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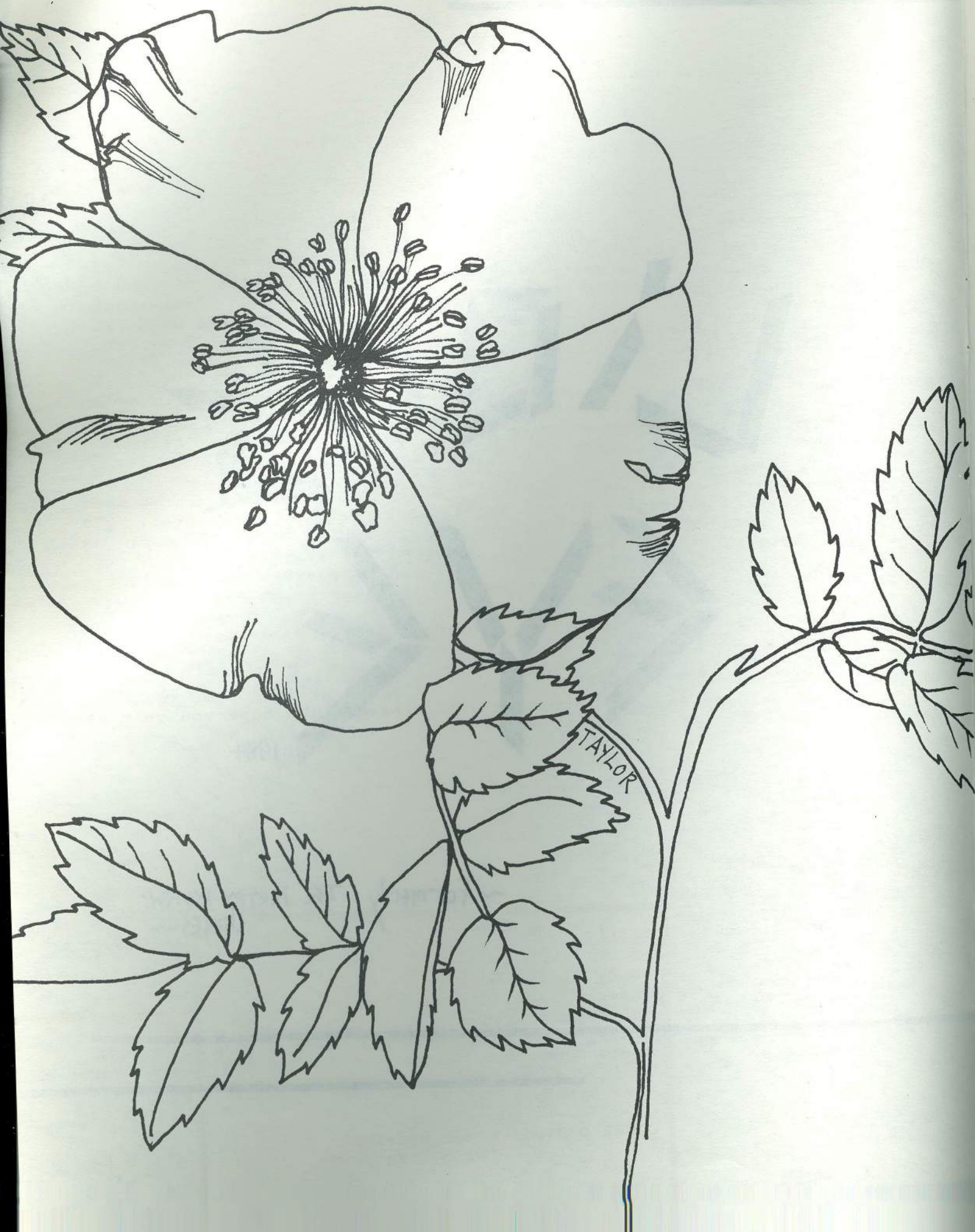
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LOOK EYE

1984

~ formerly TSC POETRY REVIEW:
CHIMES ~



"If you have built castles in the air,
that is as it should be...
now put foundations under them."
Henry David Thoreau

Editor's Message:

Competing: striving to get ahead. Climbing forth from the pressure cooker we've created for ourselves only briefly enough to seek solace in our dreams for the future. We have high hopes--hopes that one day our dreams will become reality. Illusions are what life is all about: language and images sprout forth from them, becoming concrete representations of the castles we build.

We, the staff of Lion's Eye, are now presenting you with the first edition of our campus arts magazine in an attempt to paint for you the "castles" representative of the dreams of the TSC community creators.

Formerly the TSC Poetry Review: Chimes, our aim has always been to portray the broadest view of the lives of campus affiliates. To attain our goal we advertise for submissions in the hopes of receiving a large selection of works: poems, stories, essays, photos, drawings, prints... The works are numbered, creators' names removed, and judged on artistic and technical qualities. Only those which meet our rigid standards will appear in our printed issue, and to present the greatest variety, no more than four pieces by one artist will be printed.

It is our most sincere wish that Lion's Eye will be just that, a means of gaining insight into dreams of others. We hope you gain as much from reading our publication as we did in preparing it.

Sincerely,

Wendy D. Alley
Wendy D. Alley
EDITOR

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"Wild Life" 1984

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Whither a Good Read?

Commentary on video's zapping of student literature,
and on the importance of college literary magazines

BY LAURA ITALIANO

Things look pretty bleak out there.

We have Stephen King. We have Harold Robbins. We have Harlequins and How To's, hysterical historicals and books predicting death by bombing or redemption by dieting.

Then, in only a small corner of what's newly printed, we have a minority of Real Books.

Sputtering off the presses.

The ones whose sole readership consists of the National Book Critics' Circle and English professors. See their names in The New York Times Book Review: Paula Modersohn-Becker, The Letters and Journals, Edited by Gunter Busch. Russian Doctor, by Vladimir Golyakhovsky. E.B. White by Scott Elledge. These authors don't do American Express commercials.

And the news gets worse. Not only does the trash get yet a thousand times more money and attention than the Real Books. This is bad enough. But even more unfortunately, that miserly small amount of new literature is written by a miserly small chunk of the population. Namely--have you guessed? Next year's National Book Critics' Circle members and English professors.

Yes, there is a tying point trying to be made through all this induction. The point starts with the idea that modern literature is an important but comparatively small and self-enfolded affair. A small business whose writers are talking to themselves. The middle of the point is that there's very little seating room at this respectable affair for the kids--the college folks in their twenties. After all, we don't dress well for it, and we can act a little rude around the table.

The end of this long point is that with all other avenues closed to us, we young writers, who like all writers ache to be printed and read, have to dig a path for ourselves. Always cheaply, we have to create our own small and self-enfolded affair. It's the college literary magazine. No jackets or ties required.

* * *

Obviously, something that's called a literary magazine is already doomed. The 80's are not very literate times. Maybe someone will come up with a new descriptive term for what we are now. Some like "videoid." We may, more exactly, be on the road to becoming the first generation of "vidiots."

I'm speaking about the college crowd born around the early 60's. This is the first generation to grow up with a television around every corner. And just as we were weaned to the asphyxiate blue haze of the black-and-white tv, we are reaching adulthood to the color burst of a video backdrop.

Betamax, big screens, Mtv, VCRs, HBO, Donkey Kong, Frogger, Ms. Pacman. Enough to make you bug-eyed. Also enough to make some people very rich in quarters and cable subscriptions.

Literature has for us become an anomaly reserved mostly for dreaded or stolen moments of academia. And somebody out there is wise to us. You don't see any issues of Harper's Magazine sitting out at the supermarket checkouts, alongside the National Enquirers, TV Guides, and the Everyday double A's.

The Spring issue of Threepenny Review just wouldn't move as fast as would People, which along with Star and all the others are nothing more than cordless tv for the bathroom. In The Big Chill one character who writes for People complains to his friends how his editors won't let him write anything longer than what can be read during the average crap.

* * *

This is a society where less than 15 percent of the population regularly picks up and reads books out of pure enjoyment. This statistic tempts comparison to the illiteracy rates in underdeveloped countries. The literary magazine is targeting an even smaller, dwindling percentage of people.

Not all magazines are sharing this predicament. The ones dealing more in reportage than in literature are doing nicely, which makes sense in this day when the higher premium is put on information.

If literature finds itself into magazines at all it is usually in the form of poetry as filler. Thumb through Harper's Magazine or Atlantic Monthly and you'll find a few poems, cornered by the longer non-fiction text into small boxes by the Ski Weekend ads. Short stories, only the solicited ones written by celebrity authors, make rare appearances.

The exception to the poetry as filler mindset is the small struggling collection of actual literary magazines. They are filled with review and comment on the success and failings of their hardcover allies, and also filled, more power to them, with actual verse and prose.

Unfortunately, in a typical lit mag like the Threepenny Review, the poems and stories are inaccessible to the average college student, unless you are deeply backgrounded in the minutia of mythology, have been the Madagascar, or can identify personally with the traumas of middle age. Knowing these publications are around is comforting, and the content more than not can be enlightening. But these are not the publications to turn to if you identify more closely with a point of view caught from your own angle. From the uphill side of 30 years old. The hecklers' side of the audience. Sometimes in dark glasses, sometimes shortsighted on the still hopeful side of the turn of the century.

* * *

---Linda Kurland
The Threepenny Review, 83

If reading the contemporary literature gets us interested,
reading the lit of contemporaries gets us involved.

It's our own stories, our own feelings that we find so
concentrated in college literary magazines. The love poems are
sometimes more sentimental, but always more pure of pain.
(Rita Townsend-- Gumption Magazine, 1983)

The cynicism is often less knowledgeable, but always closer
to the bone. The language is more like human speech.

Batman

Mrs. Travis lives below me
She never sleeps
She never wears
Anything but her house coat
She doesn't go out
And watches
TV 24 hours a day
When she's not listening
To Muzak
Yesterday
I changed
A light bulb in the hall
For her

--Chuck Brenna
Surplus Value, 10/83

And the details of intimacy or drugs or profanity are much
more honest than what we'd publish with tenure on the line or a family
to feed.

Lonely Figure

Lonely figure
walks slowly toward
the church

White phallic steeple
jutting harshly up
into the
crisp
clean
air.

Humankind's feeble attempt
to reach and pierce the heavens
to fuck with God
the ultimate in coitus
"But" says an atheist, "There is no God"
"True" says another
"That's why humankind
winds
up
fucking themselves."

--Craig Marsters
TSC Poetry Review, '83

Cases in point are three of my favorite short poems from last year, which came from contemporaries publishing in student of otherwise small publications. A large part of what's notable about these poems are their simplicity, straight talk, and freedom from editing. A large part of what's notable about these three publications is their proximity and price. The poetry review, now the Lion's Eye, and Gumption, now unfortunately defunct, were all over campus when printed last year. Surplus Value, out of Morrisville PA can be picked up at area clubs and at the recordstores of Quakerbridge Mall. All are affordably scott free. And unlike in the outside world, submission rules don't include living in the same condo as one of the Guest Poetry Editors.

* * *

Author Kurt Vonnegut spoke a few months ago at a university in Indiana to a graduating class which surely contained some aspiring writers. He told them that the demise of the literary magazine is a very sad thing. Without it, he said, he could never have become a successful author.

Hope Vonnegut is just being his cute codgety self. Hope the decline is at least evening off into something like a low but hard-bottomed plateau.

Hope there will always be those incorrigibles hooked on telling stories with the written word, this minority of languages. Get that ink-stained monkey on your back in college, no telling how far into old age he'll follow you--all the while chirping strange things about the Muses and Mtv into your ear.

Progress

Man lives in fear of the trees.
He lives at the edge of his unknown fears.
How he squeezes paranoia into a little box,
And places a padlock; throws away the key.

Such a box cannot be made,
For fears cannot be contained.
Where there is life, there is fear.
The trees are paranoia.

The forest is a land unknown to man.
He tears it down, builds his feeble abodes,
Upon the land where once the flowers bloomed.
They wait beneath concrete slabs
To be reborn by the sun.

Nature seems to win, the sun is on her side.
As is all time. Man's dream too.
He shudders under shade; life in the clouds.
Grass grows from a rock.

Drew Howard

Catch-22

We realize our mortality,
When we bleed from the cut of a knife.
How pompous we are to think we are gods.

We look around, when we are young
And we see our elders.
Go as far to say that they were never young
Laugh at their ways and worn out attitudes.

We think we are better and they far worse.
Inevitably, we become what we never expected.
Old, we sit on a park bench and get laughed at
By those who dare to think they are gods.

Drew Howard



Poem #101

Dust gathers
as a memory fades
lingering still in my mind.

The stench of decay
fills my nose
with your scent
I am dying...

A momento once given falls to the floor
from an overstuffed book.
Broken and faded red petals on the carpet
are nothing but a shadow.

The smell of death is everywhere
Worms destroy what was not
destroyed by a razor sharp knife.

The pain is all encompassing.
I can stand it no more.

Will you stop it, please-

Stop it

Stop it.

Susan Schechter

Words
like daggers
cut

my life
runs between my legs
in a pool of bile

I swallow hard
to stay afloat.

Susan Schechter



Sandcastles

As evening sets
The stars reveal themselves.
Sprinkling brightly in the shady heavens.
Sitting along the water's edge
Breathing the perfumed night air
Cool sprays of water blowing.
Watching breakers
Slowly washing away
Visions of majestic castles
Ornamenting the beach.
Retreating to the sea,
Lost like the waves.

Judy Walinski

Gazing

black strip forever leading
solid line dividing
deserted
acceleration
suddenly....LIFE!
screeching tires
glass flying
life is no more.

Judy Walinski

SESTINA TO A FRIEND

We met, two girls,
Encompassed by school,
Enjoying the life spoken of in the letters,
Able to have freedom, what a love.
Excitement grew, as well, the friendships,
All carefree, no pain,... no pain.

Endless chores of organization, such as pain,
We remained drowned in girls.
Leaves, trees, beautiful tis' true were the friendships.
Sheltered part of the world, what did they call it? Oh yes,... school,
Open doors to our rooms, perhaps our mats said, "WELCOME,... LOVE."

Soon we uttered a new word,... Oh death, it started with what letter?
I remember now, "P." Knowledge brings PAIN.
Simple word. So much meaning four letters. I recall the word we would come to whisper,... LOVE.
Oft I would stare out the window pane. Seeing nothing but girls,
Screened like prisoners. What made us destine this school?
Through that window everything looked shaky, we dangled from a branch once,... our friendship.

The leaves fell one day, so did our friendship,
What did our mats say then? Were they the same letters?
We would learn many things in school.
Can we deny the pain?
If it be nay, still girls,... still girls.
For though I weep, what is to be said about the LOVE?

From you I learned the true meaning of LOVE,
I would beckon to you again,... will you lend me your friendship?
Thought to be a mysterious trust between two girls.
I would write you a letter,
Someday to re-tell the pain,
Cradling on the bed at school.

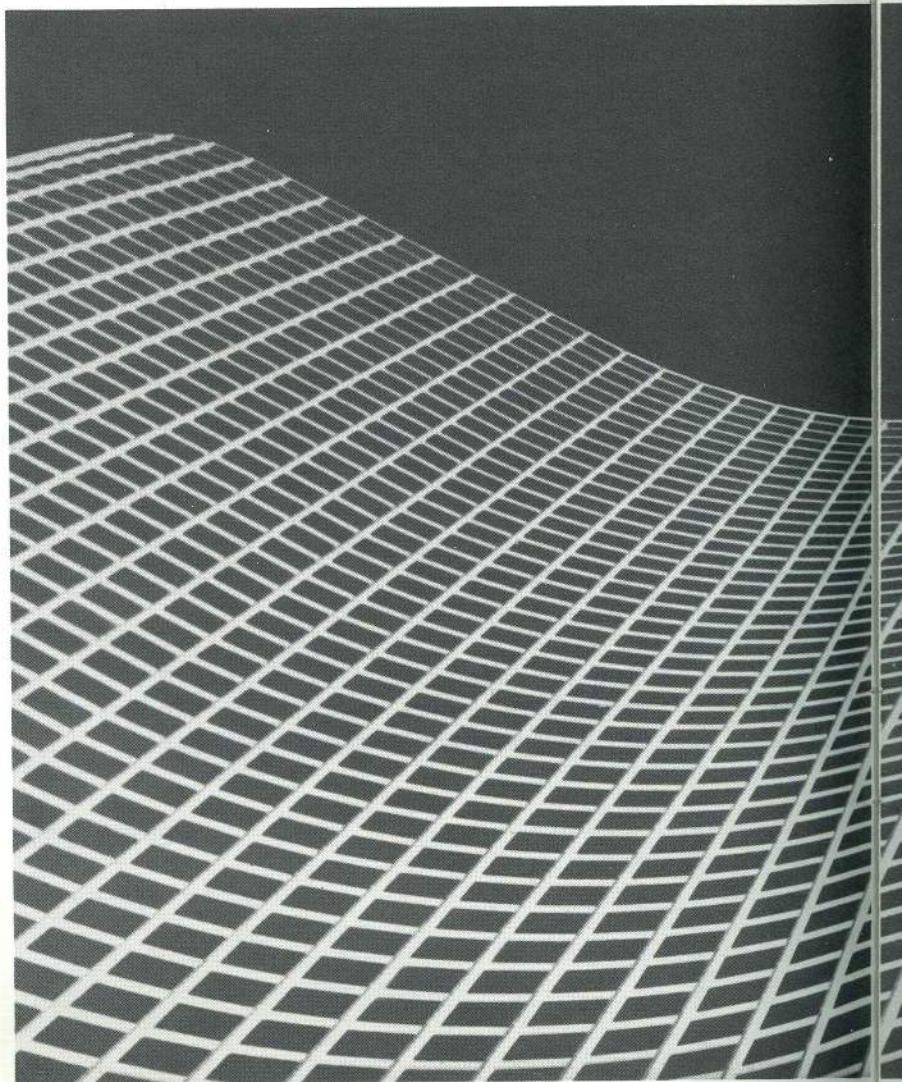
Education breathes in school,
Stopping for a while, we breathed LOVE.
Air is unpure. There came much pain.
What filtered out was a friendship,
Discussed in many letters.
Where had they gone,... those girls?

There is a course on "Women and Friendship,"
No need, no need. Experience, words, the letters.
Love can be a splendid thing between two girls.

---CELESTE

I die a little
each time you touch
me or
hug me or
give me a kiss.
I can never forgive
you for
the pain
and torment which
I still suffer.
You may never have raped me
physically,
but you pierced
my mind, heart,
and innocence.

Anonymous



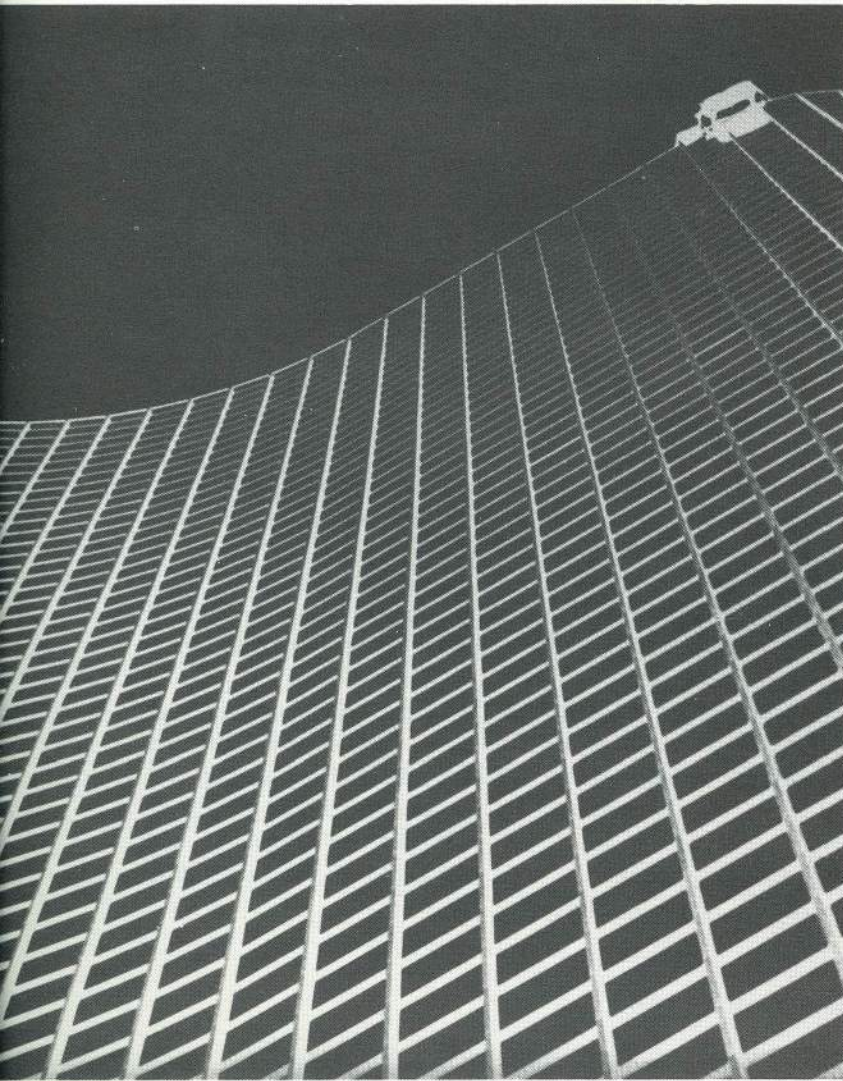
Epicedium

a blood red rose
mere token of affection
mocks me
from a silvery vase
encompassing the stem.
Blind, it stretches towards light
from a bare bulb on a cluttered desk.

Blood flows
in minute drops
on silky smooth petals.
Bleeding fingers-
 damn hemophiliac.

Will you put on a tourniquet
before my life ebbs out?

Susan Schechter



The Hunter

Princess Clarissa sang a sorrowful tune
as she thought of her wedding day which would be on the next moon
Her harp strings played low, she wished that time would stop
she wished that time would slow
Her father had endowed her to a ruthless man
but he had huge sums of wealth and important tracts of land

According to the hideous plan, Clarissa had met the evil man
and when she saw the sly look of his eyes
she knew most whom met him were charmed by his lies
The rogue's name was Vanguard and though he was cruel and hard
he thought he felt love and wanted the Princess more than the
stars up above

Adam, a hunter, was scouting through the wood
He followed the soft, sad music and by the clearing he stood
he saw the woman playing there, her tearful eyes, her golden hair
The young girl sang and softly played
she noticed that the hunter stayed
He placed his bow beside the brook, sat beside her, they shared
a look

The golden sun dipped from the sky, she sang the words that
made her cry
and so her horrible fate was revealed
Adam determined it would not be sealed
"Bid me well, for I must go," he cried.
"This deed will mean grave danger," she sighed.
"The hunter must one day the hunted be, I willingly shall give
my life to make your's free," he strode forward now, the sky
dimmed above
She watched and she sent him her prayers and her love

The Hunter, cont.

Adam traveled through the broken wood in search of Vanguard's camp,

He saw a distant fire, he heard a stallion's stamp

He crept unto the fringes and saw Vanguard there

enjoying his fireside meal, quaffing wine with utmost care

The hunter shouldered his bow and taking aim, strode toward his foe

Adam called out Vanguard's name and stepped in full view of the flame

And Vanguard leapt, a knife at hand

the arrow, free, was fended off

Adam unsheathed his knife to make a stand,

and hand to hand and heart to heart

the miseries were taken in equal part

till the fateful aim, that one cruel deed

When one gleaming knife had taken lead

The victor lifted his sorrowful eyes

His body shook, his mind rang with cries

For moments silently he stood

Then, hauntingly guided; moved into the wood

Clarissa clutched the lovely harp

a voice cried in her mind, its message sharp

The woods seemed to guide her,

in the distance a fire light glowed

Clutching the harp, her footsteps slowed

as she saw the figure, twisted and prone

She threw down the harp

golden strings snapped as it shattered on stone

She cradled the hunter and kissed his pale brow

She knew the chase was over, the hunted was caught now

His weeping blood stained the silver knife

with its gleaming light she took her life

Vanguard trembled when he saw the figures there

The shattered harp, the golden hair

He took his knife so honed and sharp

he smiled, he eyed the shattered harp

He plunged the knife into his side

Dying, his eyes grew wide

He hung his head,

and finally cried.

Debra Marino

The Spaniards call it azul.
Born of the womb
whose mother and father
carried that gene luminescent
with rhapsodies.

Blue creates, illuminates, enhances
where it touches,
Such dominant luster,
one blessed with it shines brighter
than all others.

Blue, lyrically
for tears and sorrow,
the midday sky,
the midnight,
and the lasting ecstasy
surmised to weddings.

The Spaniards,
they caress it.
The Spaniards call it azul.

Eileen McMorrow

Use Them

Mankind hears; but listens not
A disease which makes the young heart rot
Each others oration earns a standing ovation
Yet the enigma lingers, generation to generation

What is the problem, what can it be?
Are we relying too much on telepathy?
How long must we wait, for it to be solved?
Will anybody ever get involved?

Communication is the answer; if it is used
Why continue in darkness, the mind is abused
If everybody listens to what we all say
Our paths are not fogged, we will know the way!

Joseph L. Monteleone

Once Upon a Time

Prince Marcus and Princess Anita planned to build a castle,
one to touch the sky
But alas, the price of castles
that is surely very high

So their princely real estate agent shows them one they
can afford

Oh yes, every man's home's his castle
Even if it's made of cardboard

Leaky ceilings, all the rest
the young Princess does her best
Till for help she must call
All the King's men
but they're on strike again

And so arrives the mortgage, for cardboard isn't cheap
And the Prince goes to his bank vault
to see how many dollars are in his keep

But alas, the green has shrunk
not a penny to be seen
And the world to this poor Prince
seems terribly mean

So the Prince in desperation
swallows down a poisonous pill
And the Princess does so after
having seen the doctor's bill

Debra Marino

please make the water warmer

will you wash my back
will you wash mine

I'm going to take a nap
mind if I join

our thighs used to touch
our hands barely do

we are friends still
the worst kind

call me next week
sometime...

Steven Kraun

Grad. Asst. Feature

Fox

I

Don't want nothing I
can't prove said the
fox and some chickens
breathed easy.
Keep fox thinking they
said keep fox dreaming they
said so we can live.

But

the fox he developed
a fondness
for eggs.

II

Fox woke up one morning
tired of counting
chickens in his sleep
'cause last night he saw
more spaces between
chickens than chickens.

He said: something

about spaces
I don't understand
so he counted
spaces the next night
the night after, got to
ten thousand
and saw:

no end to chickens
no end to spaces
and no end to his craving.

Fox got to the barnyard
one night when he could have
been sleeping:

one less chicken
no less spaces
and still one craving.

III

Fox he heard music
looked down the river
saw fiddler making music
and asked the fiddler man:
what makes such good music?
Fiddler man smiled,
mean smile with plenty of teeth,
said:

the wood's ash
the bow's cat-gut
the case horsehide...

Fox he moved away
wisely
and wondered how good
he'd sound.

VII

Fox

once more on the prowl, his left paw
poised for attack, his mouth
wet from hunger
stopped
and he saw them
watched from his hiding place
crazed cats from the pine mountains
tear all the rabbits and moles in the grass land
tear 'em to pieces and leave
paws, livers hearts heads, and bellies
cooking in blood under the hot sun,
saw them
and for the first time he wished
he had no teeth, no belly to fill and
threw up what little was left and
without knowing found himself
pawing the dirt,
saw them
and found himself digging
a deep hole and moved in, slept
what seemed a lifetime, woke
hungry, ashamed,
poked up his head: they were gone.
And he wondered if he'd ever seen
what those cats had seen.

IX

Traveler

in night fog he
paws the air
for a clear spot, sits
up in his hole.
Is it winter still?
He stops asking, the body wakes and needs
food, some air, another
round before he sleeps,
foraging the stillness.
Rest in the restless waking, food for the next
sleep.

There is no last. The body wakes
and wakes; even in its foul decay, it
wakes.

X Third World

Between the belly and the hunger
is the world we ignore.
Between glory and my joy
is a sweet green apple.
Between the first love and a second
is a mending, a doubt
of nothing there.

Between my need of Him
and His will of me
is breath.



IV

Fox came back running
panting
breathing real hard.
Turtle looked up
called fox an an animal
hurt fox.
Turtle looked up
laughed, asked
is it really worth risking
your life for a chicken.
Fox looked down
said say
one more thing
you're in hot soup.

V

Farmer caught fox
strung him up to a post
said it's your nature to kill
and be caught
to be hungry
become food
to be sly
but unwise.
Fox woke up,
a bad dream,
convinced
he'd been saying
the wrong things all his life.

VI

Fox got a head on, big as a big moon tonight,
looking for what's gonna make him straight,
saw his mama
saw his papa and big brother
in a bad dream while drunk.
The dream never did leave.
Fox jogged, ran, walked
called a friend, rang up an old flame,
drank his lunch, turned
on his tv, the radio, the panic button, but
the dream never did leave,
saw his mama
saw his papa and big brother
dancing on his grave.
Thought: gonna kill me some chickens, one great big fat hog,
roast me a duck, a lamb dripping fat onto fire.
Fox heard a gun click in the trees somewhere.
So much for dreams.





Kiss her gently-
and think of me.
If you feel other thoughts,
besides hers and your own,
it is I, who is there.
I may stroke your cheek
or smell your hair;
I may brush your lips
or smooth your back;
You will find me warming your heart,
I will be the twinges of your consciousness.
Her body may be touching yours,
but I am making love
to you.

Susan Davis

After Napping

when a speck of light caught
my sleeping arm
I tried, in vain, to flick it off
but it remained

light shifting somewhat in the mid-afternoon
I no longer felt the need to rid
my arm of its sunlit spot

-a freckle noticed
now illuminated-

(and so it stayed)

quite pleasant was this lamp I owned
until evening arrived unwanted
dropping the spotlight out of my grasp

malevolent night vaporized my freckle
and neutralized my day

my arm crept under the pillow once again.

Sharon Ferrara

We saw a baby soldier in Port Authority

He had a cheek so soft
that if a rose petal
brushed it,
neither would have
felt the difference.

His neck was so whitely
vulnerable that
the moist print of
his mother's kiss
could still be seen.

His shoulders trembled
under the weight of
an oversized khaki
trenchcoat
(They did not, you see,
make coats small enough
for his delicate frame)

Looking hardly old enough
to be out alone,
his eyes were glazed
with his effort to be
drunk--
His lonely tears barely
withheld.

Everything they gave him
to wear
was too big--
even his shoes.
He looked a Charlie Chaplin
Sad clown Beetle Bailey
caricature of a soldier.

A little fish, caught
with the premonition
of blood in his
mouth,
when no one threw back
to swim again

We stopped laughing
We stopped celebrating ourselves.
We stopped to wonder
how he could be anyone's
enemy,
when even his girl was
a virgin.

Losing Victors in Common Grounds

My visions opened, past deceased
My mind is stronger, body decreased
Incentive greater, will power least

I've been in small victories, great at the time
I've been in big losses, small to my mind
If we have failed in our journey in life
The failure grows greater in future life

Parents push harder if their failure was great
But how do young know to try hard in the race
It isn't 'till after the game has been won
That you find there's one winner and you weren't the one

All people lose in life more than they win
Dead blackbird where have you gone with my gin
After the glory is gone from my field
Something is needed to suppress what I feel

I've won again, but lost again
Many defeats make up a win
Some day you'll lose by a thin margin

Those are the worst defeats that I know
The one that you lost because you were slow
Blame can be put to any aspect therein
But the reason for loss is you did not win.

Eric Rudy

Alone

Loneliness is a word
Too often used to mean alone.
By nature-gregarious-we flock.

Alone, we sit and stare at drizzled windows
The steam from our nostrils blinds at our sight.
Do we dare to use our hearts as hands?
To reach with the warmth of sunlight?

No, we sit with loneliness and feed him.
And like a leech, he empties us from inside
We are the shell that was left in the nest
Home of the bird that took a daring leap

And soared into the sky
To face the hopes and dreams of tomorrow
Without once looking back to yesterday.

Drew Howard

Graffiti

Virgin walls.
Now bearing
Spontaneous inscriptions.
Evidence of turmoil
Mirroring
Universal exhibitions.
Communicating emotions,
Publicizing issues,
Debating reactions.
Expressing
Unconcealed beliefs.
Society ignoring
Indications of trouble.

Judy Walinski



disappearance

the vibes
suggested there would be an easiness
in our acquaintance.
calm & so cool
you were
that intentions seemed to be honest.
when the aroma of our
personal atmosphere
surrounding us reached
its fill with my senses,
a typical thought arose
equivalent to being
to good to be true-
dug up suspicion.
digesting you step by step
suggested there would be an easiness
in the discovery
of our uniqueness.

blending with you
was smooth-
refreshing my world.
quietly there were feelings
& near satisfaction
hanging over our heads
chasing distrust away.
emotion hit my eyes
only to be
suppressed to dew.
it arrived too soon
but was fruitful &
bound to multiply-
suggesting there would be an easiness
in our togetherness.

while socializing
we fit like a
puzzle piece in place-
each other's other half-
twins born a day apart.
hanging over our heads,
when closeness has not
been shared
are the feelings-
still on duty,
feeding the fire
for emotion's potential
to grow-
bound to multiply.
suggesting there would be an easiness
in where we go from here.

disappearance con't.

twice, 3 suns have passed
seen by us
apart
when reassured it would
not be again.
i am here
in solitude
missing in the late night
my puzzle piece
&
feelings are chasing
doubt to
suggest there would be an easiness
in your teasing.

Delee Owens

Crystal Heart

She gave me once her crystal heart.
She went far away and I
Was to keep it by my side.
No one can take both forks in the road.
She could not decide.
Beside her picture, an old stuffed dog sat
Silent. It led me to a happy time
Of a childhood in a life too long
When my dog would bound at my feet
And find joy from a pat on the head;
A kind word.
She too had gone away...

The face on the picture is so faded today.
A slice of the past.
Everyone always found that door in the dark,
Leaving me all alone.
I still have her crystal heart,
For it has become mine.

Drew Howard

Eric

When I was just a child
they told me that everything must come to an end.
All flowers will someday die
and may never come again.
Birds may cease to fly
and no more feathers will ever grow
All good things have their time
and then they have to go.
Funny though, I never thought that facts like these
were really ever true.
And all those words just slapped me
When the time had come for you.
Only shadows in the dark
were ever seen again.
For no more paths you'll ever walk
on this earthly ground my friend
I turned around to see you
Maybe just one last time.
But you're with Jesus now
and no longer mine.
All the leaves in autumn's winds
begin to fall right to the ground.
And I searched for you among the oaks
but you were never found.
Gone like the silent heat
that rises from the fire.
All good things have their time
no matter how much they do desire.
I remember back to all they told me
and sat there, staring at your stone.
You lived it all, that God had given you
and you made it all your own.

Norma Barragan



On A Bus Riding South

Vvvvvrrrrrrmmmm...

Such a funny noise that the bus makes.
You know if you listen closely
it's the same sound you hear
sometimes at night-
in your ears-
before you sleep.
Lately I not only hear the noise at night,
but in the morning too.
Such a heavenly sound.

The schedule had said to wait here-
On the corner.
Strange, I hadn't remembered seeing this corner before.
Places had become so unfamiliar.

I couldn't read the street sign,
I suppose time had rotted the letters away-
That happens you know.

Boarding the bus I noticed the black box-
"No Fare."
I asked the driver if there was a mistake,
he gave no answer.

So I sat as the bus traveled southward.
To places that had been buried in my mind-
The hospital where I had been born,
was now decaying.

The schools where I had learned-
To be raped with words, opinions.
My friend's homes, row after row. A-
cross the street grave looking strangers,
plotted here and there.

Rooted in my surroundings I had forgotten
to ask the driver why the bus was going this way-
this was not the regular route.
Alone on the bus, I dug out my schedule.
To find the corner where I had stood.

But I hadn't seen the street name,
so I asked the driver where he had picked me up-
I remember the shape of his face-
Such a deadbeat,... 'Coughin'-
he had looked at me and said "Memory Lane."

Lying back in my place-
I searched memory lane.
Yet everything was blank.

So I pulled the buzzer,
And I asked the driver to stop-
Then I noticed that we had come to a Dead End-
On a hill- I called again to the driver,
he gave no answer.

The door opened and the driver got out,
he had said it was his last stop.
And everything around me seemed covered with dirt-
to the left and right fields of flowers.

Off in the distance I saw a DOG- chewing, a bone-
the bus began rolling downward,
and as I stared out the window,
I saw the street sign.
It had said,... "Destination unknown."

---CELESTE

Eternity's Dream come true

Everybody laughed at him
Until he left this world.
No one seemed to notice
His significance at all.

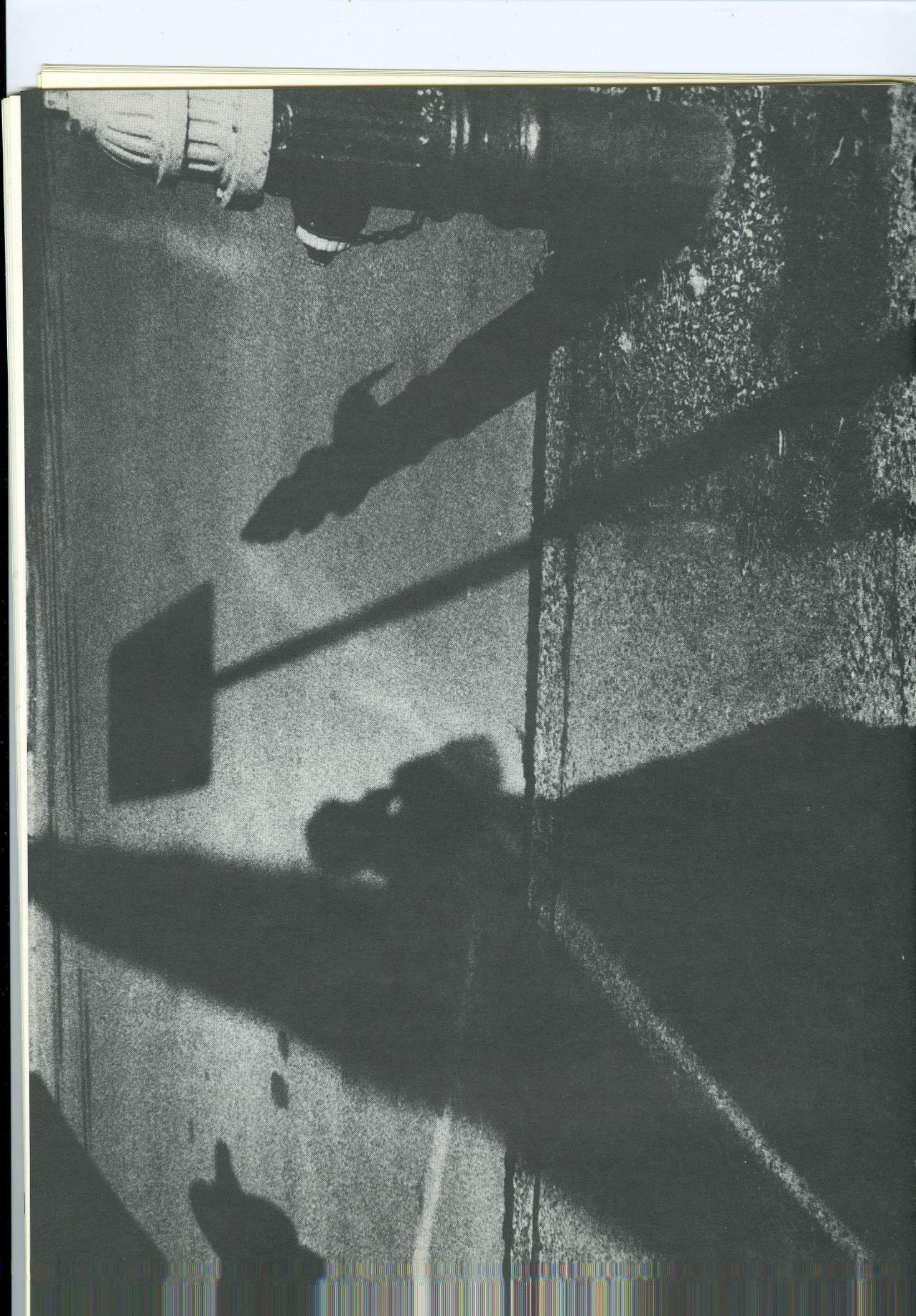
Just a passerby to most
To many-just a fool.
The victim of his enemies
Jeering, laughing pop-in-jays.

A genius was he secretly
Writing, painting, persuing his dreams.
No one knew until he was gone.
How they miss this lonely man.

He often spoke of jabberwocky,
The townspeople never understood.
His flawless misinterpreters
Condemned him to his fate.

Alone, he waits for dignity,
Eternity's dream come true.

Howard Drew Chazin



The Birds

E'er I glance out the windows the cold doesn't seem bad,
the draft as it blows, from my head to my toes
embracing the things that I had,
so I left the window and the draft dashes through,
I see what was cold, and how now it seems old,
I see the sky deeply and blue,
and I see the birds flying and simply do pout,
I too want to fly and so I jump out.
And then in a twinkling I knew how it seemed,
to respond like the bird I remembered and dreamed,
as I neared the ground
with mind blowing speed,
I knew what I'd done
but feared not indeed,
and as I hit the ground
I felt a cold crush
the blood all inside
came alive with a rush,
so the last time I cried
for I knew I would
die when I realized
at last that
the birds
only
fly.

---CELESTE
(Wanda J. Rush)

Silence

Her mother said
"don't cross the street alone"
But the dog, he ran away.
The little girl followed, calling his name.
The block stopped but the pet continued on.
She stopped at the curb. The rest I don't understand.
Maybe seeing the dog safe on the other side,
Her mother's words faded as she bounded
across unknown terrain. Never to see
the steel and glass monster that brought her
to the ground.
The dog licked her cold hand.
And wondered why she could play no more.

Drew Howard

Savior Sale

Bumperstickers, billboards wish you well
I guess the Man got out on bail
Y'know you don't have to go to Hell
Just come on down to the Savior Sale

Well they got Jesus on posters and they got him on shirts
They got him on buttons and they got him on skirts
The Man, y'know, he don't come cheap
Hey look! There goes a Jesus jeep!
They sell Him on radio, they sell him on TV
They sell wherever you're likely to be

They got Jesus on trial and courtroom decisions
Vatican councils and countless revisions
Prayer in the schools, English or Latin
Bibles in libraries, green silk of satin
Bible studies, theological discussions
How can you convert those God-hating Russians?
Onward Christian soldiers, shoot them in the head
If they don't live for Jesus, they might as well be dead

Countless silver crosses, countless rosary beads.
So many Our Fathers, and then Apostle's Creeds
Endless chants, Endless rants
Too many don'ts and too many can'ts
They sell Him on radio, they sell Him on TV
They sell Him wherever you're likely to be
Repent, repent don't go to Hell
Just come on down to the Savior Sale

Craig Marsters

march 23

we went down to the sea

with a wooden cart
seeking to fill it with fishes

(down where dawn tipped on bare feet)

but you shot one of your arrows
at a gull

and as he lay, trembling
on the salted boards

the sea dried up
and the sun turned white with rage
and the morning shook with terror
(and so did i, so did i)

but you laughed.

laughed to see
the black clouds weeping with distress
because you tipped over the universe

with your youth
with your arrogance
and with your joy

i stood silent as the sea filled up again
with tears. . .

we went to the mountain;
i, to offer thanks for the blossoms

you, to pick them

but you danced on god's grave
(with your strong brown feet)
and i could not make you stop laughing
your teeth bared teasing
the brilliant summer sky
and you said
the earth loved you
you were her only son
(and that it had nothing to do with god)
and you threw flowers at me
until the mountain rocked with you
dancing the same dizzy dance
and the trees howled. . .

i stood silent

and loved you.

Susan Doris

AURA SOL SUPRA MAGNAM
URBEM

The structured town,
The silent street.
The stilled dancing
Of pigeon's feet.

The town's West Side
And Central Park.
The sky's yawning
After night's dark.

The gentle purr
Of subway trains
Clear back the clouds
From passed rains.

The ancient port
A busy street
The passing crowds
With sounds secrete.

A great building
With lifting spire,
Skewers the sky-
Its tones on fire.

Through gold, orange,
Red, rust and brown,
The sun rises
Over the town.

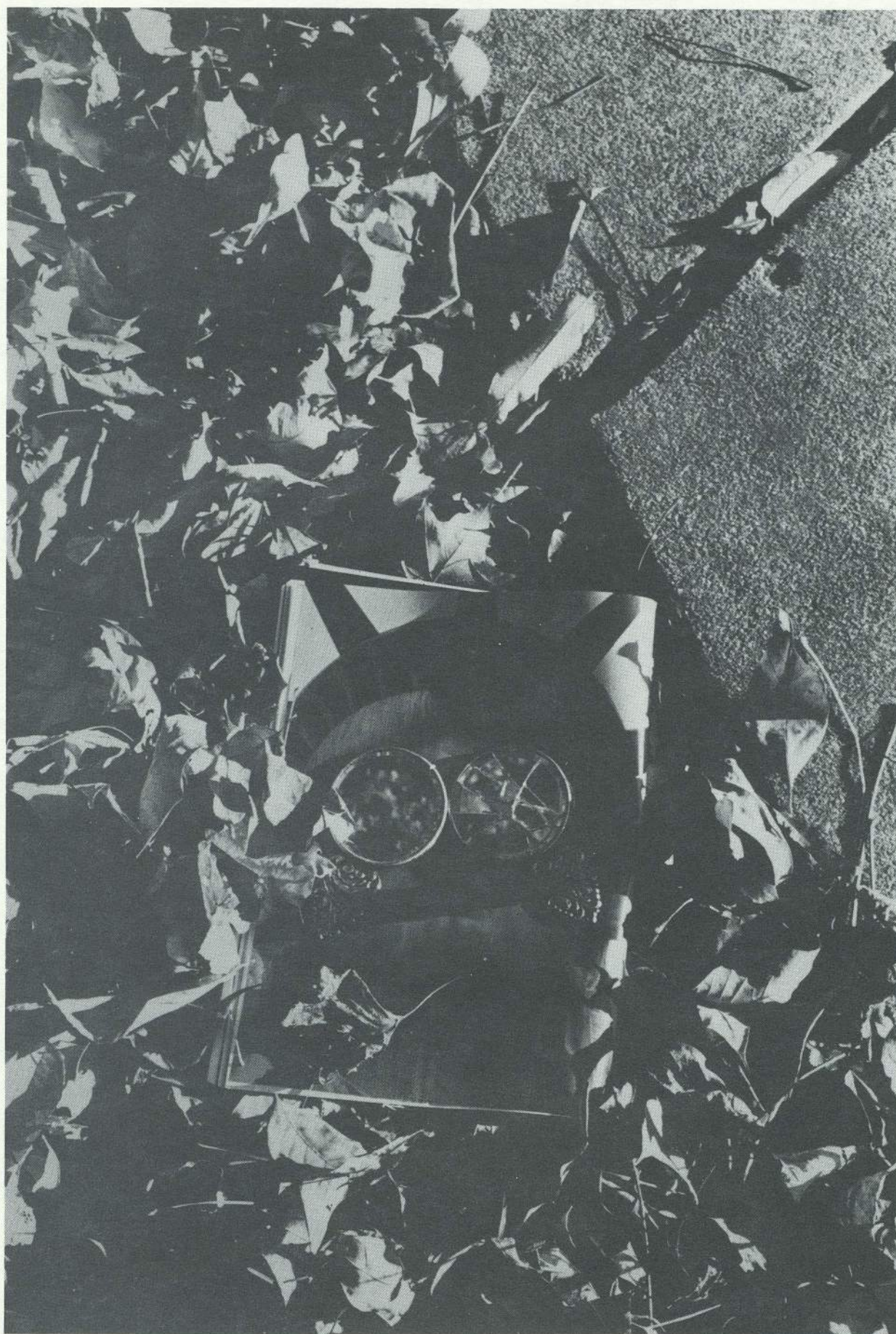
Chrysler, Wall Street,
The Met and Shea
Soon open up
To meet the day.

But first, the sun
Must show its face
Upon this town-
This worldly place.

It will be hours
Before you wake.
The streets silent-
Without mistake.

The water stills
The air then thins.
The sun has rose-
The day begins.

Stephen Brunskill



Poet/tree

Poetry drops
from the mind/fall
thoughts
like apples

some unripe
still/ time to grow
and some
full/ life ready
to the taste

Debra Marino

Solitude

Solitary bird

gliding
'gainst a gray winter's sky
fighting occasional winds
that try to push him
from his course

All others gone

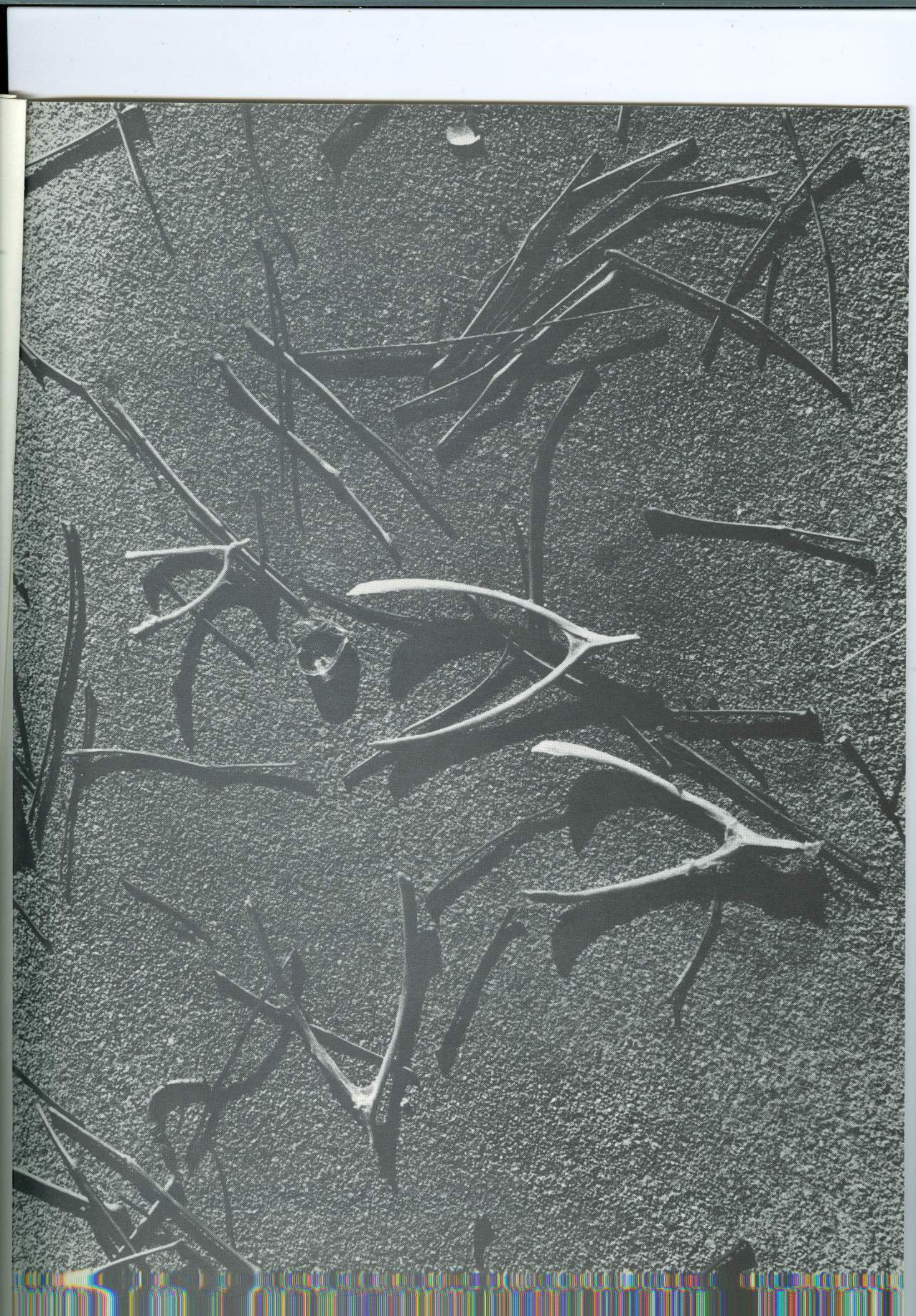
he continues
his bleak winter's search
for food
or maybe shelter
or maybe
other birds

Solitary bird

sitting
on a black, leafless tree

alone.

Craig Marsters



GERANIUMS
(on returning to America)

Geraniums; growing
through the years
spinning tales
on my balcony
in Sicily

Geraniums; red-golden
laughing in the sun
nodding in the rain
looking through my windows, always
calling to me.

Sudden sirocco winds whirled, moaned
and soft petals tore,
the soil baked dry
raw roots were exposed and
clay pots split.

Arid air parched and pulled until
struggling for breath, I left
Forever.
Mourning, feeling sure
they would die alone
I carried grief-

thousands of miles away
On a day when the sky held the rain tight,
I discovered in my friend's garden,
hidden among shadows,
Geraniums; red-golden
laughing, nodding in the moist shade, beckoning
calling to me.

(dedicated to Art Holmuth)

June Eberle

The Death of Monica

(After reading F.J. Sheed's translation of The Confessions of St. Augustine)

On the way back to Africa
his mother died, a greedy drinker
of cups of almost full wine as a child
who condemned herself before You
and repented.

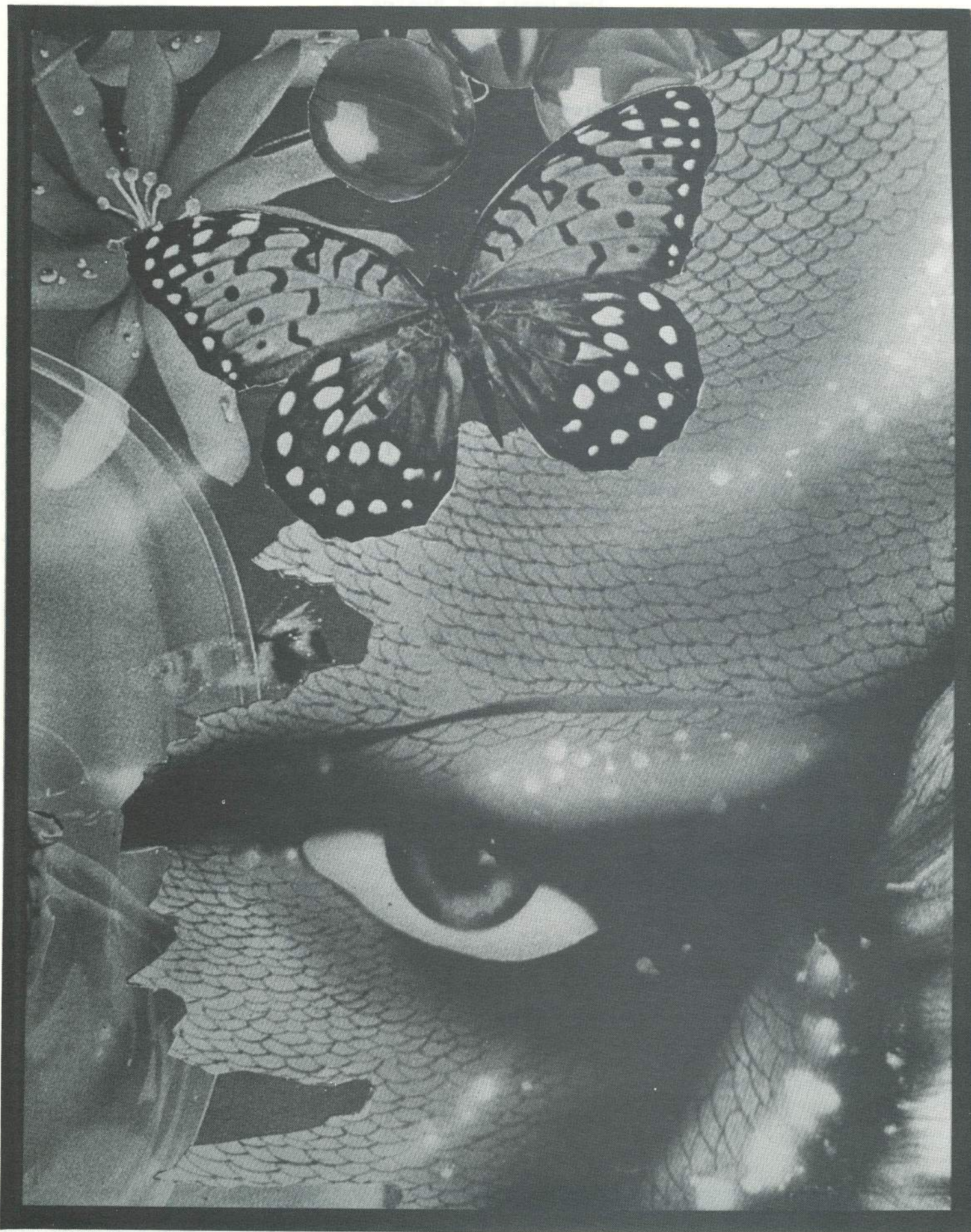
She pressed against his hip and leaned her bosom
flushed against the ledge.
Her hair, still dark and thick after fifty-six years,
fell over her shoulders as she looked out of the window
at Ostia on the Tiber
She poked her head out, looked down
and asked what she was doing there with him
all converted as a Christian Catholic.

At dark he closed her eyes,
his mind's strong constraint holding back his tears.
(He found out that she had been talking to others
about wanting death.)

He bathed
but emerged the same man as before,
the bitterness and grief still not sweated out of a heart
that found the long custom of living with her
suddenly snapped short.

Too full of earthly affection,
he let it be.
Let no one, he prayed,
keep her from Him.

-Norbert Elliot



Twofold Entities

To fold-
my sweater away,
would be such a sin.
Away in the corner, a closet-
that would be denial.
If it were to sit in a box, or in a closet ,
we would remain separate,
my sweater and I.
So I have become committed to it,
for I love my sweater
close to me
around my body feels like nothing-
else, you know what it is to love a sweater.
Sweater's hearts adorn my arm
they hold me
without restraint...Athena
wrapped around my body we come
to an inseparable unity.
When my sweater is off
it still clings to me,
I will wear it always
so sweet in my memory.
In the summer when it must-
lay, in sweat, my sweater and I will part.
But only for awhile
As time passes
for many years after,
my sweater and I will come-
together, again.
Someday my sweater will be old and worn
But you know what they say about sweaters,
with age, they have a better fit-
together, my sweater and I will cling.
I embrace my sweater with a passion,
No one knows of this affair,
save you.
After all, two-
fold entities together-
affair....sweater,
no one would ever know.

Celeste

(Wanda J. Rush)

Film at 11

The PLO and Israel are taking turns killing
children

Film at 11

Reagan talks tough while children go hungry

Film at 11

Athletes make millions while millions are unemployed

Film at 11

Churches pervert Christianity to brainwash millions

Film at 11

Americans fight to lose weight while millions
are starving

Film at 11

Phyllis Schlafly celebrates the oppression of women

Film at 11

Leaders try to repress free thought

Film at 11

Everyone must fit the mold

Film at 11

People building walls, seldom touching anyone

Film at 11

Parents judging children, not letting them
grow up

Film at 11

People lashing out, when they really
just want love

Film at 11

People becoming possessions, instead of
human beings

Film at 11

People cling to ruts they're in

Film at 11

In the interest of gaining some
relief from this madness, I will
now proceed to blow my brains out...

Film at 11

Craig Marsters

