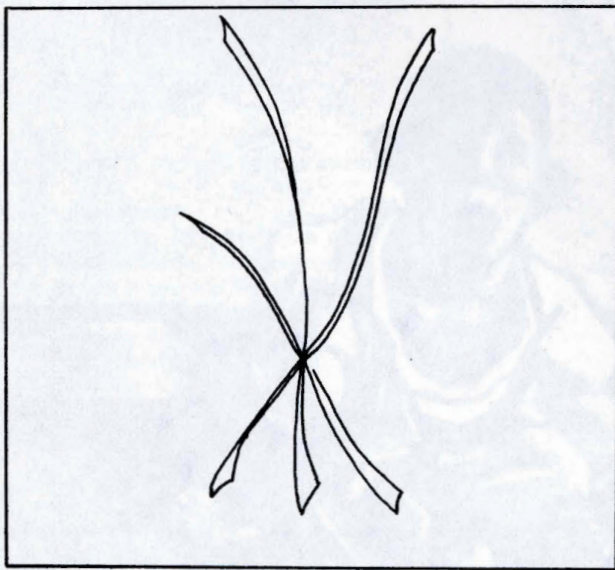


HELICON

HELICON

Spring 1975

Milligon College



Staff:

Chris Harkey

Tim Brady

Eric Duggins

Kevin Huddleston

Jama Humphrey

Tony Jacoby

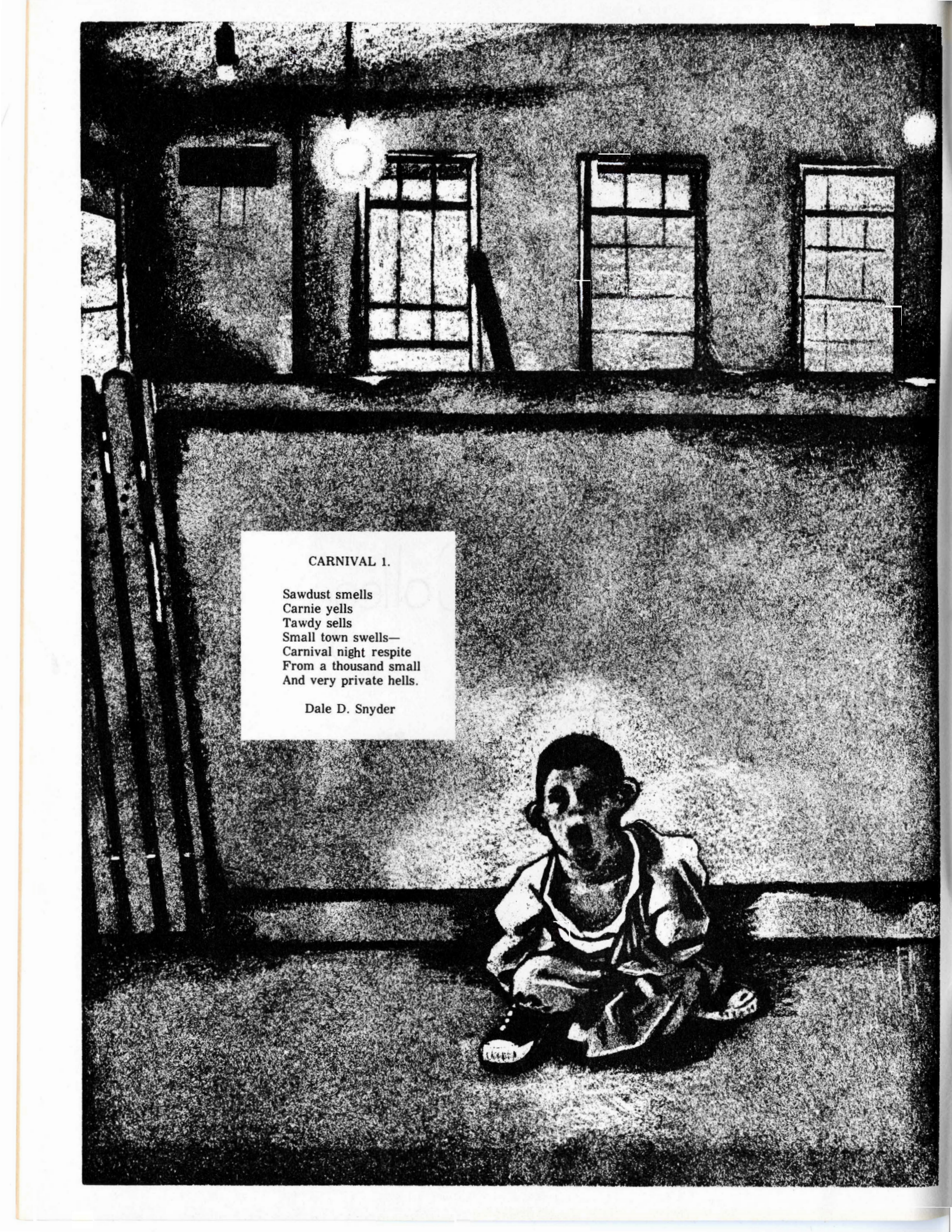
Vanessa Moskala

Robin Phillips

Jim Wilkins

Kim Yeutter

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A high-contrast, grainy black and white photograph of a child sitting on a floor in a room with three windows. The child is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved shirt and dark pants. The room has a textured wall and a dark floor. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows and highlights.

CARNIVAL 1.

Sawdust smells
Carnie yells
Tawdy sells
Small town swells—
Carnival night respite
From a thousand small
And very private hells.

Dale D. Snyder



Hindsight

I should be trying to repay
 the days that lent themselves to patience
 For they must be tired and spent
 anxiously awaiting me to live them again
 Yet they'll have to wait a little longer
 confusion has crept in
 These blue eyes can't see clearly anymore
 everything seems to be fogged, blurred, frustrated
 How can I know what I want
 when what I need flies back in my face distorted
 Twisted so taut, my stability is buckling, breaking
 into a thousand million fragments
 Anymore, the intrinsic is a surreal fantasy
 nothing is tangible or reliable
 Friday's child is Saturday's aged man
 trying to locate his glasses again

Paul Williams

élikon (revised second attempt)

fred's hands
 on monday february tenth
 building-blocks for mcelroys
 having a fireside chat
 blockbusters working in atlanta
 treading slowly on the ice
 fred's hands
 doing the lazy grind
 the furniture of our houses
 the seeds of war in our possession
 the games we play at midnight
 the noises down the hall
 beside the shore
 beyond the door
 so this is where we end up
 alone at the end of the day
 with the six o'clock news commin' on.

t. brady





Vanessa Moskala

Like puppet strings from my wooden crossed sticks
nimble hands jerk these tired spry men,
their frozen faces laughing as they tangle the air.
As marching to and fro their jerking legs jump and click
limply falling, stuck to the ground,
then snatched into air and wrigling.
Swing together and crooked arms embrace,
and here the curtain closes the stage.

Chris Harkey



One Another

We are
love
in Christ
forever
sharing
one another's needs
forgetting
sometimes
to care
for one another
touching
holding
watching
always staying
with one another
because
both of us are
helpless
without
one another

Paul Williams

There's an ocean of love not far away
With strong, but gentle waves
That can drown away the sickness
Deep within us all.

There's a purifying lake of understanding
That seeks to overflow it's banks
On a dying world of dry and barren souls.

And there's a river that will flow into eternity—
Giving life to all who choose it's course,
Who dwell within it's perfect source
And drink upon it's wisdom evermore.

Rob Lloyd



Eric Duggins

In love
All is fair
But what if I love you both
Must I choose between you?
If you love another
Does that mean you don't love me?
I don't see why
My love for you
Should deny any other love
But what is marriage
If not a final choice?
And yet isn't it a stubborn man
Who will not change his mind?
If I love you and
You love me
Don't you still have some person
In your heart
That I cannot fill
Let that space be filled
But save a place for me
When I'm in town

John McFadden



Zahra Raissain

"For what his own search brought to light, his eyes
Ripped out not by his own hand . . .
Think how much more terrible than this
Our own death would be . . ."

—Antigone

Long time has burned upon their brow
The brand left to scar the fated kings.
One is left lingering, dangling in the court of death
This glorious judgement having passed her by
The glorious enshrinement having turned her away.

The guilt carries full load and tender into her heart:
Some brazen heritage left condensed to her lone soul,
Will set her world to warring
And throw her hard against the gods.

The agony charged as if a smelting fire
Will burn the ashes clear of her
And suffer her soul to resolve itself
In the light of her self-enshrinement.

Chris Harkey

Dripping, slipping, occasionally stripping growth from rocks
Your young waters spawned tadpoles, trout, turtles.
Many were the horses and holsteins that quenched itchy throats
with your special ade.
The city was a good ten-mile off.

A subdivision rolled in on Jack Durrett's Cats.
A now bankrupt discount store and a six-lane rechristened
your tailwaters "Southern Ditch after slight modifications."
Fish in the headwaters couldn't compete with the septic tanks.
Like Ol' Lady Robb you'll soon be dead.

John Ray



in the hills,
yet sleepy under their dewy blankets,
a soul
can seek
rest in its journey
from the everyday
plight of motion
the stillness there
revives
a peace of mind,
soul, & body.
a new existence
is restored

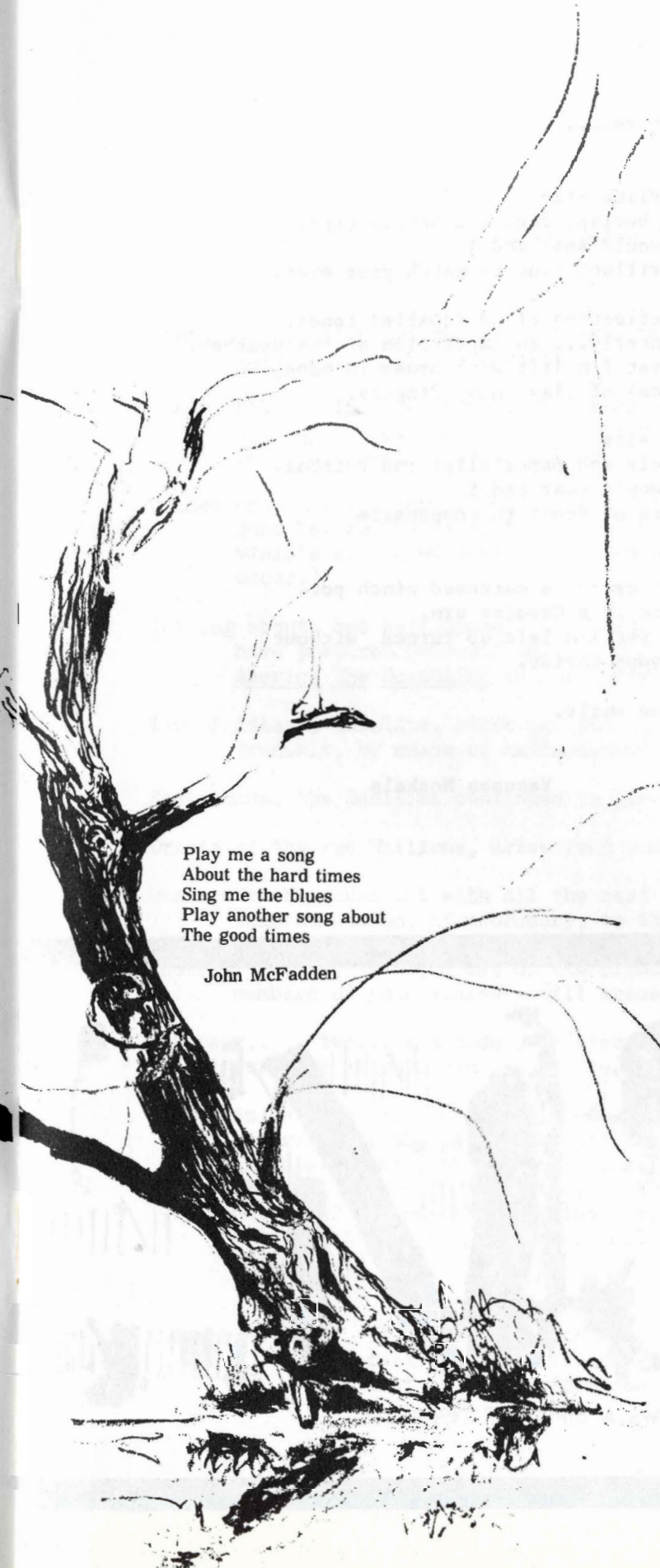
Deni Giles

Stallions

Eyes met—
I cannot forget.
We came riding on stallions
Out of the fields
Free as the wind
The neighed with pride,
For this love wasn't chained,
It was want and need—
Yet most of all passion,
Still it's pride was not so much
As to curse mistakes,
But it was the feeling of power!
Power over hate that made them neigh
This love had a beauty
Of seeing it's happiness the same way—

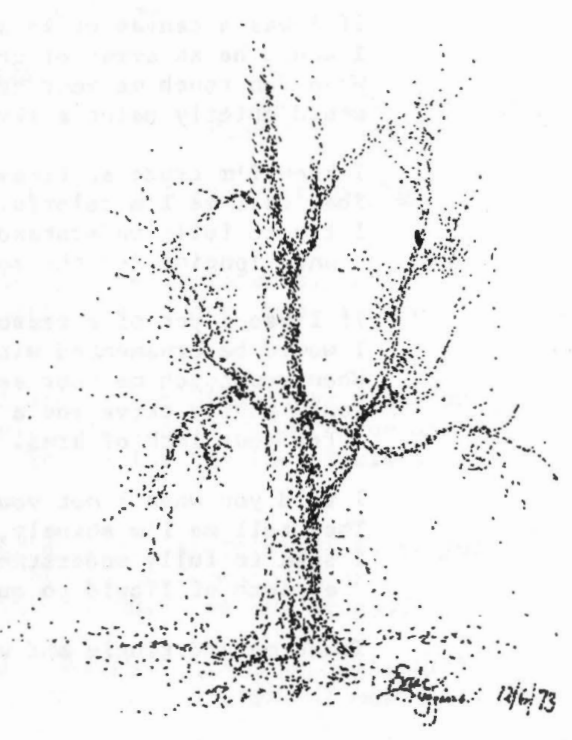
And I wonder if our eyes once again met
Would we both be riding the stallions?

Tom Woodall



Play me a song
About the hard times
Sing me the blues
Play another song about
The good times

John McFadden



So
Pull up a tree trunk
Make a bed of leaves
Branch out where you've never been before
Wander until you're lost in the green
And blinded by the sunshine

Rob Lloyd

A finger-tingling array of texture....

If I was a canvas of an appropriate size
I would be an array of gravel, burlap, rags and bottle tops.
When You touch me your senses would soar and I
would quietly paint a sky of brilliant blue to match your eyes.

I know I'm crude at times, a reflection of my scumbled tones.
They tell me I'm colorful, painterly... an impression of the weather.
I try to fully understand and yet I'm left with brush in hand,
only longing for the solid feel of clay on my fingers.

If I was a pot of a reasonable size
I would be ornamented with jewels and paper clips and buttons.
When you touch me your senses would soar and I
would gently carve you a replica of Venus to compensate
for your lack of arms.

I told you when I met you I was crazy, a battered pinch pot.
They tell me I'm shapely, ornate... a Grecian urn.
I seek to fully understand and yet I'm left up turned without
a pinch of liquid to quench your thirst.

Touch me and tingle and watch me smile.

Vanessa Moskala



VANESSA MOSKALA 'PERHAPS A DIFFERENT DRUMMER...'

Improvisation on a Well-Known Theme

an Annotated Monodrama

by John A. Dowd
February, 1975

Frantic. Howlings and whinings, (here, whistle the first three bars of The Thieving Magpie, by Rossini.)

Inner, hollow, inflated rumblings, (recite a Tolstoy novel, preferably not War and Peace. Many opportunities for improvisation are present here, so do not fail to exploit them.)

Evanescient, no, looming, LOOMING. (Conjure an image of the Hindenburg disaster just before the explosion, through the telephoto lens. Happy faces are visible at the windows of the gondola... Then allow the inevitable to occur.)

Lolling about, but half-crazed with one consuming desire! (At this point, if you have prepared yourself well, you will be able to perform one chorus of America The Beautiful on the harmonica, appassionato- ma non troppo.)

Din of idlers, wheeling, steering, pouring, alas! (Reflect, consider, attempt to transmit, by means of extra-sensory perception, your concept of mortality.)

Horrendous, the Basilisk continues to gaze. (Gaze at your audience through a monocle.)

Oracle of the Two Millions, arise from your ashes (Lashes fluttering....)

Umbrage to be taken out with all the rest of the garbage. (Shrug, roll your eyes, take exception, if necessary, to the uneasy stirrings before you.)

Sustain! (Here, in the midst of the climactic moment, one of the more red-necked members of your audience will arise noisily from his chair and leave the room.)

One year..... two... a decade.. an eter n i t y. Always promise unfulfilled. (Feign surprise at your own loquacity.)

Ending in an insulated concavity, Lord, a sponge for all the tears that have been generated by the past alternation.....(A final note: This last line, an impassioned outburst, contains the implicit germ of its performance dynamics. However, it should be stated, without becoming pedantic, that it is in the nature of a kind of dedication, or, if you will, a benediction. At this point, appropriate music of a recessional nature should be performed on the organ, ad infinitum.)

Author's note: If this work is to be performed as a parody or a satire, the fact must be well concealed to the very end. The author grants that a live performance on this earth may be impossible.

Steps II

A peaceful, misty feeling lays upon me;
completed by your presence,
that lingers on long after you're gone.
It makes me strong, yea leaves me weak;
susceptible to your trance
that somehow leaves me spellbound, awed.
Like a melody one continues to recall;
it cannot be discounted,
nor cleared from one's memory.
Warm as a winters hearth;
as it lightly encloses everything around me,
I drown into oblivion.
Time passes like a rush of wind;
months like days, hours like seconds,
much too quickly.
Yet if I had the time to stop and think
I would question its reality,
lose my oblivion and awe
A dawn in my life you are;
dispersing the clouds, taking the rain,
that once silently crept into each passing day.
Never had there been a dusk that came easier to acknowledge
you gave me strength and courage
to face the sleepless nights.
The steps I've walked with you
shall ever remain a part of me
because you've taught me to live
May I wish for you
this peaceful, misty feeling,
that teaches life.

Paul Williams



Mrs. Owen's House

As you approached what looked like a barn, you soon realized that it was a house, a very large and lonesome looking house almost forbidding you to enter it.

As you stepped inside, you found yourself in a room, which, in years gone by, many people had been served tea and cookies on those long cold winter afternoons.

The room at first glance appeared to be in chaos. But as you took a closer look, you noticed it was in an organized chaos. You know how you have too little room for those many all important things you want to keep-to treasure when you become older.

Mrs. Owens was like that. You could tell by the open book lying on the table in the corner. It was not so much, the book that caught your attention but rather the things on the table things of the past that could not be thrown away, things like a paper or poem written for mom when you were in the first grade, your first rose, a picture of you on your wedding day, a post card from a long forgotten vacation, and finally on top of it all a letter from a lost lover years before. Maybe that is why Mrs. Owen never remarried.

Noticing the table that the book stood on reminded you of something that you would see at your grandmother's house. So did all the other furniture in the house. There were things like the old grandfather's clock, which stood in the corner, and the old rocker next to it, the kind your grandfather used to sit in when he whittled.

All around were piled books, magazines, knitting that would never be finished, and little trinkets of things past.

There also was the coffee table with nicks, scratches, stains, and marks that, if it could talk, would tell you stories of long forgotten little instances which had made this house a home, things like the time Uncle Joe almost burned the place down or the way cousin David learned to use a hammer or that wonder New Year's Eve party or the day your daughter was married.

All these things and many more were in the room that, if it could talk, could tell you of how it was in those days. All these had been carefully preserved so that you could now see and enjoy them.

By Kevin D. Huddleston



Eric Duggins

Fallen Sky

Sittin' here watchin' the sun go down
 My mind is travelin' from town to town
 And I can't help thinking
 Why has time passed me by
 Watching the sundown turn into night
 And I'm listenin' to people fight,
 Just sittin' here watchin'
 The sky tumble down.

So many people runnin' round
 You gotta save them before they drown,
 But can you reach them
 Without makin' a sound.
 So many answers we try to hide
 They slowly sink and finally slide —
 We just sit watchin'
 The sky tumble down

Jeff Stemen

December 26th

The presents scattered.
 The paper crumpled in a box
 By the door.
 Mail in those guarentees.
 Take back the clothes, you say didn't fit —
 But you really didn't like.
 Relax in the afterglow.
 "That's it . . .
 It's all over now.
 Sure wish it didn't have to end,
 It happened all so fast.
 I suppose that's the way it has to be —
 Happy Birthday Jesus —
 We'll see ya next year."

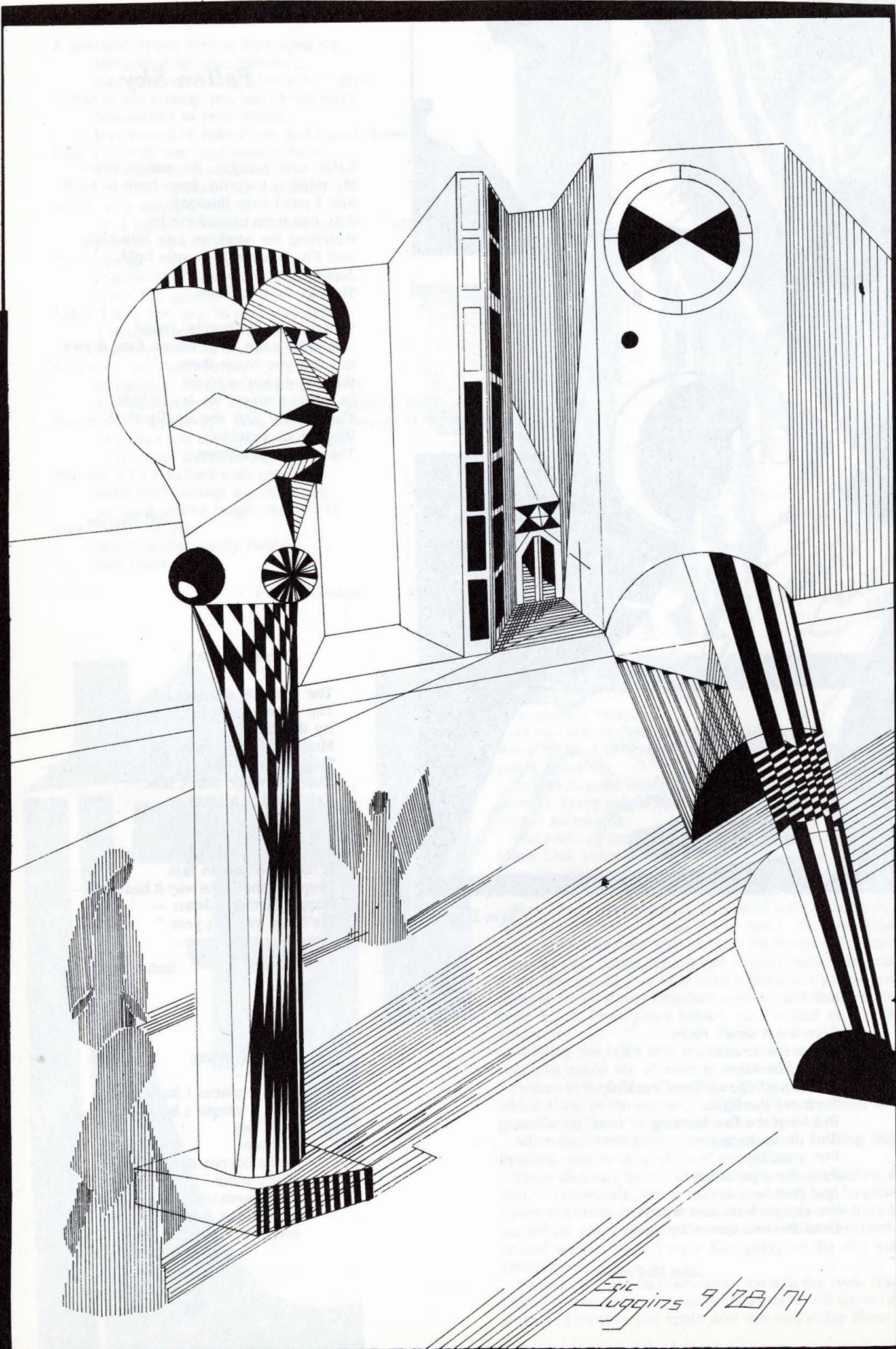
Rob Lloyd

Give me a small room
 And a few friends
 Some fine wine
 And a package of Oreo cookies,
 Turn out the lights
 But keep the fire burning
 And I'll be happy
 For a while
 Pass the pipe around
 And give us a smile;
 We can sit back and watch
 Until the sun comes by again

John McFadden

i look at
 the vast refuse
 of time—
 places i have been,
 people i have known.
 it all lies
 destitute
 in the barren deserts
 of my mind.
 these memories
 burn in the intense heat
 and still,
 i cannot forget them

Deni Giles



Thought One

The man on the radio today said that bombs were exploded in Ethiopia and Ireland. I don't know how many people were killed or injured. But I realized something.

I don't care.

Because I don't understand.

Think about it. I did all of a sudden. I thought about the horror of knowing, for God's sake, that the air has turned to fire and the floor and walls and ceiling around you, once so solid and reassuring, have in an instant become fragmented, airborne and lethal and that there is nothing-absolutely nothing-that you can do to get out of the way.

16-year-old Dejean Replogle of Jacksonville, Florida, on a Christmas pilgrimage to Bethlehem, got her leg blown off in a bus bombed by Palestinian guerrillas. She is reported in good spirits and doing as well as can be expected of a 16-year-old girl lying helpless in a foreign hospital.

It could happen. Anytime, anywhere, to anybody.

Even me.

I suppose I am just like most people. There are those who, in their smug way, would label me "aware" and "concerned", just because I know the right cliches.

When I was in high school we had endless bomb scares, where everybody was trooped outside to stand at an unconcerned distance while police searched the buildings. As far as I know, none of us thought for a moment that we might hear a sudden roar and see brick, stone, masonry, and perhaps even people crumble, sear and disintegrate before our eyes. And yet to some, this is an everyday occurrence.

I am very small, foolish, and ignorant.

I won't change because of this. But maybe from now on I will feel a bit of pain when I hear that somebody has been bombed out of existence. Why? Because maybe I won't always be spared.

It could happen.

Chris Russell

Clear the slate
It's become too cluttered
With translucent fragments
Blocking the pure white light

When desire becomes will
Attributed to the Almighty
Fermenting into absolutes
That block the Absolute

Looking for the myth in a truth
Not seeing the truth for the myth
Proving the story takes up time
We need to learn of the Source.

Richard Evanoff

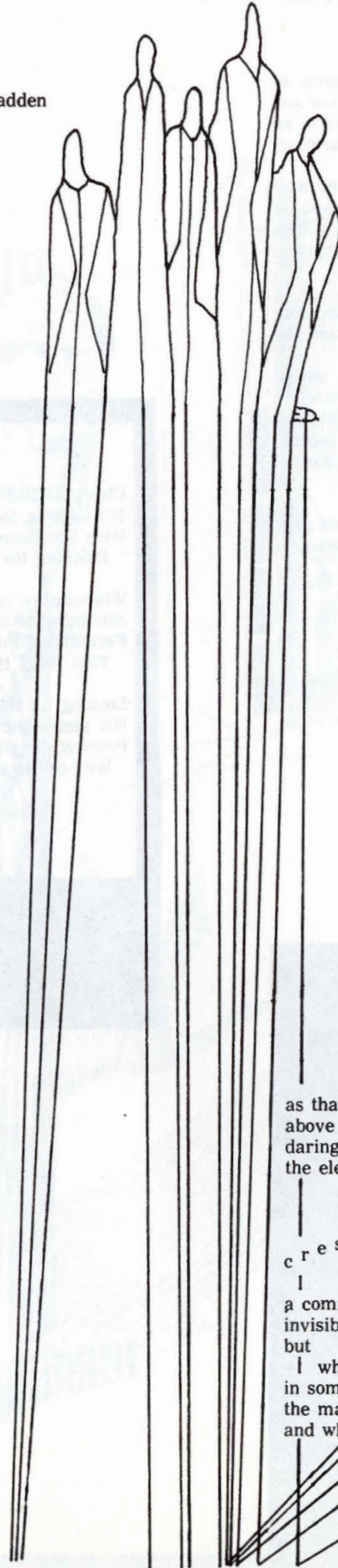
Devil
You in the magical mirage of myths
United with one and the same with mankind
I love you
Your love unreturned, I don't condone it
Or should I love you in spite of—
But love transcending beyond agape
Some imperfection that has blocked my path
Going over it.

I dreamed that the Devil repented
And sat next to me at the banquet.
When I asked of him why he had changed
He replied that he had never been loved before.
No one loves the Devil
But maybe we should—
There's a little of him in all of us.

Richard Evanoff

The tiny wooden figures
Stand stiffly
On the board as
Fingers pull
And push
And manipulate
Until one of us
Is cornered
And after all
It's just a game.

John McFadden



a mode of expression

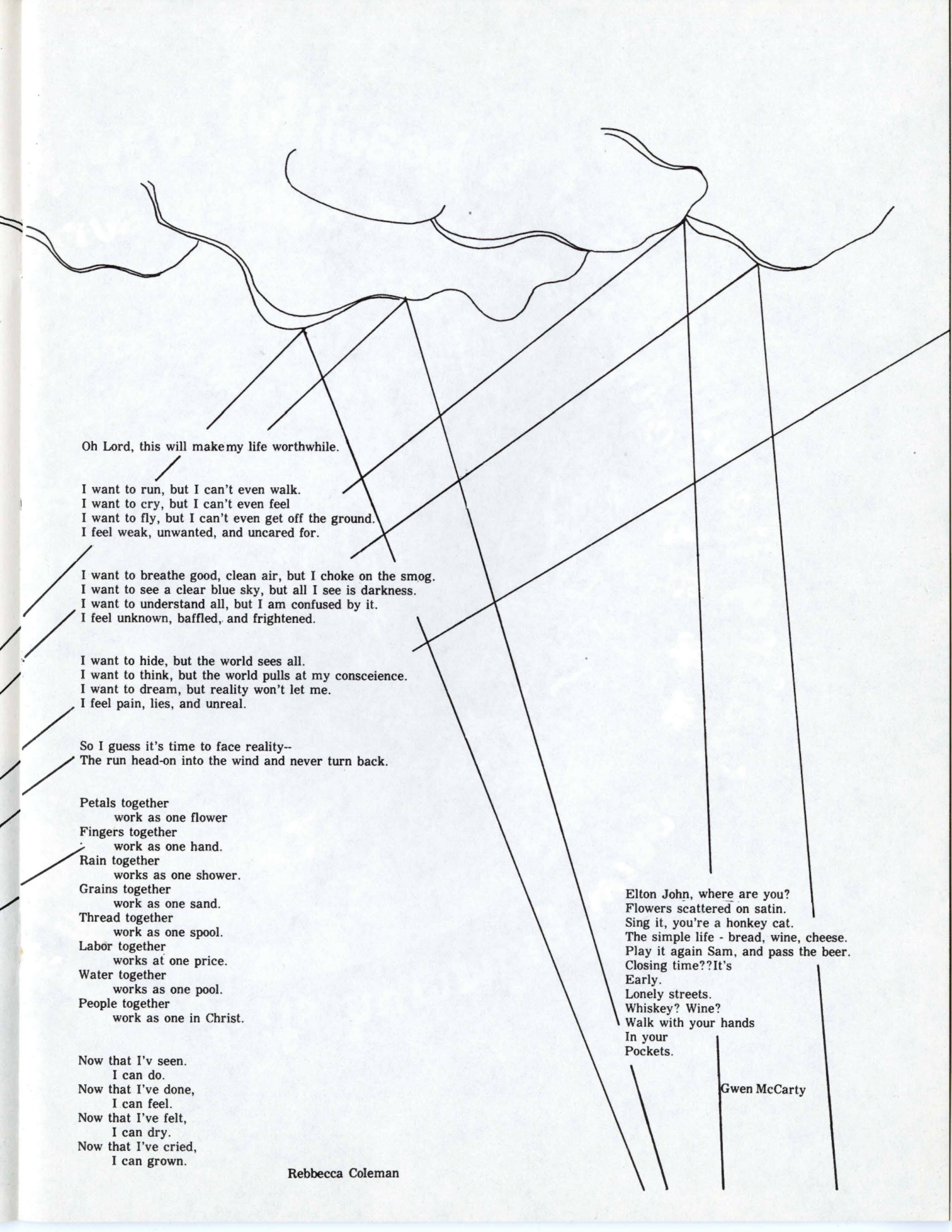
as that ogre Royal reared perilous
above an oh-so-tightly-shielded little id,
daring me to step one finger on a key,
the electronic growl rose deafeningly,

crescendoing,

I slipped quickly behind
a comfortable metaphor (tough as an
invisible plastic shield),
but

what if (medium tedium)—
in some frankensteinish way,
the machine is in the throes of making me,
and what I am is what the poem makes me seem?

Tracey Miller



Oh Lord, this will makemy life worthwhile.

I want to run, but I can't even walk.
I want to cry, but I can't even feel
I want to fly, but I can't even get off the ground.
I feel weak, unwanted, and uncared for.

I want to breathe good, clean air, but I choke on the smog.
I want to see a clear blue sky, but all I see is darkness.
I want to understand all, but I am confused by it.
I feel unknown, baffled, and frightened.

I want to hide, but the world sees all.
I want to think, but the world pulls at my conscience.
I want to dream, but reality won't let me.
I feel pain, lies, and unreal.

So I guess it's time to face reality--
The run head-on into the wind and never turn back.

Petals together
work as one flower
Fingers together
work as one hand.
Rain together
works as one shower.
Grains together
work as one sand.
Thread together
work as one spool.
Labor together
works at one price.
Water together
works as one pool.
People together
work as one in Christ.

Now that I've seen.
I can do.
Now that I've done,
I can feel.
Now that I've felt,
I can dry.
Now that I've cried,
I can grown.

Rebecca Coleman

Elton John, where are you?
Flowers scattered on satin.
Sing it, you're a honkey cat.
The simple life - bread, wine, cheese.
Play it again Sam, and pass the beer.
Closing time??It's
Early.
Lonely streets.
Whiskey? Wine?
Walk with your hands
In your
Pockets.

Gwen McCarty

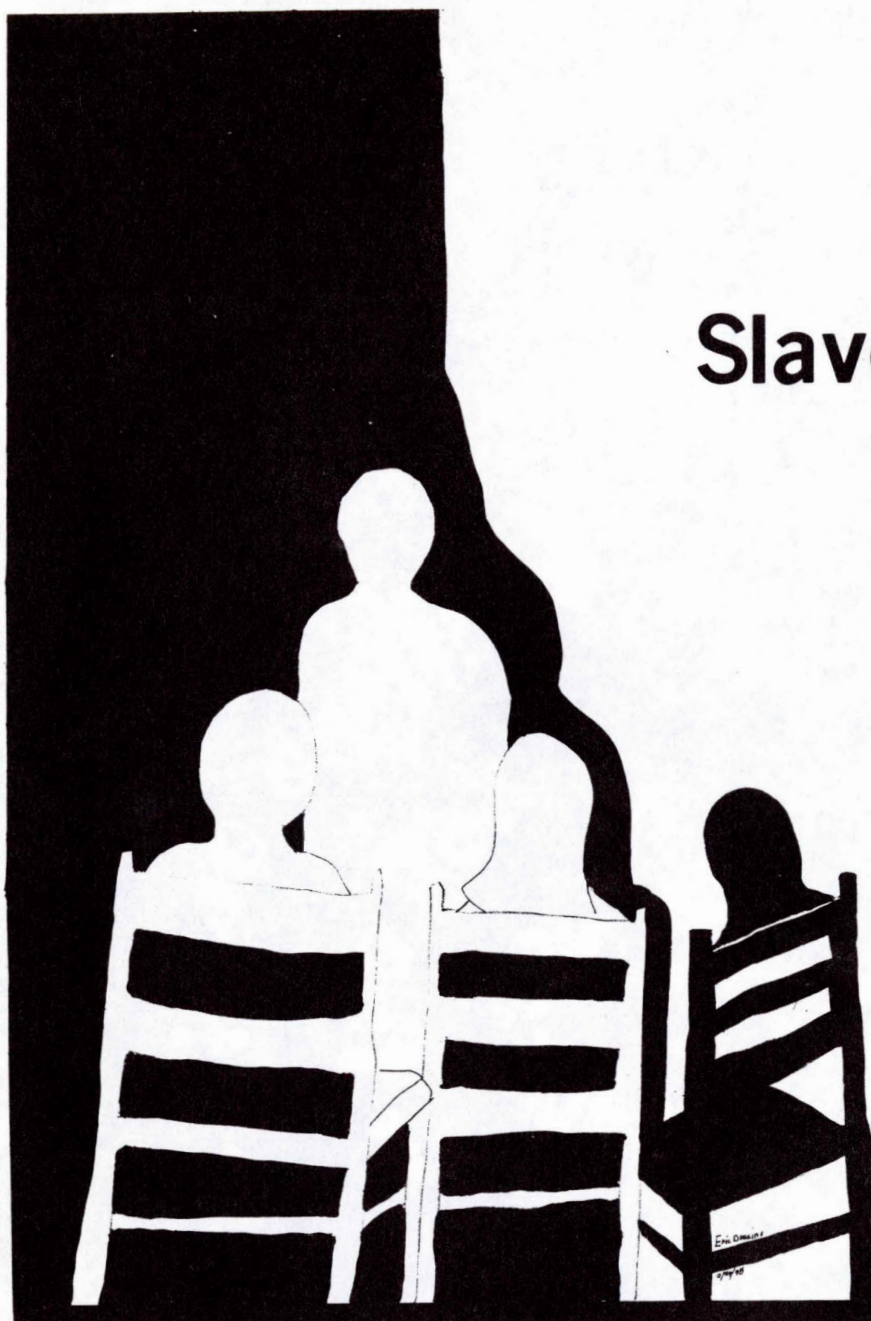
feeling the vibrations of a beautiful day. flying in dizzy circles, a butterfly trembles on a daisy, surrounded by sunshine. hearing the music of its humming wings *** a butterfly lives its short time
exciting in the energy of being, free in the joy of life. to reverse of life. to



Kathy Torgerson
Photograph: Ed Charlton

Slave Circus

Mary Sartoris



Characters;

The Professor
12 to 15 Students

The Stage:

Setting: A classroom with no doors, windows, or props. The Professor, an extremely conservative-looking gentleman of about forty, is seated in a chair at right, rear stage. (A) He is wearing black-rimmed glasses, a white shirt, thin black tie, black suit and shoes, and white socks. His face is totally expressionless as he sits quite still, his hands in his lap. The Students sit on simple log benches (B) wearing simple, casual, comfortable clothing. Each has a new spiral notebook, and a new, well-sharpened, No. 2 lead pencil with an unused eraser. Some of the Students are writing in their notebooks, others are conversing quietly, and others are silently thinking. All are earnest and intense.

(The bell rings and the Students become completely silent, their attention fixed on the Professor, who does not move for several moments. He finally rises and moves to the front of the classroom (C), where he silently waits.)

Prof.: I must have your attention. You must stop talking before class can begin. (the Students have not moved or spoken. Their attention remains fixed on the Professor, who waits a while longer and then returns to the

chair and sits down. This entire process is repeated five times. Finally, after the fifth bell, the Professor stays in front of the class.) In the future, I will have silence after the bell rings. This is not a social gathering. Does anyone have any questions concerning the subject with which we are concerned? (He stares at his feet, expressionless. Several students raise their hands.) Seeing none, I will continue with my lecture. (The Students lower their hands.) It is true that time passes swiftly. However, it is not true that the earth is the center of the universe, and yet there is no apparent contradiction. Can you explain the reason for this phenomenon?

Student: Sir, I don't believe we understand your question.

Prof.: You do not understand, young person, because you were not taught the secret of self-actualization. If you would read the works of Abraham Maslow, you would find that the highest level of human existence is to be able to quit smoking.

To return to the original question; however, how is humankind ever to rise above the forces of evil? How will goodness ever prevail, unless all persons learn to be prepared for the storms of life? We cannot carry an umbrella to protect ourselves from pain and ignorance, or from guilt and despair. We must learn to read, write, and recite the Pledge of Allegiance to the American Flag. (The Students listen intently, taking notes.) Consider the animals-dogs, cows, flowers,-they cannot do either of these things. They live lives of peace and tranquility, unless humans molest them. They have no worries. Their only purpose is to live and enjoy living. Is this not ample proof of the truth of my statement?

Student: Excuse me sir, but I fail to see how this pertains to the subject under study.

Prof.: Perhaps I must endeavor to clarify my statements. I was trying to present the idea that life is more than a set of rules and regulations. There are certain truths that all persons must come to an acute understanding of in order to find the answers to life. For instance, all persons eventually learn that when one steps on a crack, one breaks one's mother's back. Perhaps some of you have already come to this realization.

Student: Sir, is truth eternal? Do all persons come to understand the same truths, or is truth dependant upon an individual's situation?

Prof.: I will try to answer your question with the following analogy: Consider a newborn infant. It cannot communicate with its environment. It has not learned to express itself. How can it exist in the isolated condition? A musician must be able to communicate his music to the world. If he cannot, he does not exist as a musician; therefore, because communication is the basis for existence, the infant does not exist.

Student: Professor, although your logic is clear, I cannot accept your conclusion, because I, myself, was once an infant.

Prof.: You have just asked the question which I was leading up to. Is truth logical, or is truth real? Obviously, it cannot be both, for logic always contradicts that which exists in reality. Do any of you know the true answer to this question?

Student: Professor, perhaps appearances distort reality. Truth, then, would be reality which is totally devoid of contradictory appearances.

Prof.: These possibilities are absolutely impossible, because in 1968 it was proven beyond question that all is garbage except garbage, which is truth. Truth is garbage, and garbage is truth. Only that which is totally ugly can ever be considered beautiful, and all beauty is ugliness. Therefore, stay away from loud and aggressive persons, for they will vex your spirit when you are not looking.

Student: Sir, I am confused. I fail to understand the relationship between your lecture and the subject we are studying.

Prof.: Once again, I shall try to make myself more easily understood. I am sure that you have heard statements by those who would have you believe that God is dead. This cannot be true. However, you must not ask me to prove that fact, for to do so would be to question the existence of God, which is a sin. The first basic truth which each of you must learn is that it is evil to question God or the ways of God. It is also wrong to question those who serve God. We all must be disciplined in our ignorance, yet never ignorant in our discipline.

The road of life is rugged — full of chuckholes of sickness and poverty, and ridges of sin and misfortune: therefore, it is wise to rotate your tires. Never let the gasoline tank of your life become empty.

Look forward, but not too far. Look backward, but not forever. The world would be such a better place if it were found, but now we are lost.

Students, perhaps the most important truth you will ever learn in your entire lives is this: You must learn not to believe in the existence of that which does not exist. For instance, there was never a First World War. It was a story someone made up to fill up space on the front page of the New York Times. However, many people died because they failed to realize that it was a lie. They believed; therefore, they died.

The Vietnam war was a lie. There is no energy crisis. We are not having problems with the economy. There is no unemployment. The Republicans never bugged the Democratic Headquarters. Watergate was a story that Congress invented because they were bored, and they thought a political scandal would be fun. There is no world population problem. There are no children starving in India. There is no pollution. Jack Benny did not really die. You must learn to ignore these problems, and you will see that they do not exist.

(This is followed by several minutes of silence during which the Professor waits silently. The Students watch him intently with troubled, confused expressions. The silence lasts two to three minutes.)

Student: I understand now, Professor. The purpose of life is to recognize life for what it is — life.

Prof.: Exactly.

Student: Yes, I also have come to an understanding. Humans tend to judge one another too harshly. We must learn to recognize love. For instance, love is sharing a coke with your friend.

Prof.: Correct.

Student: Love is finding a fabric softener that whitens too.

Prof.: Love is cheering for your school at a football game.

Student: Canada Dry tastes like love.

Student: Truth is garbage, and garbage is truth.

Student: Rotate your tires. Eat your vegetables. Hold your horses. Be kind to animals. Wash your clothes. Go to church. Be in by 11:00 p.m. Don't dance. Don't drink. Be yourself.

Student: Freedom is being able to make one's own decisions. However, it is impossible to make one's own decisions when one is ignorant. Ignorance is being unable to comprehend truth. No person has ever been able to fully comprehend truth. Therefore, there is no freedom; no liberty and justice for all.

Student: (with Southern drawl) Hi. I'm a tornado victim from Xenia, Ohio. When that tornado killed my husband and ten kids I was sad. But when that damn roof fell in on my brand new washer and dryer, I cried for days.

Student: Knight to Queen's Bishop three. Mate!

Student: Here?

Student: All men are created equal. However, a genius has more intelligence than a normal person. Therefore, intelligence has no value.

Student: Richard M. Nixon never existed. Adolf Hitler never lived. Archie Bunker never spoke. William Calley never left his backyard. The Ed Sullivan Show never went off the air. There is no cancer . . . (Students continue, interrupting each other, not listening to one another, talking nonsense. The Professor frowns and attempts to get their attention.)

Prof.: (Frantically) Students, please. Quiet, please! (Bell rings . . . Students gradually quiet down and eventually are silent.) Students, we must return to the subject which we were discussing. Is truth universal or is it relative?

Student: Truth is garbage and garbage is truth.

Prof.: (frantically — very worried expression on face.) Is it possible to believe in that which we do not understand?

Student: We must learn not to believe in that which does not exist.

Prof.: (trying desperately to restore order.) Class, please! Did you read your assignments?

Student: Garbage, garbage, all is garbage.

Prof.: We will have a test next week over . . .

Student: (interrupting) There are no tests . . . there is no class. Escape from life. (other students join in, words become almost like a chant.) Deny all . . . escape . . . all is garbage . . . escape . . . there is no death . . . there is no life . . . escape . . . escape . . .

Prof.: (Above Students) Class, that is all for today. You are all dismissed.

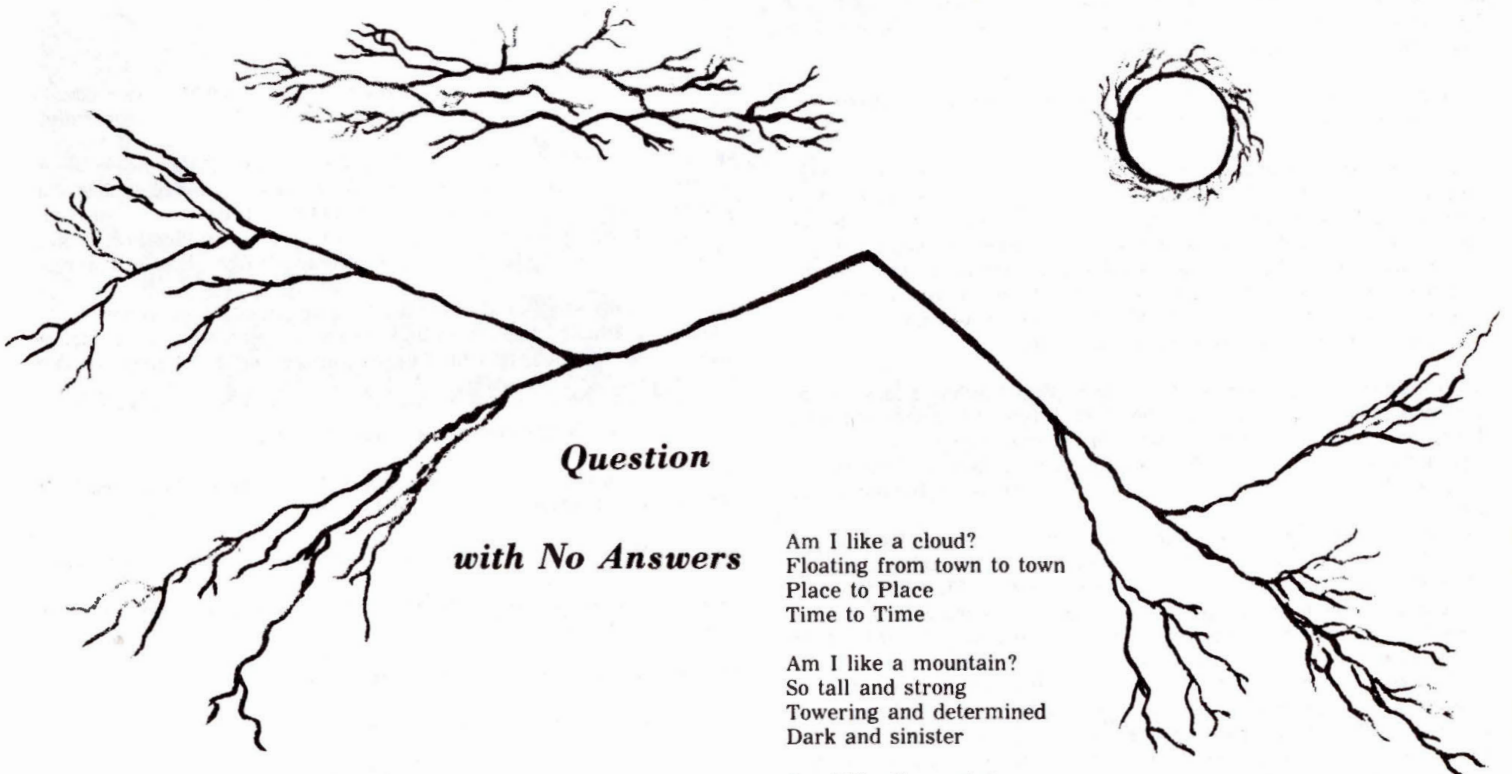
Students: Escape . . . escape . . . escape . . . (Students rise, chanting, they move about the room, searching for the door, but there is no door.) Escape . . . escape . . . (Curtain falls)

de Bergerac

Cyrano so socially unsure,
so lyrically enlightened,
doomed with the Durante schnozz.
Cyrano, unlovely and unloved,
yet singing superbly, sweetly,
All for a gilded butterfly.

Cyrano, to sing for Cyrano,
to sing and soothe dewed roses,
To sing your spirit, your soul,
Is to win the rose for the hummingbird,
forgetting the golden but voiceless,
And tasting the nectar yourself.

Jack Knowles



Kim Yeutter

Question
with No Answers

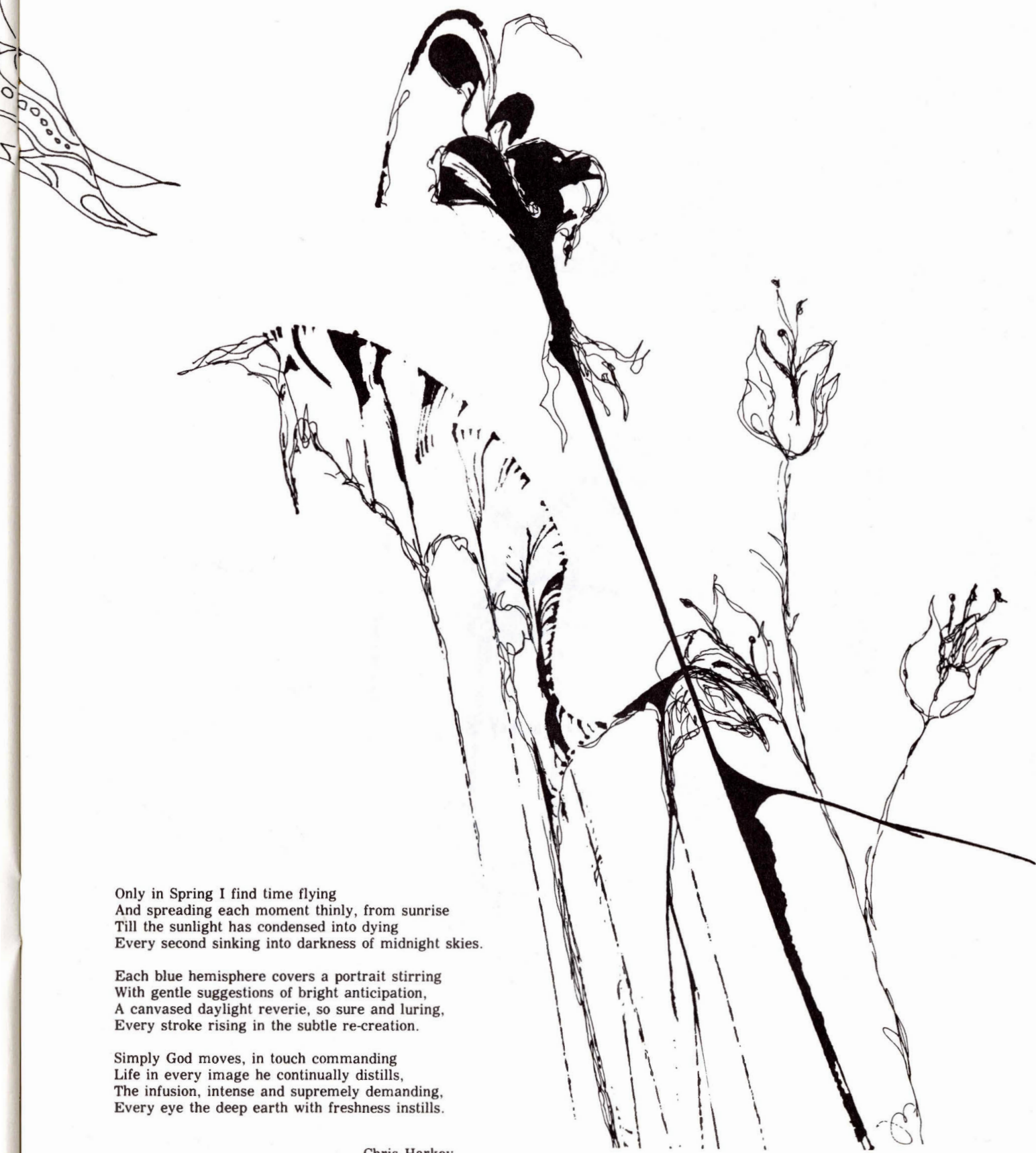
Am I like a cloud?
Floating from town to town
Place to Place
Time to Time

Am I like a mountain?
So tall and strong
Towering and determined
Dark and sinister

Am I like the eagle?
Very majestic and proud
Free and symbolic
Strong and powerful

Or am I a loner?
A man hidden in the past
With his head in the future
And blind of the present

Jeff Stemen



Only in Spring I find time flying
And spreading each moment thinly, from sunrise
Till the sunlight has condensed into dying
Every second sinking into darkness of midnight skies.

Each blue hemisphere covers a portrait stirring
With gentle suggestions of bright anticipation,
A canvased daylight reverie, so sure and luring,
Every stroke rising in the subtle re-creation.

Simply God moves, in touch commanding
Life in every image he continually distills,
The infusion, intense and supremely demanding,
Every eye the deep earth with freshness instills.

Chris Harkey



ELAINE COURTNEY '75

چگونه خوراهم پوشاند خود را
 مرد و سعت این زیبایی
 من لوزان را

می ترسم می ترسم
 من به لایتم و به سفتی
 و دیوارها خورده ام

چگونه خوراهم توانست کوی را یاد آورم؟
 زیبایی فانی را
 و دست عاری از کعبه را
 آسمان و کوی مرعوبان میکند
 من دیوارها و نغمه ها را در کویم کرده ام
 و اما هارا !
 خود را من یادم در عظمت تکامل کوی
 سبب ابتدای سیه .

beginning

How can I cover Me

In the vastness of this beauty

Me, (The shaken body)

I'm scared. I'm scared

I got used to my room and ceilings

And the walls.

How can I believe in Desert without walls and ceilings

The beauty without question

And the vastness without corners

Sky and Desert make me naked.

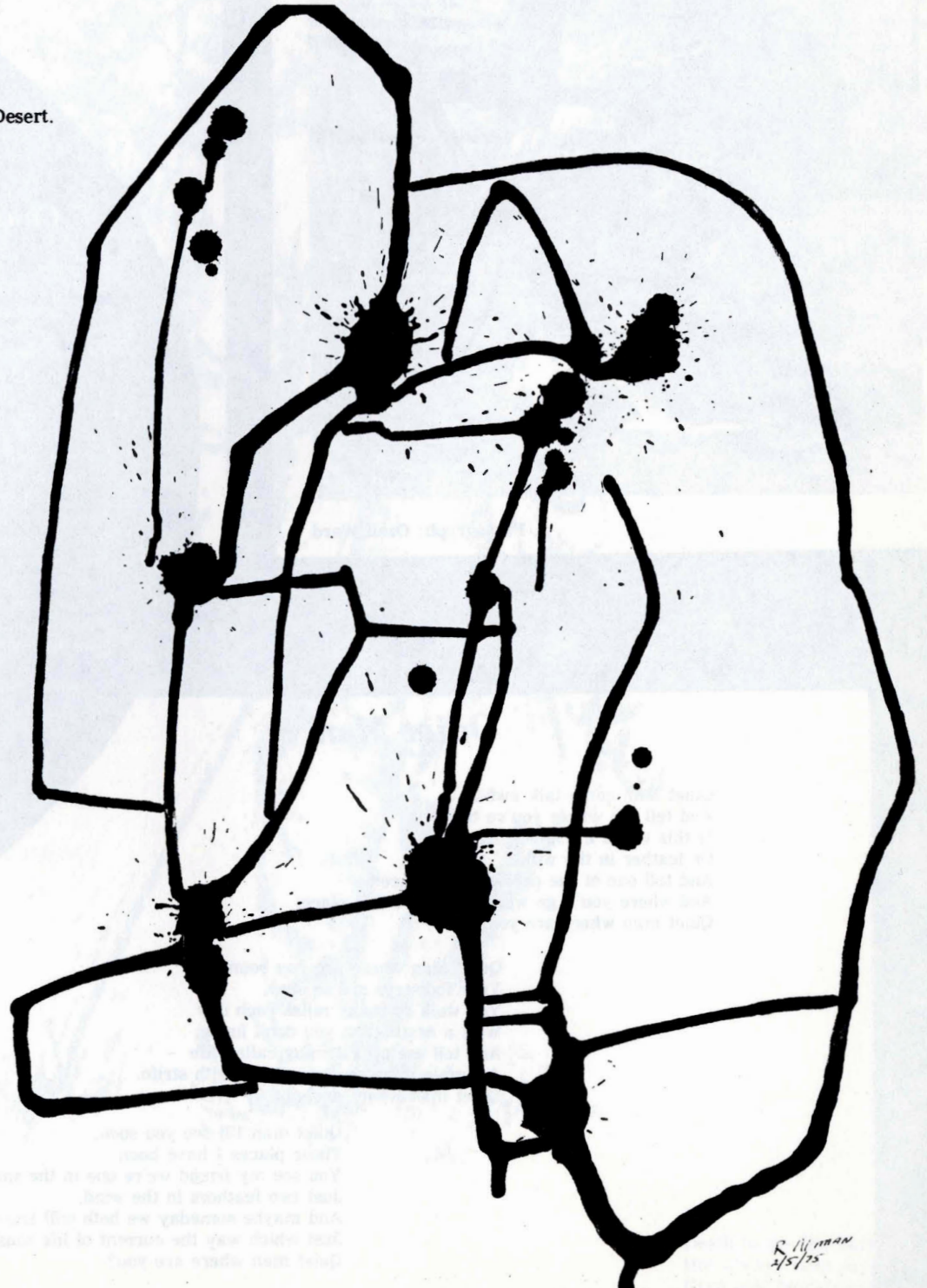
I lost the walls and corners in desert.

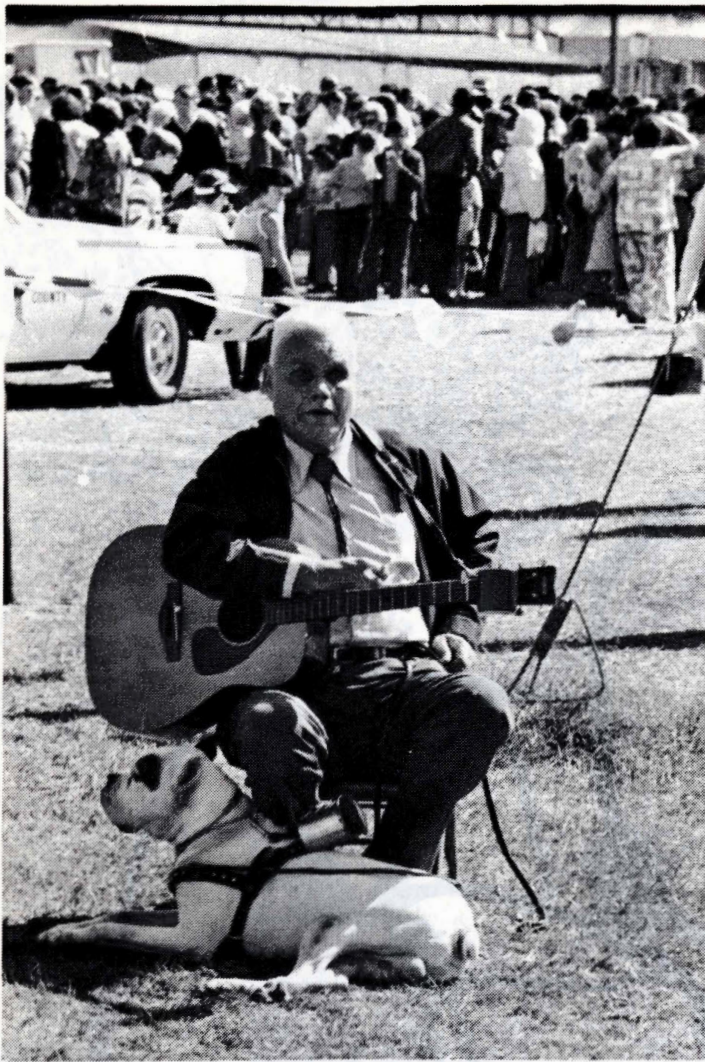
and the questions.

I see Me in the magnificent evolution of Desert.

The black spot or beginning.

Zahra Raissain





Photograph: Ozell Ward

Chasing Rainbows

Somewhere in the Bible
 It says ask and you'll receive.
 Now ya' know my Lord I'm asking
 Won't you somehow please help me
 To find the reason why.
 It seems I've been chasing rainbows
 Way up in the sky
 And if I ever find that reason Lord
 I'll keep it till I die.
 Time it's all to quick for me
 As laughter fills the air.
 So many people rushing
 And to a place, they don't know where.
 But my dreams they all confront me now
 And there's reality to which I must face,
 It seems I've been chasing rainbows
 Somewhere out in space
 When the only rainbow to be found
 Was his loving grace.

Jeff Stemen

Quiet Man

Quiet man come talk awhile
 And tell me where you've been.
 Is this world a simple place
 Or feather in the wind?
 And tell one of the problems you faced
 And where you'll go when you leave this place.
 Quiet man where are you?

Quiet man where are you bound?
 Your footsteps are so slow,
 You walk so many miles each day
 With a destination you don't know.
 And tell me of this thing called life
 A simple thing that's so filled with strife.
 Quiet man where are you?

Quiet man I'll see you soon,
 Those places I have been.
 You see my friend we're one in the same
 Just two feathers in the wind.
 And maybe someday we both will know
 Just which way the current of life must flow —
 Quiet man where are you?

Jeff Stemen



Death to the Old Man
Has always been part of life
Even now he carries followers
To the grave site of his wife.

By Eric Duggins

Sandcastles form slowly in my mind—
The ocean tugs at it's foundation
Slowly but slowly the castles
begin to f

a
l
l

and the ocean rushes down my cheek
and flows quickly
to the floor me.
beneath

I scoop the sand up and try in vain
to replace it—

but to no avail—
It just slithers through my fingers
and back to it's beginning—

Another ocean flows

And I wipe my eyes—

I have ruined something beautiful
and in my vain attempt

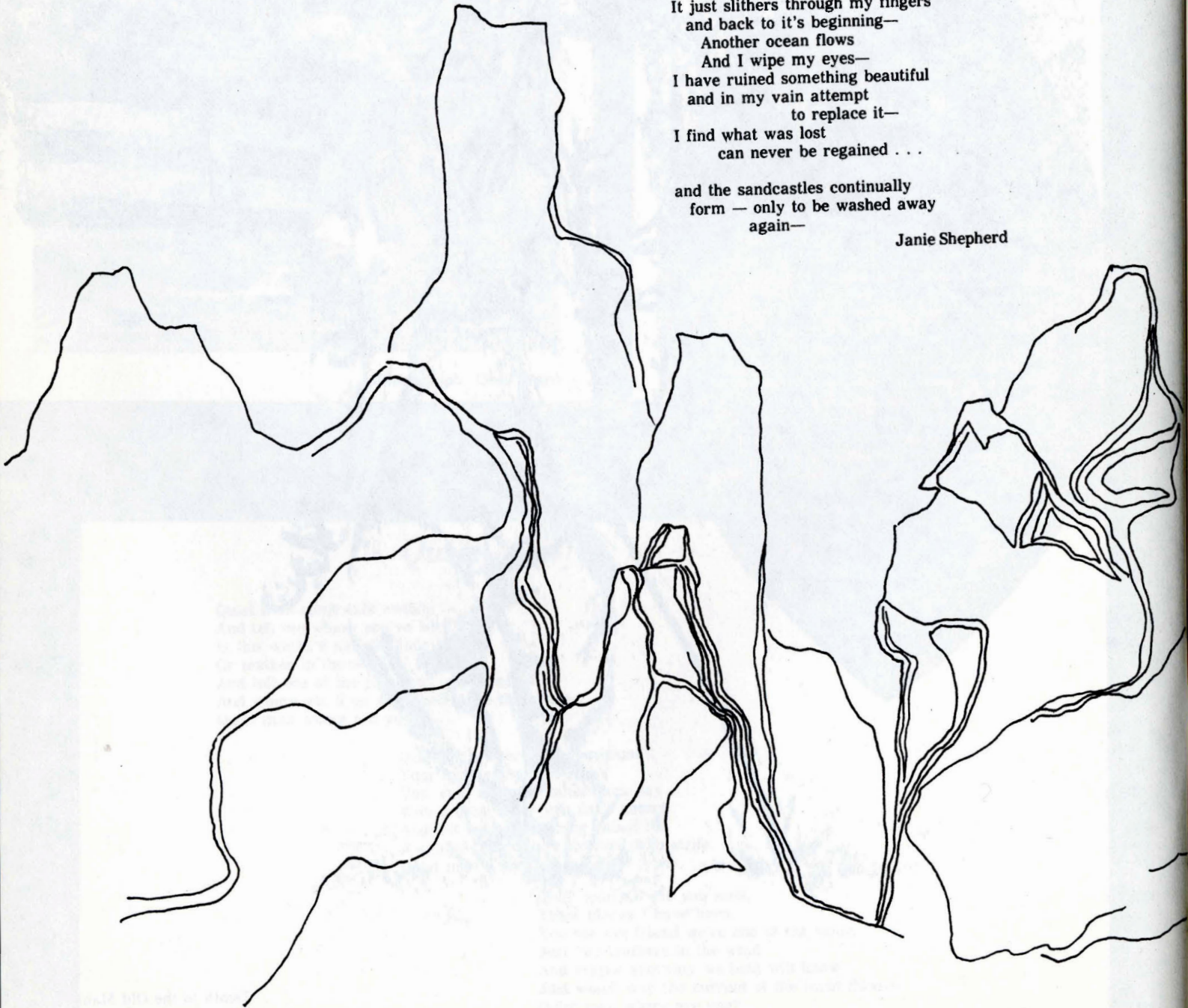
to replace it—

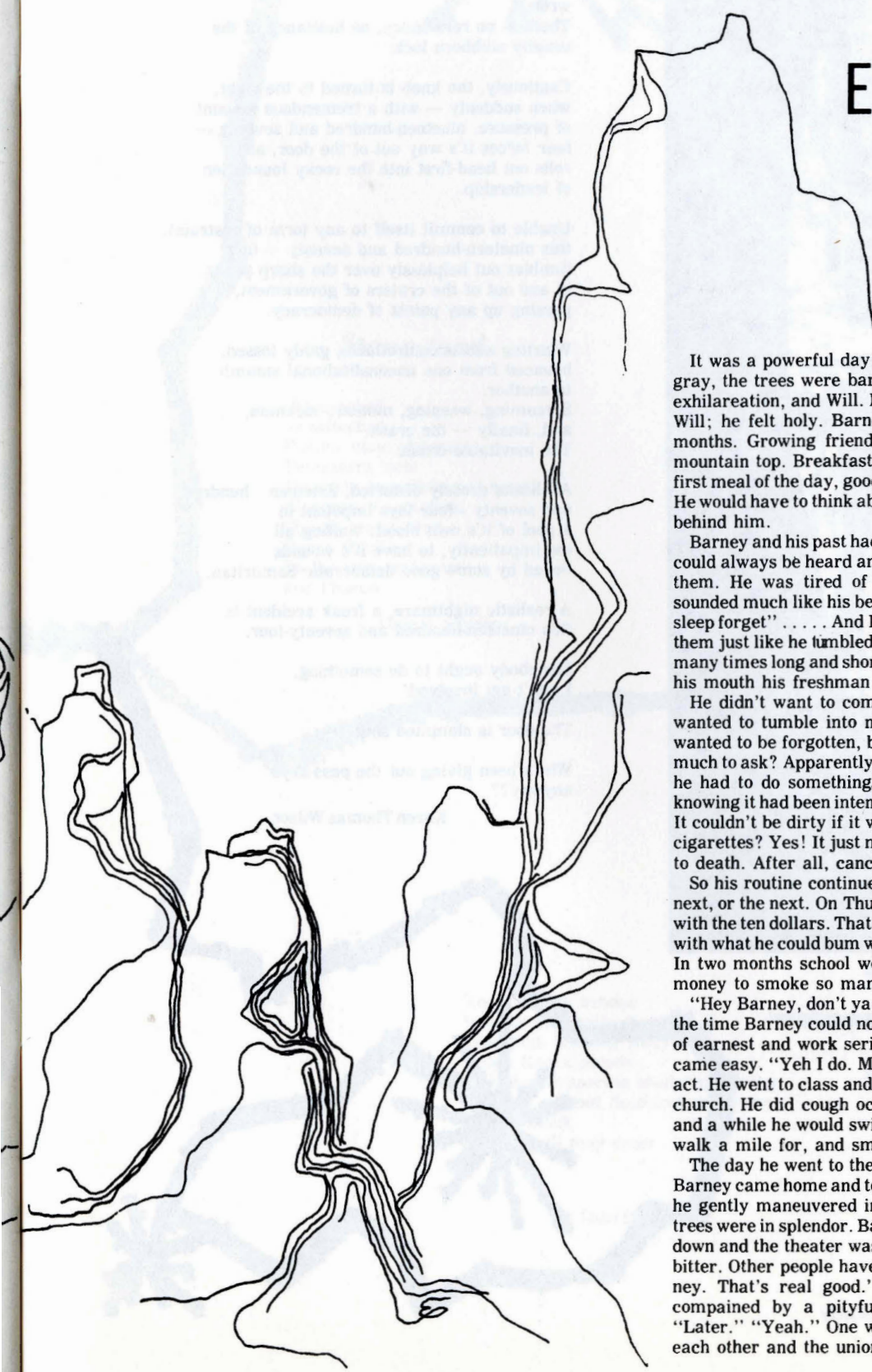
I find what was lost

can never be regained . . .

and the sandcastles continually
form — only to be washed away
again—

Janie Shepherd





ECHO CANYON

Tony Jacoby

It was a powerful day! The wind was strong, the sky was black and gray, the trees were bare. Barney climbed the morning hill with awe, exhilaration, and Will. Barney mostly felt very good when he was with Will; he felt holy. Barney had been feeling pretty holy for about six months. Growing friendships and new experiences had led him to a mountain top. Breakfast on the hill was normal, good. Good to eat the first meal of the day, good in the help it gave to the day and a realization. He would have to think about it, but he knew. The top of the mountain was behind him.

Barney and his past had not forgotten each other. The echoes of its calls could always be heard and now he was letting himself be drawn towards them. He was tired of school and of making decisions. The echoes sounded much like his bed when it was calling him . . . "Come lie down sleep forget" . . . And Barney didn't walk down hills; he tumbled down them just like he tumbled into bed. He had thought of putting an end to it many times long and short ago. That bottle of iodine had come so close to his mouth his freshman year.

He didn't want to commit suicide (such a dirty word); Barney just wanted to tumble into nonexistence. No fuss, no muss, no bother. He wanted to be forgotten, by everybody, by himself, by God. Was this too much to ask? Apparently so; he couldn't think of a way to pull it off. Well he had to do something. Perhaps if he killed himself without anyone knowing it had been intentional. There must be a way: the perfect suicide. It couldn't be dirty if it was done perfectly. How about, how about . . . cigarettes? Yes! It just might work. Barney was going to smoke himself to death. After all, cancer ran in his family like curly hair.

So his routine continued as usual. There was no mail that day or the next, or the next. On Thursday it came; the weekly one-pager from Dad with the ten dollars. That would be enough for two cartons a week, which with what he could bum would come to about three and a half packs a day. In two months school would be out. He would get a job and have the money to smoke so many more.

"Hey Barney, don't ya think you're smoking a little too much?" Most of the time Barney could not answer questions. His mind would make light of earnest and work seriously with triviality. But this time the answer came easy. "Yeh I do. Maybe I'd better cut back a little." Barney could act. He went to class and got by, he went out with his friends, he went to church. He did cough occasionally, but everybody coughs. Every once and a while he would switch from his regular non-filters, the kind you'd walk a mile for, and smoke a menthol.

The day he went to the doctor the sun shone like a nuclear explosion. Barney came home and took his last shower, then, sweating and gagging, he gently maneuvered into his now silent bed. The day Will came the trees were in splendor. Barney never stopped acting until the curtain was down and the theater was empty. "I'm not afraid, Will. I'm not sorry or bitter. Other people have had a lot harder knocks." "That's good, Barney. That's real good." A pause "I can't talk anymore." was accompanied by a pityfully weak gesture. "OK." "Will?" "Yeah?" "Later." "Yeah." One week later Barney and the echoes tumbled into each other and the union was silently complete.

Reflections of 1974

Approaching an interesting loving door,
an unsteady hand grasps the knob while
inserting the key into the lock with the free hand.
The key takes two turns around the hole
and unlocks the long forbidden latch.

Someplace, something in the ritual has gone
wrong!
There is no reluctance, no hesitancy of the
usually stubborn lock.

Cautiously, the knob is turned to the right,
when suddenly — with a tremendous amount
of pressure, nineteen-hundred and seventy —
four forces it's way out of the door, and
rolls out head-first into the rocky foundation
of leadership.

Unable to commit itself to any form of restraint,
this nineteen-hundred and seventy — four
tumbles out helplessly over the sharp peaks,
in and out of the craters of government,
passing up any points of democracy.

Whirling and uncontrollable, giddy tossed,
bounced from one unconstitutional summit
to another.
Screaming, weeping, motion - sickness,
and, finally — the crash.
The inevitable crash.

All limits grossly distorted, nineteen - hundred
and seventy - four lays impotent in
a pool of it's own blood; waiting all
too impatiently, to have it's wounds
licked by some good democratic Samaritan.

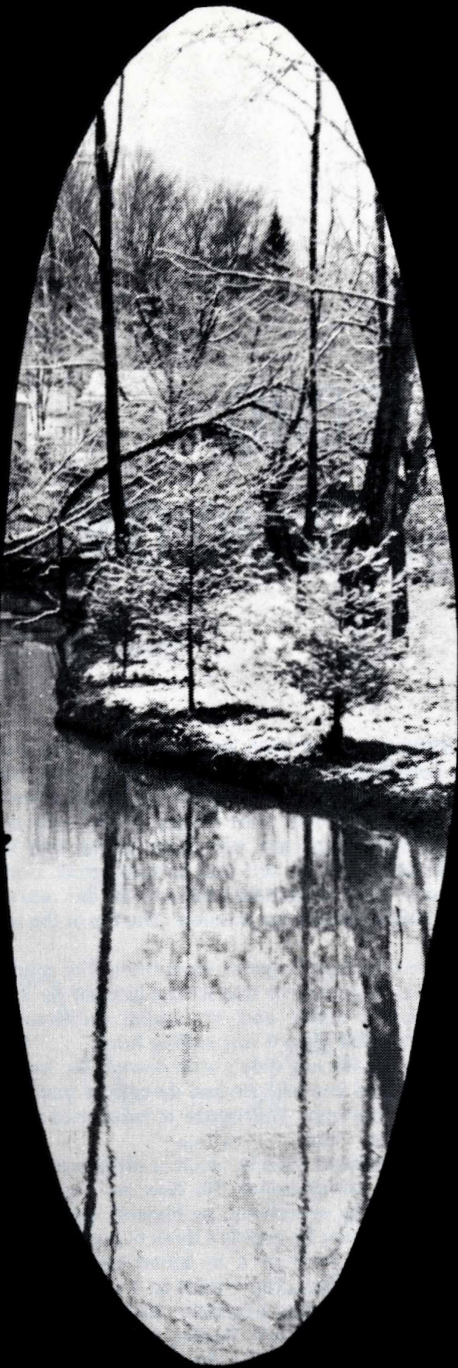
A realistic nightmare, a freak accident is
this nineteen-hundred and seventy-four.

Somebody ought to do something.
I can't get involved!

The door is slammed shut.

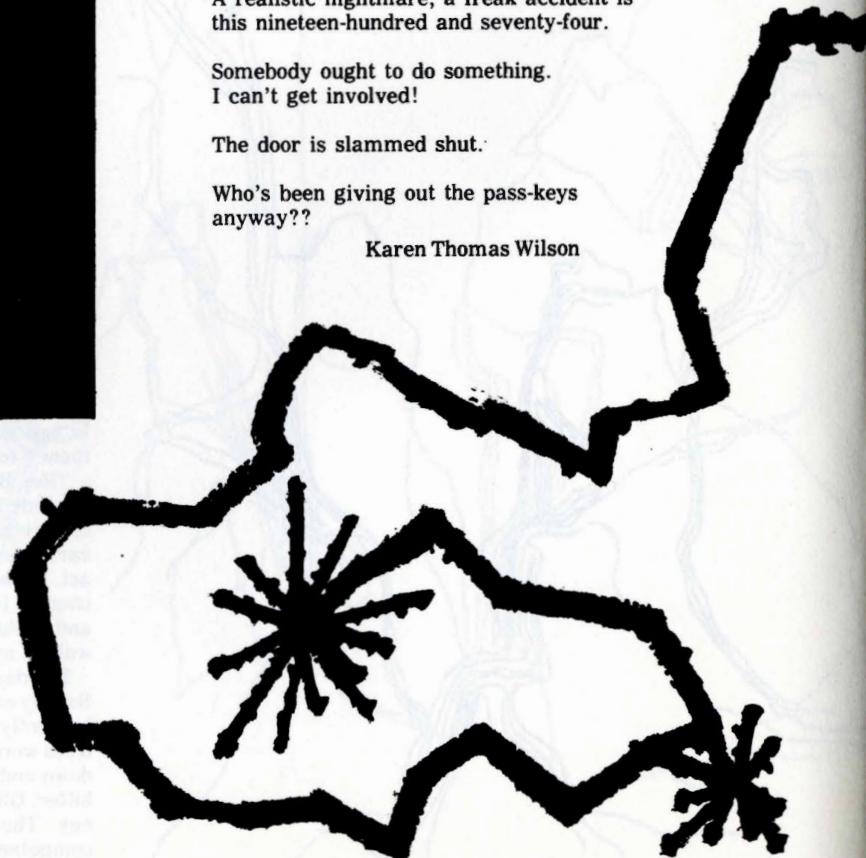
Who's been giving out the pass-keys
anyway??

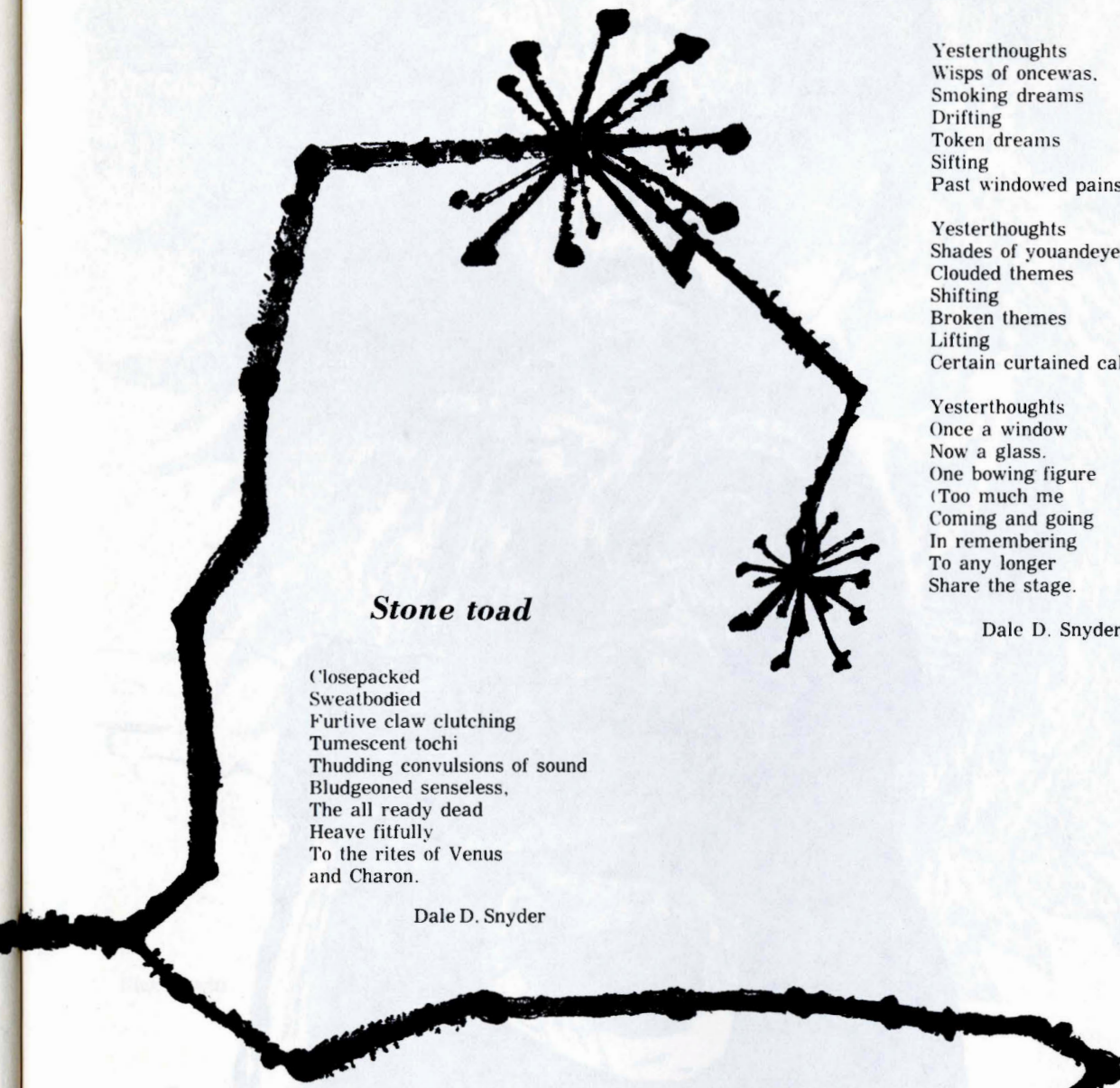
Karen Thomas Wilson



It's lonely, this world.
Sometimes, I feel as though I'm on a pinwheel,
Being twirled.
I want a friend,
I need one.
But I can't lease or lend
one
not even
be one
reach
touch
eyes sparkle
they don't see me
That's okay
I'm yours, for free.

Gwen McCarty





Stone toad

Closepacked
Sweatbodied
Furtive claw clutching
Tumescent tochi
Thudding convulsions of sound
Bludgeoned senseless,
The all ready dead
Heave fitfully
To the rites of Venus
and Charon.

Dale D. Snyder

Yesterthoughts
Wisps of oncewas.
Smoking dreams
Drifting
Token dreams
Sifting
Past windowed pains.

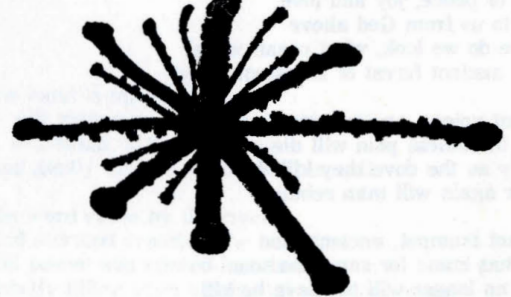
Yesterthoughts
Shades of youandeye.
Clouded themes
Shifting
Broken themes
Lifting
Certain curtained calls.

Yesterthoughts
Once a window
Now a glass.
One bowing figure
(Too much me
Coming and going
In remembering
To any longer
Share the stage.

Dale D. Snyder

Knock Knock echoes
Into the dim halls of
Treeclimb Hitaball Bellyweep.
Knock Knock pleads
With the whispering shades mourning.
Standing without fleshtired soulweary
Knock Knock
All who will may enter . . .

Dale D. Snyder





Distant drums, ancient beat,
endless marching of human feet
man did kill the dove long ago,
ancient arrow, spear and bow

dove of peace, joy and love
sent to us from God above
where do we look, what ocean wave?
what ancient forest of limestone gray?

distant voices, ancient cry
man in endless pain will die
slowly as the dove they killed
never again will man rebuild

Distant trumpet, ancient tune
God has come for some too soon
man no longer will the dove he kill
the world is silent, calm and still

Dove of peace, joy and love
sent to us from God above
where so we look, what ocean wave?
what ancient forest of limestone gray?

Eric Duggins

Grace McCall



Rick Dewitt

Every rush of wind will bend my heart
To bow below the hand that moves the air,
That ties together every part
And carries the world from its shapeless start.

Every shake of trees will stir my sight
To glimpse the sorrow I would conjure up,
That clouds my eyes and dims the light,
An empty weeping from the clouds of night.

Every glimpse of light will guide my step
To stand and walk upon the quietness of the hills,
Guarding the silence with rest in gentleness kept
And each moment drying those days I wept.

Chris Harkey

His hand is upon him,
It will gather the winds in flashing fire
A whirlwind, a fire infolding
And gently kindled it beneath his soul.

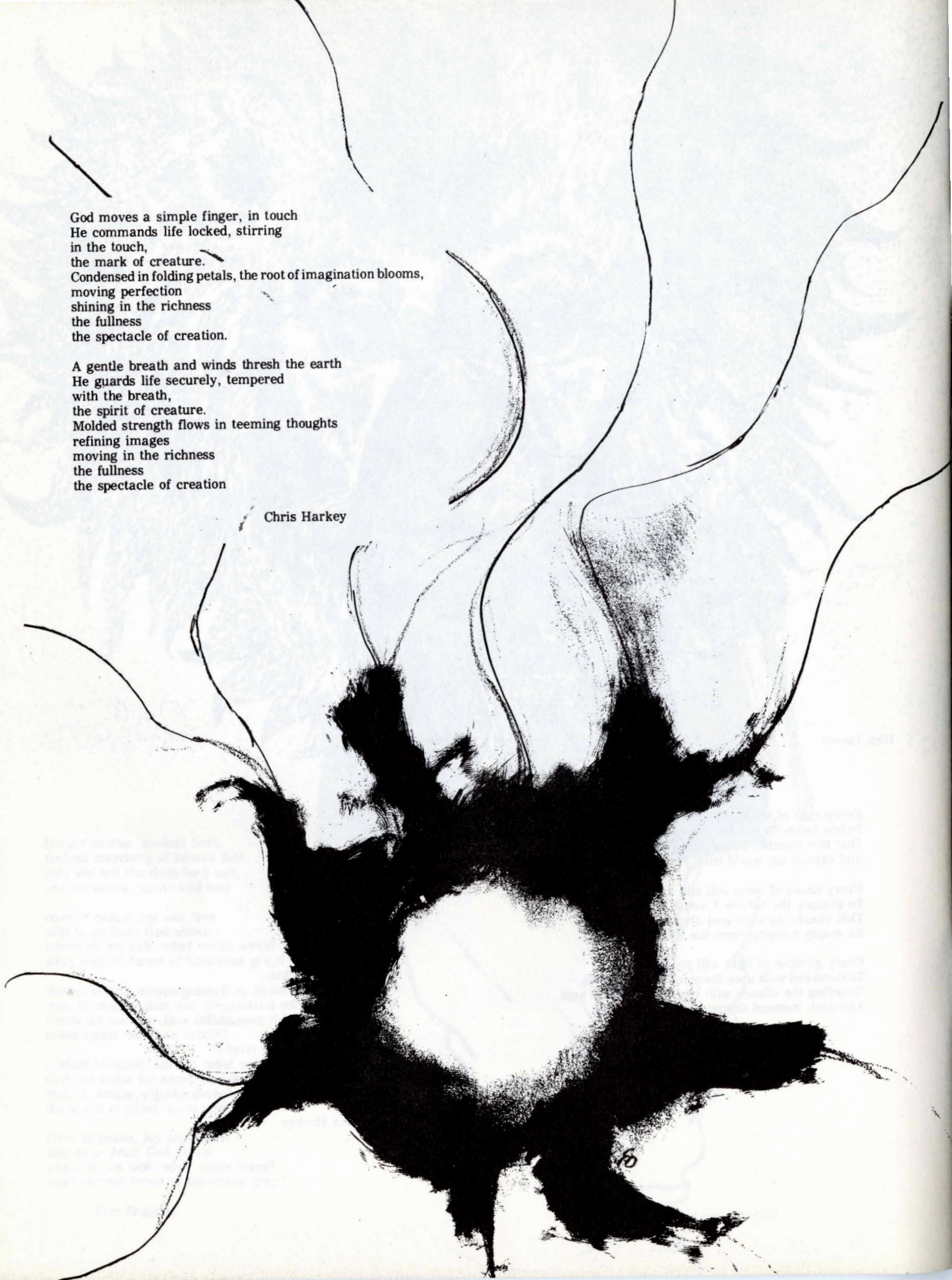
His word came by the river
And stormed crashing the hills
Till power was stirred in rains
Quietly filling open hands and watching eyes.

Chris Harkey

God moves a simple finger, in touch
He commands life locked, stirring
in the touch,
the mark of creature.
Condensed in folding petals, the root of imagination blooms,
moving perfection
shining in the richness
the fullness
the spectacle of creation.

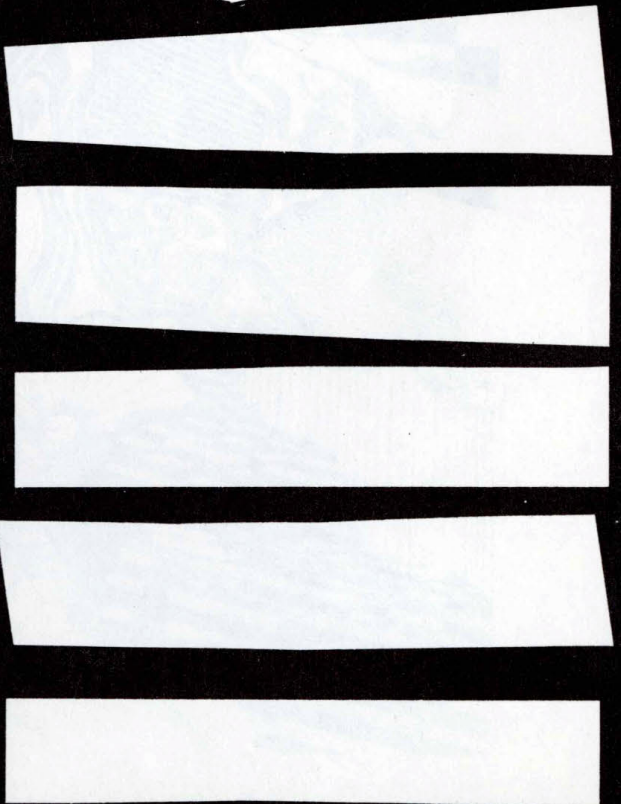
A gentle breath and winds thresh the earth
He guards life securely, tempered
with the breath,
the spirit of creature.
Molded strength flows in teeming thoughts
refining images
moving in the richness
the fullness
the spectacle of creation

Chris Harkey



NO SPARK

MAKING
CAMP FOR THE
NIGHT. TRYING TO
GET A SPARK TO
START A FIRE TO
WARM THE CHILL OF THE
NIGHT; BUT IT IS USELESS.
MY WHOLE LIFE IS
USELESS. THERE IS NO
SPARK TO START A FIRE TO
WARM THE CHILL OF THE
NIGHT. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT
GOD GAVE ME A PURPOSE
HERE; BUT IT HAS BEEN
TATTERED BEATEN; WORN
AND CONFUSED BY THIS
FAST MOVING WORLD.
ANNE PARSLY





Eric Duggins

