flow from within
nothing but a deluge of lies.

Susan Schechter

Dark Forest

He stands in the black forest
of his rented rooms
an old house.
He shows a lonely face
high in the window
leaning against the rotten wood
of a gnarled mossy tree
touching it with a
spidery hand
he peers through the pane
of mist on the forest floor
the old row of backyards outside
the silent suburbs with dead
leaves rustling

Everything in life is stepped on
and eaten
everything broken in the path of
the tree root slow growth
the even flow of time.
And his thoughts are a tear
in the dark forest
His sadness, the smallest of tall things

Carlton Wilkinson

LIFE CHANGE DEATH

Life is just a joke that seems to happen once or twice

What happens there is seldom all that nice.

It's just an ugly mockery the things one must and
should do

To survive make you wish you never were alive.

Why do people always change their lives

To rearrange more often than not little that was
wrong with their life

Except for their daily strife.

I know these things from my experiences my life
changed through difficult circumstances.

These things morbid as they sound bear few truths that
must ring round.

Death is what we each do each day

The death of your problems is what makes our frustrations
go away

And the thoughts within most of this poem are not
to be taken to heart.

Just sit back, think, let your mind dart forward and
backward to what shall be,

Strive for happiness and you shall be free.

Bruce E. Flourney

Is there left anymore
the possibility to fathom
the true clear reason for Being?
no religion no holy ghost or holy man will spill
the answer from bloodied lips dripping with
fear and lust
only permitted the knowledge that here and now
lasts only a one time
not as long as a candle whisper
the men dance in a frenzied circle, paint and sweat
glisten skins that conceal their fear
of the night
a fire burns in homage to the stars
and women robed sit in dark dusty rooms
their lips unison singing in homage to the stars
and pestilence spreads through the valley
of the sinners
and holy men break bread together
safeguarded by books and belief
and wait for signs from the stars
and wars destroy the suffering hordes
and bring peace to the believing and the keepers
of the faith
uphold their truth
for it is the blood that washes through their veins
in the darkest night when they are afraid
a shining light, a star to rescue
and faithful scorn each other's faith
and watch the bloodied survivors
moan and pray for death
as they pray for life
in buildings with marble floors
kneeling before polished idols
and mushroom clouds whip past the window
and still shine the stars

Debra Marino

