

HELICON



HELICON

Spring 1973

The Legend of Helicon

The Muses, nine lovely daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne, the Goddess of Memory, were the queens of learning and poetry in Greek Mythology. They chose to retreat from the feasts of the Immortals on Olympus to their high mountain home, Helicon, in Boetia. On its slopes were found fragrant plants which possessed powers of healing. Other delights were numerous springs of wonderful freshness. The most celebrated spring was Hippocrene, which had the power to bestow poetic inspiration on those who had drunk thereof. The fount had been given birth by a kick from the winged horse, Pegasus. On the beautiful slopes which bordered this fountain, the Muses would pattern a graceful dance accompanied by the harmony of their joyful voices. When night fell, they would leave the heights of Helicon and, enclosed in a thick mist, would draw near the homes of mortals, so that men might receive the gift of the Muses. According to Hesiod, the Muses bring from their home, Helicon, this holy gift to men. "He is happy whom the Muses love. For though a man has sorrow and grief in his soul, yet when the servant of the Muses sings, at once he forgets his dark thought and remembers not his troubles."



photograph by Donna Wyatt

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It is the purpose of the staff of Helicon to provide an outlet for creative talent. The staff believes that freedom of creative expression is vital in order to assure academic progress.

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Ancient architects, Phidias and Ictinos
Creating a dream from thought
As Kallicrates, master builder, guided
Craftsmen with sensitive hands
Working with hammer and chisel
On marble.

Fluted columns rising from thought,
With softened subtle lines,
Flowing lifting parallel lines
Correcting illusion,
And back of thought what ?
A cold mechanical plan ?

Is not the spirit of man
The prompter of thought
Intransient illusive influence
Merging subconsciously
With nature's creative spirit
Sensing a vision of beauty
As yet without plan
This mystical spiritual presence
The Mind of creation ?

We pause awhile
Is there a word to describe inspiration
Or motivation, bringing to artists
Who lose themselves in realms
They feel, but do not understand
Dimensions beyond themselves
Like Phidias
Calling from outer being
Through depth of being
This beyondness
To be seen in a work so beautiful
Combines with all past skills
And wisdom of ages ?

PARTHENON

Stanley W. Newton

Parthenon ! Temple to Athena !
Your Goddess is forever gone
But yet you stand
A temple to enshrine
The spirit which created you
Architecture's full fruition
Monument to a flowering age
The age of Pericles.
Sublime tribute to creation's
Perfect work in man.
O dignity of man! Inexplicable genius!
What insight made of things irregular
Avenues through colonnades of symmetry
And etched against the sky
A Grecian Urn ?
Surely this is the harvest of love
Coming from the depth of being
One with the spirit
Of the Beyond One
Whom now we know
Prompting by His Love
All the uneven lines of life
To flow
In harmony with Him.

Class Notes – Lecture 314

Rebecca L. Warden

*If one severs a grapefruit in half,
The sliced surfaces of the segments indicate single circles
In single planes.
A circle is a curved line which segregates a minute inside
From a Gargantuan outside,
In one dimension.*

*Any sphere encompasses many unexposed circles.
These circles compounded comprise a gaping hole
In otherwise empty space.
The spheres encasing the restless souls of Homo sapiens
Are tiny bubbles in a sea named God....
Or Infinity.*

*Jesus was born a bubble.
He broke down the surface tension from the inside out
In death.
His Spirit oozed out and diffused in the Sea of Infinity.
He thus initiated our modern procedure for gouging out of our
God-tight globes
Into unending life.*

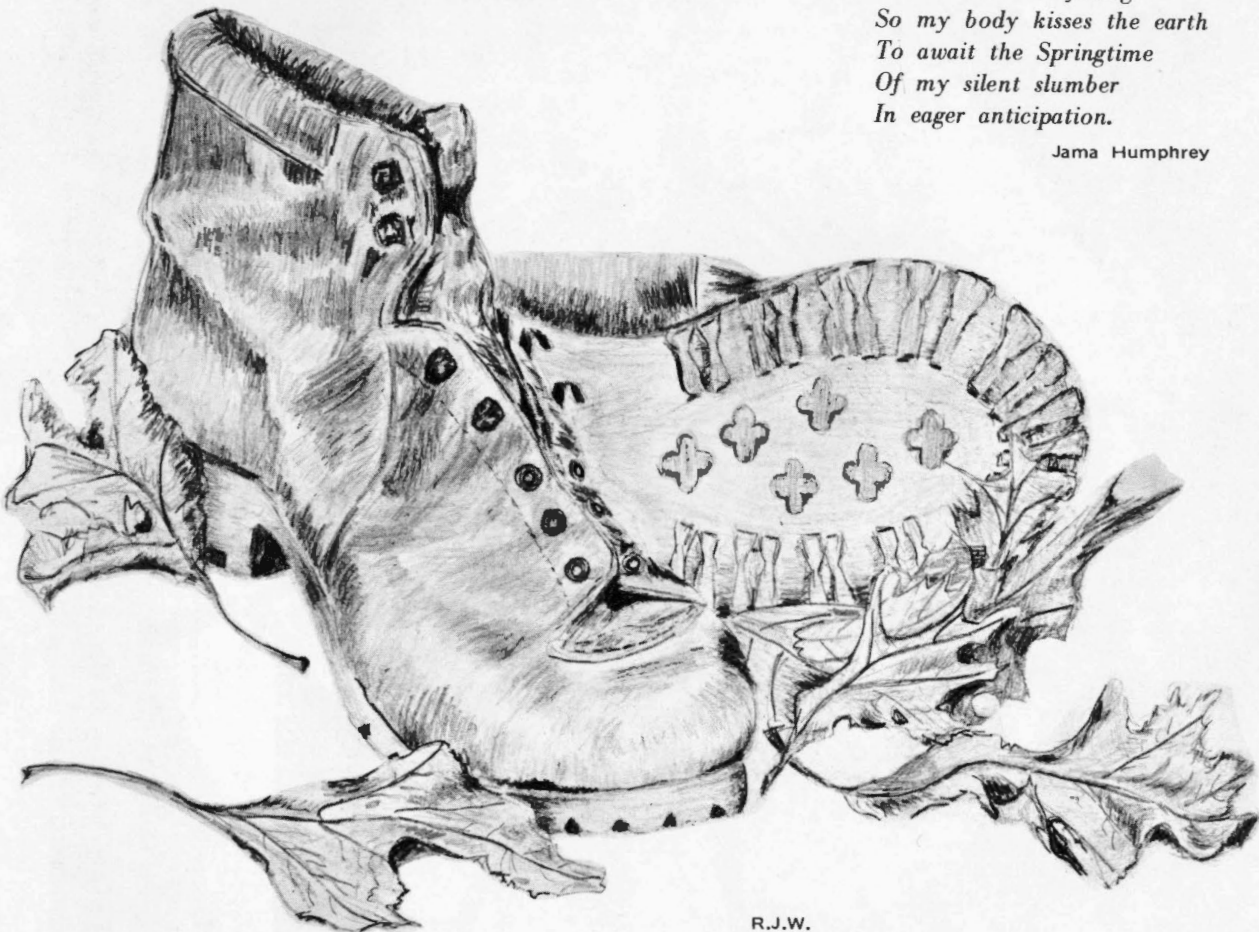
Tomorrow's Assignment—The Triangle or the Holy Trinity



Poem to an Early Winter

John N. McFadden

The breeze is chilled
as the clouds block out the sun.
Red mud clings to my boots
and weighs down my feet
as I walk slowly down by the stream
where I have watched
the summer turn to fall.
Brown, red, and gold leaves
crumble beneath my step
and stick to my mud-covered boots.
A beaver has cut down the trees
which used to stand at the edge of the water,
the green grass has turned brown,
and the rain comes down
with my tears.



R.J.W.

A Silent Falling

*The leaves are a subtle green.
They whisper of life's beginning
As they breathe the soft
Morning air.*

*Alas, the wind stays not soft
But turns to taunt the now
Non-protesting, dying leaves
And whisks them*

in

a

silent

falling

*Into the lap of the earth that
Begot them.*

*Who are these universal creatures
That they have found the secret
Of death—the peaceful, floating
transition that most of us
Dread?*

*As I contemplate my personal demise,
May I join with the leaves*

in

a

silent

falling

*So my body kisses the earth
To await the Springtime
Of my silent slumber
In eager anticipation.*

Jama Humphrey

Spontaneous Regeneration

J.K.

Watching the sky
From a slimy marsh,
It slowly sunk in ooze.

Then one day
It slipped away,
softly, on the wind—
A flutter, then a ripple, and then calm.

I'm a simple one

Jerrie Mayfield

I'm a simple one
When I see a child my heart smiles
When one grows older the smile goes slowly
I can laugh with a child
but when he grows the humor goes
He sees the world and with it all the
hate
And as he sees the hate it enters him slowly
and his humor
So that as he grows the hate grows
in him and thereby in the world
and laughter becomes a little more hateful
I want to become a child again
so I can laugh again
A pure laugh
Why can't I?
I have found God—He gives me this
but I've stopped—Why?
Either He says wait—Be patient or else
I just don't understand
I will someday
Something in the sky tells me to stop and look
What does it say tonight
If I wait—I will know
Time means nothing
It will speak to me one day.

Tears of God

Mickey Scaringi

*Did you ever find yourself thinking about God?
Is he doomed to die just like you or I?
Or does he keep on living high in the sky?
Then you see the eye of God
peeking through a cloud
and you know that he will not let you down.
Then it starts to rain hard and cold
and you see the pain of the young and old.
So you turn your eyes skyward for some comfort and faith
and you see the eye of God
peeking through a cloud
and you know that he will not let you down.
But now you turn your eyes earthward and you
see the water rise.
Everyone is dying even you and I.
So I turn my eyes skyward for some comfort
and some faith.
And I saw the tears of God
falling from his face, because
he is helpless to save the human race.*



Becky Engel

Hubris

Daniele

*My dark hour is nigh,
mocked by brothers and enemies alike
Torn by my own inner most guilt,
blinded by the flurry of the battle
to go down with my pride.*

The Young Man Died

The young man died,
and the old man laughed.
How stupid he was
to think he could change things.
There were those who tried
to change the things when I was young;
there were even those who tried
to change things before that.
Things are as they have been
always,
and as they will be
always.

What fool can change
the course of the mighty river
which comes from the mountain
of the infinite past.

Reality is changeless.

The young man died,
and the old man laughed,
and laughed, and laughed,
until his heart could take it no more.
The old man died,
and the river laughed.

John N. McFadden



Jeff Quinn

I went into town today
and stood looking at the bench on the square
where we sat the day we thought
we discovered ourselves.

It's still the same bench.

We're not the same people.

I remember that afternoon,

There was rain water sliding down the leaves
Splashing white and clean on my bare feet.

My hair was stringy wet and yours was, too,
And the sky seemed to be crying for us

Soft gray and gloomy, she cried

like a disappointed mother

Quiet tears sliding down her swollen face.

But you were crying, too.

So we went home and laid side

by side in the big white bed

naked, cold, and wet.

And finally we turned to one another

and lost our pain

in the pleasure we gave.

Lois McFadden

Us-hoping

Woman,

I can hear you calling me

Your crimson voice so crystal clear

Its drifting through eternity

My lustful soul sheds a falling tear for you,

Woman, lover, dream,

I can hear you calling me

Through amber shades of misty morn

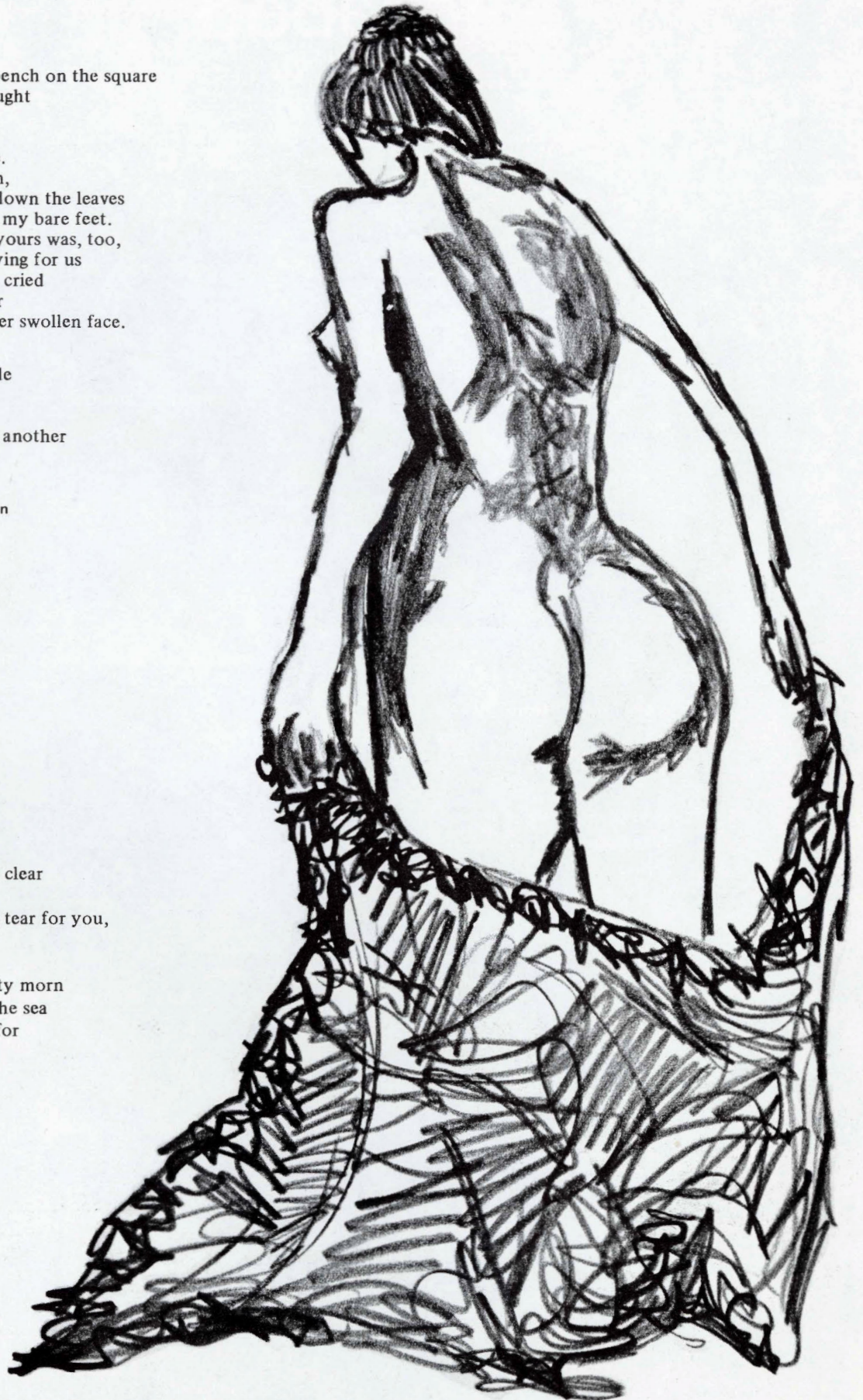
Where silver rainbows touch the sea

My body wants to be reborn for

My woman, my inspiration,

I can hear you calling me.

Hawk



Kenneth L. Cramer, Jr.

ichabod

the sun stopped shining long
ago
it's day now but it's dark
life is so dark for them
no hope
he gives his
life for an unknown cause
he was given an order from an unknown boss
sad eyes
wandering eyes
pleading hearts
and
bleeding minds
life is short-never long
a child cries
a child dies
no need to live
born only to die
born only to cry
in single line they march
over
mountains that bite them
when their backs are turned
"he"
takes them from us
"he" takes their lives away
not the v.c. but
"him"
wounded
bleeding
dying
pitiful piles of
useless flesh and bones
and unyet discovered
terror in their eyes
cuts through your gut
like a razor
his child
our child
what shall i name it
NAPALM this child is coming into this
world
with
a
dead
father
lying in a grave
covered
with
cold
unfeeling
heartless
rocks

stoned but in a different way
 name him death for like his father
 he too will be dead,
 someday
 someday in a different life
 he'll live and die
 he'll pass through life
 unknown to anybody
 leaving only a stone marker (maybe not even that)
 to commemorate his exit from life
 a child cries
 a child dies
 a mother lives
 a mother sighs crying for help noone
 hears
 if they do noone cares
 screams of anguish screams of pain
 it is death all or' again
 ox carts pulling
 going no where sowing earnestly
 reaping only terror
 fear of all
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang
 bang bang
 no more noise
 all are dead
 all killed off
 no more left to make war
 a child cries
 a child _____

Gray serenity

Arises from

Drifting dust.

Mortal peace . . .

Arsenal of repression

Arises from

Charred fields.

Solitary destruction . . .

KY



I sit quietly
Listening to the breaking waves on the shore
I sit and listen in wonder
Then someone, whose job it is to shatter dreams, explains
 in cultured phrases, it's merely the moon which causes these
 swelling tides
And so I turn to watching stars
Each one sparkles out to me a new and different mystery
But some one comes again to take my peace away
And trees and flowers
And brooks and streams
And all the lovely things
So simple in their own small way and yet to me they're
 something great
But some one always comes to explain these miracles away
And say they do not mean a thing
You cannot have your childish dream.

Jerrie Mayfield



Linda Manuel

Farmer or Reaper?

Mickey Scaringi

I'm a farmer.
I'm the guy that invented a
 new plant that looks kinda like me.
Some people call it a flower
 others call it a weed.
It's very extraordinary it can
 survive anywhere
It can survive in Africa or it
 can thrive in Canada.
It has no roots; the wind
 mixes and scatters it.
It is very beautiful and also
 very ugly. It comes in various colors.
For everyone of them that dies
 three replace it.
It won't take long for its population
 to double and triple.
Wherever it grows death
 follows eagerly.
It chokes and devours all other
 life around it.
It gets everything the way
 it wants it.
It doesn't give a fuck.

It has already killed off some of my other
 creations and it is working on a few more.
There isn't anything clever or powerful
 enough to destroy it.
Except me of course
 because I made it
I know how it works and I'm
 just hangin around
Waiting for that day
 when I'll wipe it out.
But for the time being it
 can keep on destroying.
Oh yes I've warned them to watch
 their step or else.
But they ignored me and said
 that I would die before they would.
There are a few that say
 I'm dead already, Ha!!
I guess they say that because it has
 been a long time since I visited them.
Maybe I'll decide to visit them
 one more time
And if they don't listen to me
 this time!

?



Glenna F. Osborne

Society in the Park

Pamela Joy Coon

"Rosanne was worried. The stars which normally twinkled in her eyes had fallen. Dear, darling Richard no longer loved her. Every dream she had ever had, every hope, every inspiration, was now as dead as the ashes from a watered-down bonfire. Rosanne felt crummy."

Oh, forget it. Somehow I can't imitate the style of my hero, Erich Segal.

I'm thirteen, and I've decided to be a creative writer. The counsellor at school said we should do something with our lives that will benefit society, like be a doctor or teacher. The trouble is, I've only existed for a little over a decade now, so I think that society should still be benefiting me. Oh, well. Anyway I've decided to be a creative writer, although I can't see how what I've just written will benefit anybody, least of all society.

My uncle couldn't understand why I wanted to be a writer. He especially couldn't understand why I wanted to benefit society.

"How will going hungry benefit society?" he said.

"Whadya mean, 'go hungry'?" I felt indignant. "I won't go hungry."

"If you write for a living, you'll have to find someone to pay for what you write," he said simply. "Right?"

"So?"

"So very, very few people are able to do that, my dear. It doesn't mean you'd make a lousy writer; I'm just trying to help you face facts."

I didn't know what to say, so I just said, "Well, like people are always telling me—I'm only thirteen, so I don't really have to worry about it for awhile. Right?"

"You're right," he smiled. "As usual."

I like my uncle; he listens. He's not the only one who has doubts about my writing, though. Once I was sitting under a tree in the park composing poetry when a squirrel came up. He sat there watching me for a minute, then asked me what I was doing.

"Writing."

"Writing what?"

"Poem."

"Yeah? Can I see?"

"Sure." I handed it to him, and he started reading it aloud.

"I look into your eyes—
What do I see?
I see you looking back—
Looking at me.

I look into your eyes,
so very deep blue.
They make me feel love—
Love only for you.'

Whose eyes were you looking at?"

"Nobody's."

"Then why did you write that?"

"I wanted to write a poem about love. I feel that love will benefit society," I explained.

"So?"

"So it's important for each individual to do his share in benefitting his society, whether in the form of some public service, such as medicine, or merely obeying the law and paying taxes." I couldn't help enjoying the way my counsellor's words sounded coming out of my mouth.

That dumb squirrel sat there gazing at me, so I just sat there staring back. I wondered if he understood what I said, but decided that he probably hadn't. I guessed it was pretty deep for a squirrel. I tried to turn back to my writing, but the silence started to get to me. So I finally spoke.

"What's your name?"

He looked disgusted. "Squirrels don't need names."

"Why?"

"What's the use? If it bothers you, call me 'Bushy' or 'Bright-eyes' or some such thing."

"How about 'Chipper'?"

He ignored that and asked, "What's your name?"

"Cath— well my pen name's going to be Fern la Plante." I wondered if I was supposed to divulge my pen name before I published something.

"What's a pen name?"

"It's a phony name. Most writers don't use their real names."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Then why can't you use your own name?"

"I guess because if I'm creative enough to write something, I should be creative enough to make up a name."

"That's funny; squirrels don't even have names, and people aren't satisfied with the ones they've got."

I couldn't think of anything to say. He made me feel stupid.

"In fact," he continued, "people aren't satisfied with anything they've got."

Oh, no, I thought. Now I have to defend the whole human race.

"So are squirrels satisfied?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that kind of dull?"

"Not at all."

"I think it is. If you're satisfied with what you've got, why live anymore?" Oh, brother. Suddenly I'm a philosopher. And with a squirrel yet.

"If you're not satisfied with what you are, why live at all? With what you are deep, deep inside, I mean."

"Listen," he went on. "Don't look so puzzled. If it's really in your heart to write love poems, which I doubt, then do it. If it's in your heart to write poems, write something you truly feel. Get it?"

"Sort of." I kind of understood what he was saying, but he forgot that I have to benefit society. Squirrels don't, so I guess he wouldn't understand that I do. "Listen:

You said to me
"Write a poem."
But I can't —
I'm going home.

How's that?"

He smiled at me. "That's fine."

I suddenly noticed that he was an old squirrel. It was a strange feeling. I guess I'd always thought that squirrels just ran about eternally gathering nuts for the winter, or whatever.

"Well, I really do have to be getting back," I said. "It's starting to get dark and I'm kind of chilly."

"What are you going to do when you get back?"

"Prob'ly call up my girlfriend and talk about the guys at school," I giggled. "Why?"

"I just wanted to make sure you weren't going to write any more love poems."

I still couldn't see what was so wrong with that, and said so. By way of an answer, he asked me how old I was.

"Thirteen."

"Is that old for a human?"

"Well, I've been around for as long as I can remember, but everyone's always telling me how young I am. So no, thirteen's not old."

"Well then, I don't have to worry about you. But remember, if you want to be a truck driver, then be a truck driver."

"I don't want to be a truck driver," I exclaimed, horrified. What was that squirrel talking about now?

"Well, don't worry about it. Just take care. Good-bye." And he scampered away. Well, I hate to say "scampered." That's too squirrly for him.

After he left, I scampered away too. I had to get home. Maybe I'd call Linda. Or maybe I'd write a poem... I could write a poem about the squirrel. Or about the park. Or about Linda. Or about giggling on the phone. Or about myself. Or about school. Or about the fall weather. Or about my day...

But not about benefitting society.

The Sounds of Love

Tracey Miller

Softer than the morning's blush,
flushed with feeling, gently warm,
intimate in silent hush,
lest much repeating do it harm—
soft is the sound of love.

Still as the sun's most brilliant sheen,
that joying flows in lustrous hue
to vernal meadows bathed in green,
tint with argent jewels of dew—
still is the sound of love.

Sure as the sunset lingering
that touches treetops tenderly,
or autumn's golden fingering
of forest greens by slow degree—
sure is the sound of love.

The good night lisp of childish lips,
The secret shared by just us two,
The private laughs at silly quips,
The song that I first sang to you—
these are the sounds of love.

We walk along the winding road
to our own quiet world.
Dirty, worn out canvas,
and bare feet.
Around, around
then resting in the grass,
Children sitting in a tree,
watching the stars,
as the moon watches us.
We listen to the sound
of a train in the distance.
Never hurrying,
we linger through the evening.

John N. McFadden



End of the Road Poem

Sher McCain

It was never this way before
Goodbye was always at my discretion
It was just a word I said
When I was bored with the conversation
Eying the door
Temporarily leaving—
But the word seems to be getting an edge of feeling now;
It's something I can't always hold on to
Without cutting my hands.
And only just now
You left me
With that very word
And no choice in the if and when of hello.



Melancholy woman,
stolen, scarlet fruits lost.
Spring, weeps Triumph.

KY

Leo RANER, JR.



DILE

I

(A Manichean Mask)

Old Benjamin Franklin slouched over ale,
licked his thick chops and laid on the wenches
a bawdy tale of love and hot clenches,
and flipped them a guinea for another pail.
Jonathan Edwards bowed the knee, aching
in body and mind; he spent his all to find.
In Science and Sanctity he divined
a pious pleasure worth the not-taking.
You, child of excesses, inherit thence
a choice of delusions; you all must pay
for penance of Jon. Ben's gross indulgence
with prayer or clap, choose as you may. Today
is child to yesterday through fever'd lust
and clammy sweat; so what you will you must.

III

To repeat is really not to know,
and so, I'm never quite surprised
when a tired acquaintance of ten years
blows his mind or robs a bank.

Why did I think that repetition
could finally produce a truth—
as though inscribing A, B, C,
(in sufficient quantity)
could lead me to
a Prufrock or a Snopes?

There has to be an increment
invested from the deep recesses
of the self, the shadowy dwelling
of the ineffable of me.

Analogues have no hard fact,
but picture the soft feeling
of each day when you awake
within the limits of my arms;
there truth, like tenderness,
is never circular, but grows—
the sweet impossibility of birth—
emerging from the infinite to now.

MMAS

Tracey Miller

II

There is no truth between the poles
of the general and particular;
beauty is its own excuse,
or isn't she a homely duck?

Most people thrive in a-topia;
at least, they think they do,
where tropic trades lull all to sleep,
and death the relative way to live.

IV

"Nature is always around and within us, ready to reclaim
us and sweep away all that man has wrought and achieved."

Laugh, cruel mother;
smirk as you would while lurking
in New England woods (where no pumas are)
or in the hardly hedgerows of the Wye.

Cry your irony to the devouring skies
where the hydra-eyed night
grins its whiteness on the waning moon.

Wave your golden bough
and
Laugh at the way the world revolves.

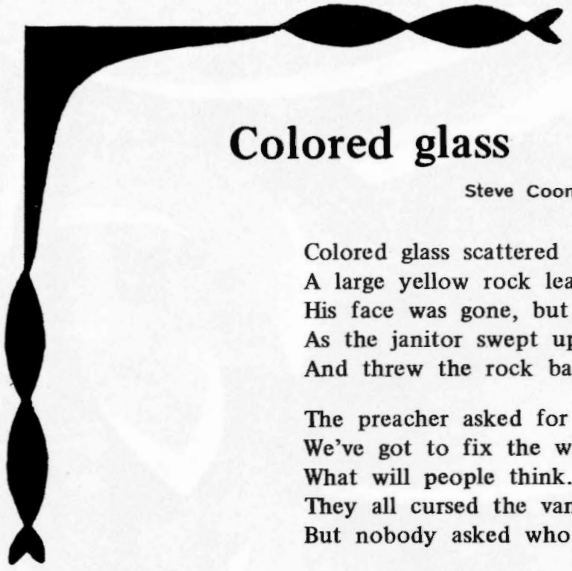
But there will always be Ulysses
with his arrogance and his mind; his mouth
laughing at the Cyclops.

And will you
laugh at Whitman's songs,
at his manly perversion which joys—
rejoices with Blakean zest—
at your desecration.

Trapped in the net of your treachery,
stripped of the beguiling flesh
to your stone-bones
imprisoning man,
netted in the fine mesh of your infidelity,
even old Hephaestus shares

the Olympian laugh,
and Promethean man takes one small step for a man,





Colored glass

Steve Coon

Colored glass scattered on the floor,
A large yellow rock leaned against the wall,
His face was gone, but nobody really cared
As the janitor swept up the glass
And threw the rock back out the door.

The preacher asked for money.
We've got to fix the window. I mean,
What will people think.
They all cursed the vandals,
But nobody asked who and why.

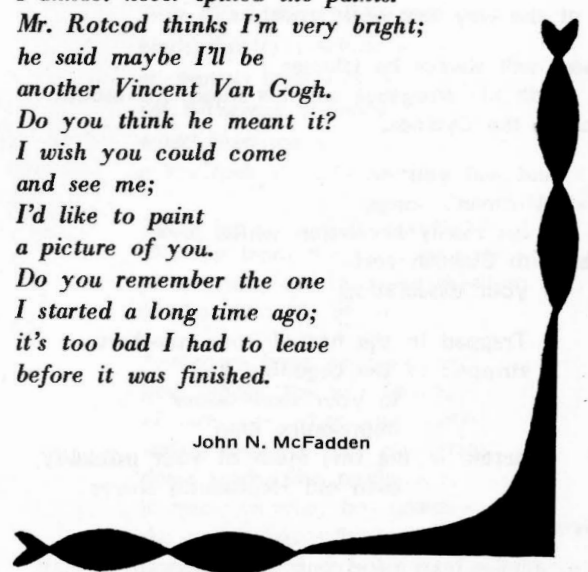
An eleven-year-old boy,
Somebody had said God would send him to hell.
So he threw a rock and
Now he felt safe
With colored glass all over the floor.

The people caught hold of the little boy,
And said that God would send him to hell
If he acted like that.
But the boy just laughed, because he could see from their faces,
That he had destroyed these people's God.

*It's really beautiful here;
there are mountains,
and trees,
and a river.
Last Tuesday
some nice people had a picnic
for all of us.
I sat in the grass and watched
as everyone else ate hot dogs,
and played softball,
Yesterday they let us
walk through the gardens;
I picked a flower
and brought it back to my room,
and it died.
Mr. Rotcod said
that I could start the painting class
if I promised to be careful
and not spill the paints.*

*That sure will be fun.
I remember
when I used to paint
all the time;
I almost never spilled the paints.
Mr. Rotcod thinks I'm very bright;
he said maybe I'll be
another Vincent Van Gogh.
Do you think he meant it?
I wish you could come
and see me;
I'd like to paint
a picture of you.
Do you remember the one
I started a long time ago;
it's too bad I had to leave
before it was finished.*

John N. McFadden



The Beckoning

Arise ye Secretaries
who sharpen your fingers,
and write in shorthand
the words of your masters;

Arise ye Clock-watchers
who sell your lives
by the hour;

and come ye Sportsmen
whose quest it is to win
and show off your trophies;

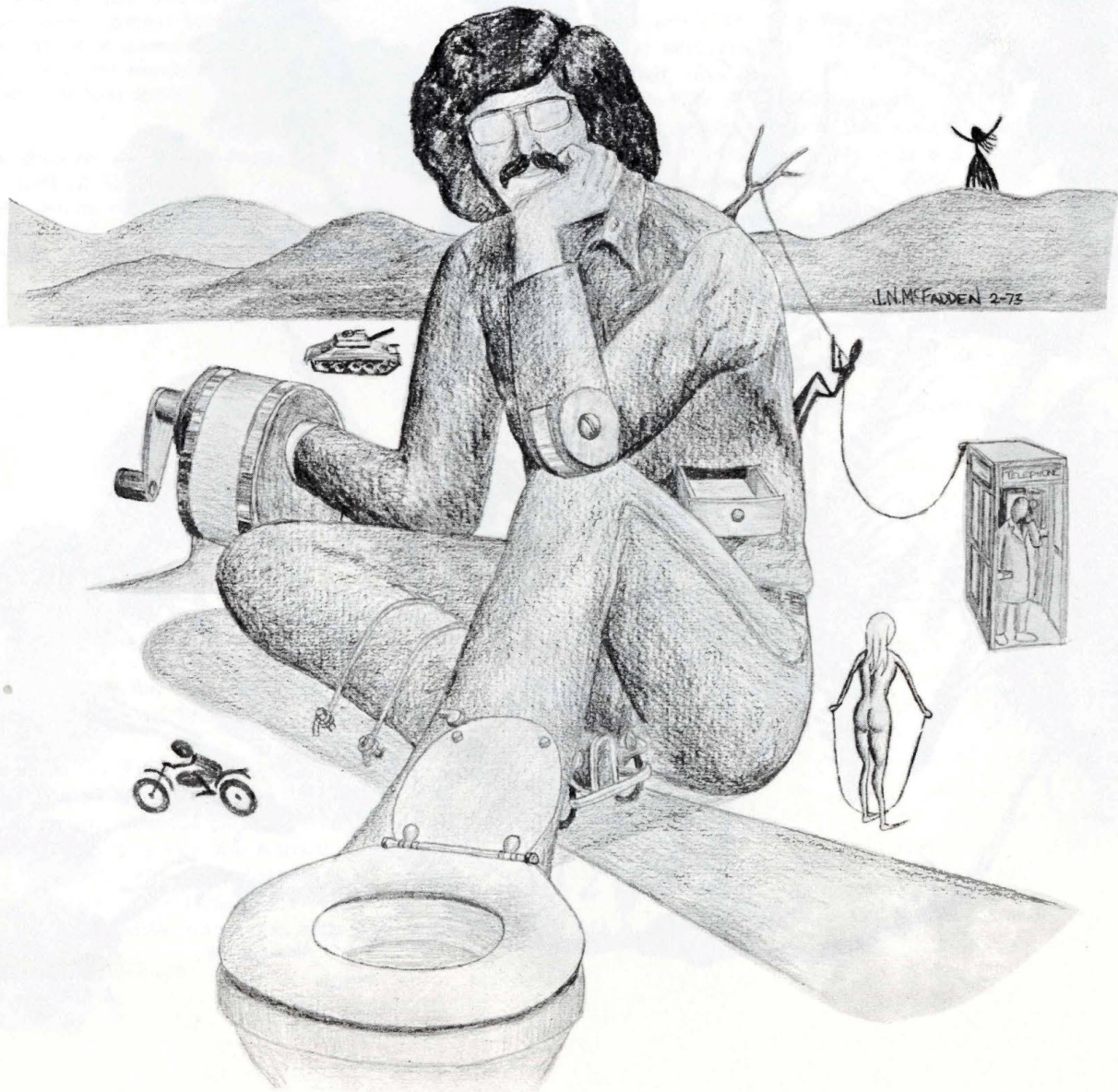
Arise ye Scientists
who measure and calculate,
and build your computers
and send men to the moon;

and come ye Businessmen
who catch your planes
to Paris or New York,
and drive home to your suburbs
and your psychiatrists;

and come ye Children
who have never grown up
and still believe in Santa Claus
and Peter Pan
and yourselves,

Arise Alexander
and Bonaparte
and Henry Ford,
Haven't you done enough?

John N. McFadden



Winter

The web of limbs against the sky,
Precisely drawn on clouds of gray—
A winter sun shines through the maze
Of barren branches-twisted, black—
And thrusts its shafts of glaring light
Through the seas of chilling winds that swirl
And drown the warmth and swallow life.

K.H.

Stripped, black shadows weep
For stolen leafy masks, Fall
Quickly, shroud of snow.

KY

Limber unscathed tree,
Thy elder lies defeated,
Pulled down by the storm.

KY

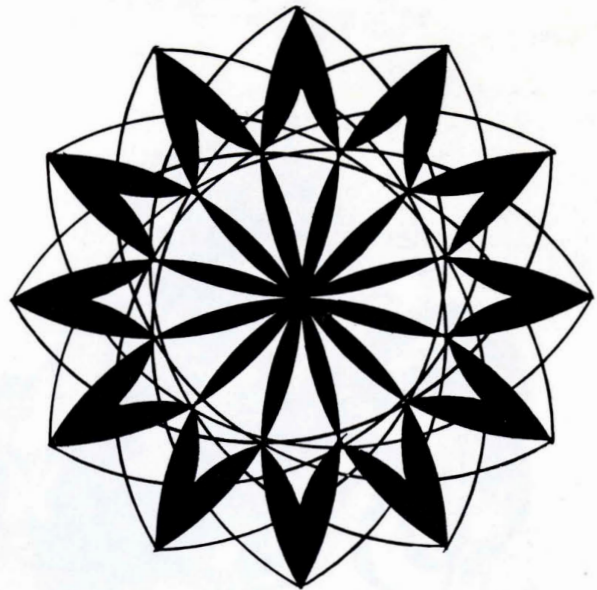


If

If smiles could speak their joy,
 Could tame the crashing waves of words,
Distill the foamy brine into a
 Pure and crystal flow of
Humble praise—
 thanksgiving sweet—

The air would swell out with canticles
 That flowed from singing hearts
 Set free in love.

K.H.



Psalm

"To grant to those who mourn in Zion—
to give them a garland instead of
ashes, the oil of gladness instead
of mourning, the mantle of praise
instead of a faint spirit." Is. 61:3

Flow through my heart, Praise,
 Gift of God—
Carve caverns deep to fill and swell—
Overflow and cover, hide
In Praise and glory-streams of life.

K.H.

Gloria

See the sun.
 He crawls carefully
 toward the edge of the sky.
His hands come up first, bright yellow, orange
 and red.
He wiggles his fingers and slowly sweeps
 the purple night away.
The top of his little bald head
 slips hesitantly above the horizon.
Then, suddenly, he stands looking
 down at his little earth
And his warm smile floods the hills with light.

Lois McFadden

We were born like the breaking day,
quietly accepting all,
innocent, undefiled,
Shrouded in a mist of insecurity
through which we could see only blurred images
and half-truths in faded reds and greens.
 Awesome simplicity.

Soon came the Sun to burn away our imaginary world.
We gazed without obstruction at the once blurred images.
The colors, now made clear, were the bright reds of hate
and the subtle greens of envy.
We closed our eyes to keep out the Sun and his omnipresent
rays and withdrew into a shell of apathy and self-pity.

Then....the day faded as quickly and quietly
as it had begun.

We are gone now—
Burned away by the Sun
But the Sun still rules and his rays inhabit
the places where we once existed.

We feel the heat—we cannot bask in his glory
Eternally we cry out in anguish
But we go unnoticed
 Like a quiet mountain birth.

Jan Jones



"One Day I Saw the Sun!"

Real Soul

The Duke, Louie
or even jelly roll Martin
Kings of Jazz and the authors of blues.

The world over have clapped their hands
no nostalgia is an inheritance
the residue of what is left, an artist in their time.

But even so, it must not go unsaid
blues are blue, for when the encore
is due, the king of horns is on a washbucket street.

For neither Rome nor Paris can salute,
what is born black and starved blue.
The duke and Louie will be found, playing
one night stands on lowly avenue.

A Man here is a kinsblood
a brother of the times and attitudes
Here the kings and authors can
play, what their listeners live.

Daniele

I hear the wail of a dusty horn, a tremble
the growl of heartbroken lips

The blues of an age gone by
sniff the air and smell the whisky breath
and the clank of many a bottle of beer.

Hey, Louie we hear you didn't wanna
be a big star!

Cast an eye about, southside New Orleans
a greasy trousse here and there
Bessie Smith, horse, pigsfeet, and a
bottle of beer.

Boy, hear the wail of that dusty horn
the tremble, the growl of heartbroken lips.
And feel the spirit grasping for the
firm of life, all on the end of a horn.

Come on, Louie, we know you
wanna be a big star.

Daniele

THE WALK

The old man had been walking through the city for several hours when he happened upon two children playing on the swingset in the park. He went to them and joined in their play. Back and forth they would go. The old man would push and the children's song of laughter would fill the air. They played for quite a while and would have continued their fun much longer, but it was curtailed when the children heard their mother's urgent calling. The old man turned in the direction of the calling and saw a very well-dressed woman walking briskly toward him and staring scornfully at the joyful trio. She gathered up her children and hurried them away, scolding them for associating with such a worthless vagrant. The old man stood there watching his companions and their mother move quickly across the park and finally disappear behind one of the distant buildings.

The dejected old man continued walking slowly down a narrow sidewalk and soon he came to a small cafe with a "Welcome" mat by the door. He wiped his feet and went inside. Most of the tables were controlled by young people who giggled incessantly to the tune of their blaring radios. The old man slowly walked to an empty table in the back of the cafe and the noise magically diminished. The silenced crowd observed intently as the young waitress approached the stranger. She handed him a menu and he reached into his coat pocket for his glasses. He studied the menu intently and finally he pointed to the picture of a certain specialty. At this exposition of illiteracy the young people laughed out loud and began to ridicule the old man. He put his glasses away and started toward the door.

Outside, the tired old man could hear the chimes of some distant steeple, and he plodded along hoping to find the music's source. He walked very slowly, but he finally saw the great cathedral from which the chimes arose. The weary old man approached the huge entrance and pushed the great door open with all his might. The interior hall was filled with the voices of the choir and the vast congregation singing glorious dedications to their God. The old man took a place near the back and sat there trying to experience completely the supreme majesty of this situation. After much celebration and meditation the choir began to march out chanting a chorus as they went. The congregation followed religiously behind the choir, and soon the tired old man was left standing alone in the now dark and silent cathedral. He moved slowly toward the great doors and exited, leaving the dead cathedral behind. The light was fading outside, and the old man knew he must go home, for the night was upon him.

The alarm broke the old man's sleep at the regular time the next morning. He jumped out of bed and hurriedly washed and dressed himself. After a quick cup of coffee the old man grabbed his coat and went out the front door. He stood on the front steps for a little while, gazing all about him, as if he were looking for something. Then he stopped searching and began walking.

OBITUARY

That listless look
wistfully shifting from name to name

Lists of names, dates, and why, the beginnings,
and end; and those who survive to die.
His serene trance betrayed no intention,
O'er these scratches and strokes of last mention;
Some so old one near could hardly be sad,
Yet I dare not to think the old man glad.
For he with every bend, must grit his teeth
Yea, nought spake he, like the pad of a thief.

Pipe in hand, drumming his rocker gently to,
Back in college; surprised at how years flew.
At last a word, a fellow he did know,
A cumbersome chap, whether with book or hoe.

"Always betting he'd die with his boots on;
Paper said He'd died in an old folks home."

Something uneasy filled the air
and thickened the wet of our mouths.

I watched as smoke from his pipe circled his ear
His fingers drummed on the arm of his chair
Almost impatiently, he rocked, through the evening air.

Daniela



John N. McFadden

THE OLD MAN

Children laugh at his
whiskered and
lopsided face, marked
with the white hairs of time
and he stares at the ground
with some secret confused
shame.

Nobody knows his name,
or cares, in a world made
ripe for laughter of the young
and the youthful, happy games
of children swinging in the
park
or throwing acorns at the
old man sitting with
his hat.

Defeated, ignored, his dignity
stepped on by time, he
passes soon, lucky to go at
night
while all the lights are out
and no one, at least, can see him die
alone.

Cheri Huffine



John N. McFadden

The Song of the Mystical Gull

Jonathan Seagull
You crafty old bird,
You taught me to fly
By seeking your word.

Beyond the limits
Of space and time,
Freed of the body
That once was mine.

Through the dark night
To the light of the day,
Glimpses of truth
In all that you say.

A freedom of spirit
A freedom of mind
Exploring new realms
In all that I find.

Where do you lead me
My crafty old friend?
What will I find
When I reach the end?

Darkness and chaos
Like stories of old,
Or limitless skys
And freedom untold.

John D. Williams



Kenneth L. Cramer, Jr.



Kenneth L. Cramer, Jr.

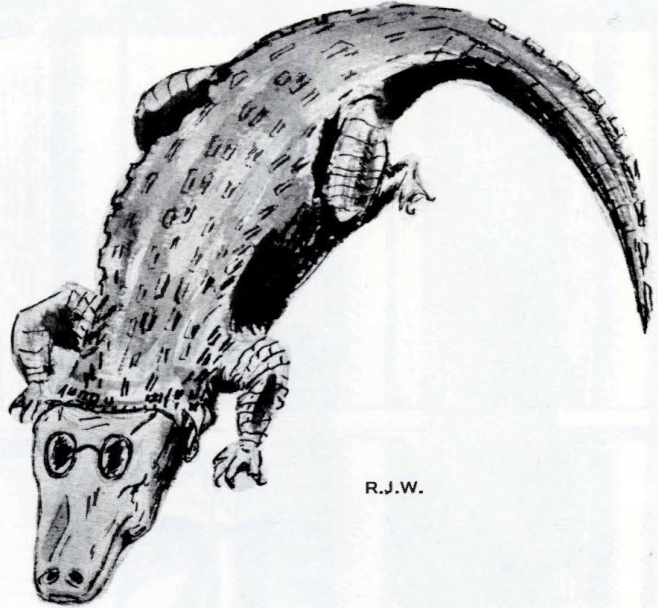


Kenneth L. Cramer, Jr.

POEM #58

Looking over the valley
in its quilted splendor,
and the mountains
domineering
suddenly changing form
becoming thousands of bald eagles,
not really,
pecking out the eyes of the Irish
potatoes
thus affecting the life style of the
Florida alligators.

Lee Morrow



R.J.W.

The Train

The train
journeying
through the mountain pass,
then a deafening
explosion
smoke everywhere
when it clears, there they are
Ten-thousand
koala bears
attack the train
the grasses themselves scream in agony
as the viscious looters
carrying the engine off
on a cloud of

purple haze.

Lee Morrow

Richer By Far Than The Mammoths In The Tar

If I could die
Like the Dinosaurs of old,
Or if I could fly,
Like the angels made of gold.
My life would be a scrabble game
A monkey's paw stuck in the jar.
My simple life is satisfying, gratifying
too.
I'm richer by far than the mammoths
in the tar, are you?

Phil McCullough

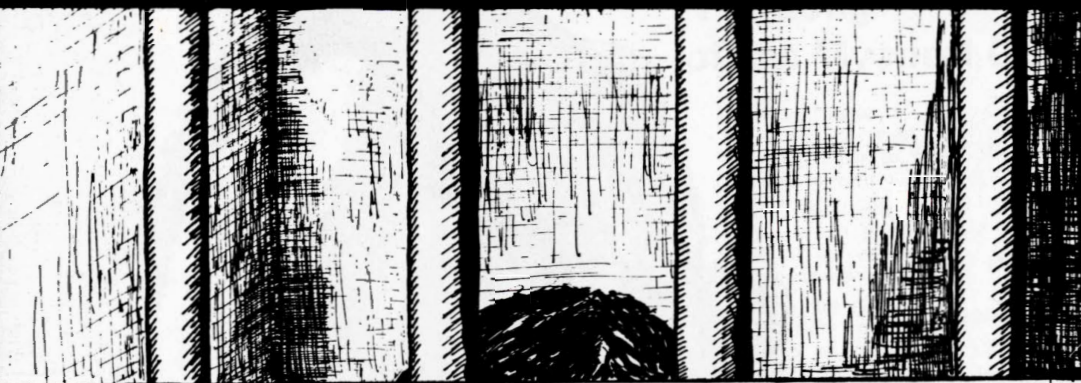


R.J.W.

Mrs. Grundy's Cowpile

I'm going to the pasture
To look at my new cow.
She's hairy and she's dirty,
But I love her anyhow.
My cow's been doing far out things,
She's chewing weed instead of feed;
And she's flying without wings.
You talk about your acid trips,
You should bow to my new cow,
She's one heavy black angus,
But I love her anyhow.

Phil McCullough



Polk County

Jail

Blues

Mickey Scaringi

I've got the Polk County
Jail Blues
I'm stuck in here
with nothing to say.
Got to remember to pay
my dues
before I go I must stay.

Nothing to do 'cept
watch the cockroaches.
Spiders crawl over
my feet and hands.
Should have remembered
to hide the roaches.

Breathin the same stale air
as the night before
still didn't get a phone call.
Jailer looks at me and laughs,
he looks at my hair,
He says, in another day
it won't be there.

I'm sittin here listening
to the rednecks bitch.
Just noticed I need
to shower and shit.
On an Interstate I never
should have hitched.

O City of Love

No one can take the
credit
or the blame for your vast
nakedness, for the skyline
that rises like a colossus
that looks blindly on the
Hudson
or the meek and cowering
suburbs
of Long Island, for the
dreams
fulfilled or foiled by your
cold-blooded attitude
for the streets that make
a chess board of New York,
its structured kings and queens
that hold us in their
grasp
like pawns O city of color,
burned browns, scarred grays;
city of smells, of busshed
gases, that hover above
the sidewalks like
summer sweat, food smells
of broiled steaks and
cheap hamburgers, all-American
hotdogs and coffee.

O city of welcome, of
farewell,
"Give me your tired, your
poor, your huddled masses. . ."
City of contradiction and of hope,
do your buildings reach like
praying arms to heaven or
does your skyline look
strangely barren, like a
moonscape
in the eerie twilight, your
blood drained by the
electric shock of evening,
your eyelids drawn tight
across the staring windows,
afraid to see your own
image in the mirrors
of the blushing streets?
O city of love.

Bird in Flight



Kenneth L. Cramer, Jr.

Flitting sunlight,
vibrant
like reflection from a diamond-sparkle stream, the winged glint
shimmers allwhereness.

Pulsing fury,
kindled,
the form sparks of its once capsulized activity fresh life:
lightening flash of flight.

PW

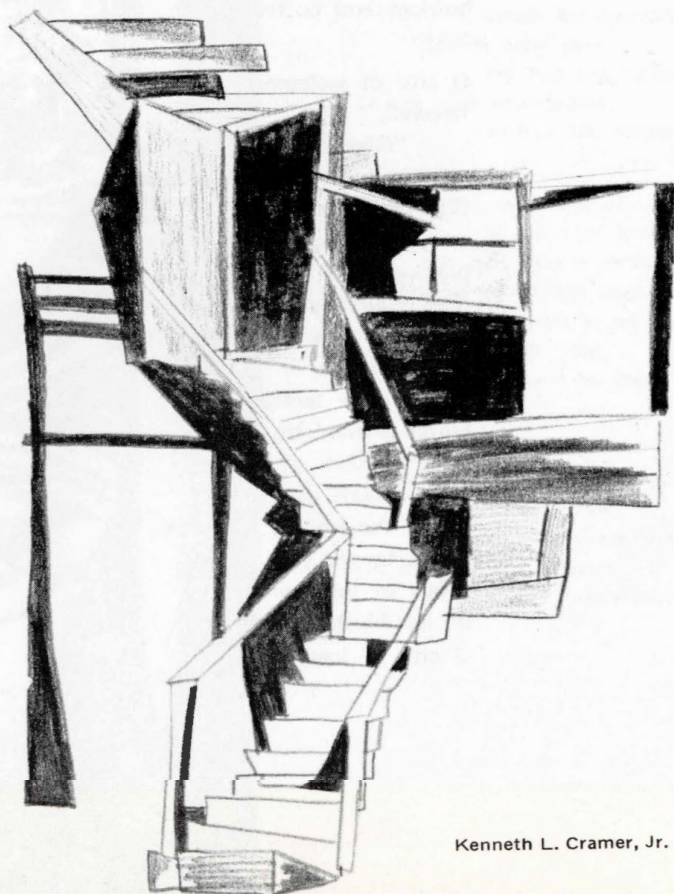
Staircase without movement

Hollowly flaunting purpose,
open ended seeming
makes mockery of motion.

Nondestination casement,
nowhere steps strip naked
activity's intention.

Stillbirthing active outreach,
movement-sterile staircase
makes way to nothingness.

PW



Kenneth L. Cramer, Jr.

An Ache of Soul Grief

Suddenly my mood has lifted
My lethargy has gone. . . .
Like fallen leaves
All swept away.
I feel clean again,
Justified in my concern
To absorb the offending thing.

But did I? Did I say mood?
It was more like sickness
An ache of soul grief
My tears turned inward
While God in patience waited.
How I kept Him waiting!

For days and days
I have admired
One lush autumnal tree:
It gave me pleasure,
That was all. . . .
Today, it came alive for me
A miracle experience of light
Like a lingering sunset
Whose flaming blush
Sweeps the curving heavens
Reflecting in one's being
And back of all, God:
God's burning bush,
Flaming for me,
Speaking to me,
It must have been
For I feel clean again.

Stanley W. Newton



R.J.W.

