

HELICON

nineteen eighty five



STAFF



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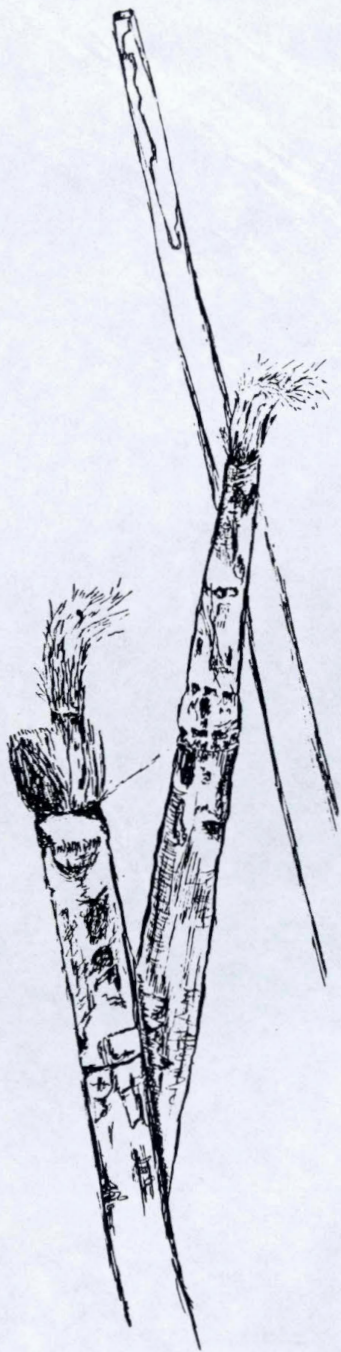
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Paint
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11-30-83



Procreation

Conceived in pain
the tiny butterfly flits by.
How sad
That soon he will be trapped
And pinned on a page
to struggle and die.

Will that happen to this
budding life within me,
struggling even now to become?
I feel the turning,
The endless motion,
It's so alive,
like the cocoon
squirming to burst free
and fly.

But how sad
my words must be trapped;
and poems penned on a page
to struggle and die.

—Ruby Taylor

A Poem (Written under Duress)

I call upon the Muse
To inspire and guide me.
If I don't write this poem,
I will have to go hide me.

The wrath of Some is great
And is greatly a-feared
I wouldn't want to mess
With the man with a bare 'ead

So I will set me down
With a pencil and paper
And hope that Some enjoy
Themselves through this li'l caper.

But I will make it short
For I lack preparation.
I doubt I'll ever make
Writing poems my vocation.

—Theresa Small



A Rhyme

Oh, to write a rhyme that swings and flows
In rhythmic melody,
Delights the ears with simple sounds
And oozes forth with ease.
The words roll off my tongue and lips
And sweetly savored each,
They soothe my soul and linger light
And rock me sweet to sleep.
It matters not the mysteries
Revealed beneath its face,
But softly spoken poetry
Enchanting life with grace.

—Tammy Laidlaw

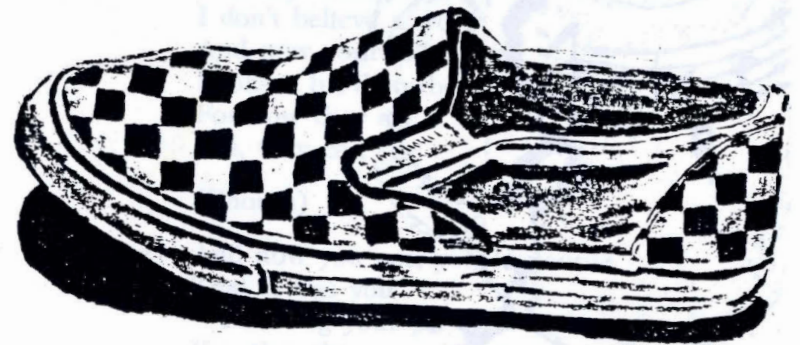


Battle of the Channels

When darkness falls on blessed Friday eve,
And mortal men their tedious burdens leave,
Nor Somnus nor Minerva hopes to hold
Men from that which they value more than gold.
O, hearken to my prayer, Calliope,
And grant me wisdom to write worthily
On this great theme; none higher do I know
than matters of the glorious Video.
When radiant Vacuum Tube with arcane art
Bewitches every mind and every heart,
When CBS makes manifest his power
And clutches all for one euphoric hour,
From Maine to California none is found
Whom cunning J.R. faileth to confound,
Or from whom Bobby irresistibly
Draws not a sigh and heartfelt sympathy.
These valiant foes, as Scotland's ill-starred King
And brave Macduff whose praises still we sing,
Fight fiercely for the Ewing Company,
For ne'er can be a peaceful dynasty.
On all this saga hath its magic cast;
O, all despaired and wailed and breathed their last
For deep desire to know through summers cruel
Who shot J.R.? and Who Is In The Pool?
A meeker girl than Flo existed not,
Who swooned to see each fateful twist of plot
And only lived to see each episode
(To her I dedicate my humble ode.)
Her sister Charlotte was a meaner girl—
A boorish oaf, a Val Gal, and a churl;
Reverend "Dallas" held for her no charm,
So wicked Loki spurred her on to harm.
She said—and in the TV's very glow!—
"Like, Sister, can we watch another show?"
"What! Blasphemy!" gasped frail and tender Flo
And reeled back as from a fatal blow.
"I have not heard aright! I cannot guess
The depths of madness that your words express!"
"The charms of my show more alluring are—
A gorgeous hunk who drives a talking car!"
Then Tinker, struggling god of NBC,

Did aid this Charlotte with unbounded glee,
And undefeated gods of CBS
Joined battle with a fierce relentlessness.
Then gentle Flo did at poor Charlotte fly
With tearing claw and piercing, angry eye;
But Mighty Nielsen caused the fright to cease
When like earth-splitting thunder he cried, "Peace!"
The trembling sisters faced the one we know
Holds power of life and death o'er Video.
He raised his hand to cast his fateful dice,
So quick to punish all malicious vice—
(If ratings are not thereby profited);
He rolled the dice and raised his fearful head.
"These dice," said he, "do choose the course of wars;
They say that you must e'er traverse the stars
As constellations to remind all men
What folly having one TV has been
Until men learn what peacefulness oft cancels:
The never-ending Battle of the Channels."

—Mary Jo Gardner



Nordstroms Shoe

Robin Lynn '85

Pulpit of Lies

Reaching
Grabbing
Pulling at my mind
How many screams
Does it take
To get you
Off my ass
Begging
Mercy
Please stay away
Don't preach ethics
Unless you'll
Listen to what you say

Your mindless sermons
Don't touch a soul
They know that there's evil
That makes up the whole
Screaming from atop
Your pulpit of lies
You were far too righteous
To hear our cries...

—Rick Hessler



Murder?

1) He spoke that night,
And touched their souls
Though his conviction
Was full of holes
But they can't see
They can't see

He spoke of sharing
How much did he share?
He said "Be caring"
But he didn't care
And they can't see
They can't see

(Chorus) Why am I the only one
Who dares to analyze?
Why am I the only one
Who sees through your lies?
I can see
I can see

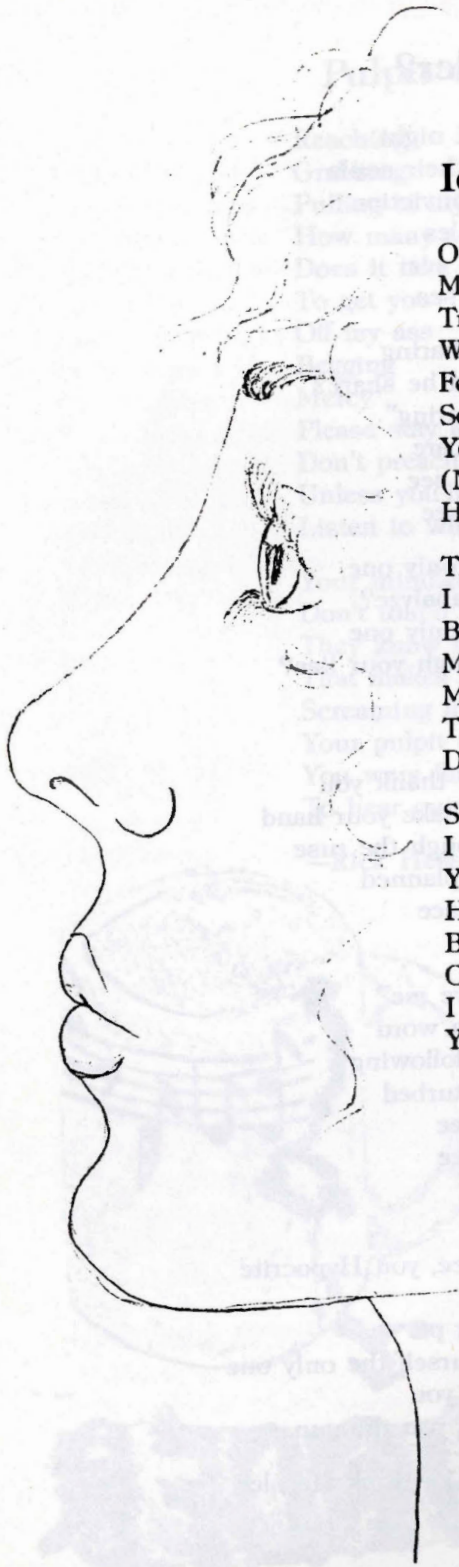
(2) And when they thank you
And reach to shake your hand
I see right through the ruse
That you have planned
Soon they will see
What I can see

You say "Believe me"
I don't believe a word
And now your following
Looks a bit disturbed
For now they see
Yes, they can see

(Chorus)

(Epilogue) And now you see, you Hypocrite
That it was you
That dug your pit
You thought yourself the only one
We didn't kill you
I merely handed you the gun...

—Rick Hessler



Identity

O Lord, when I wander
My soul cries out to Thee.
Trying to escape,
While still holding on.
Feeling useless and needing to be used.
So far away,
Yet really deep within.
(No closer can one be)
How can I forsake myself?

Thou art my shepherd,
I shall not want,
But I still do want
More,
More of Your truth,
Though I still hide in lies,
Despair swells before me.

Seeing and unbelieving,
I am blind.
Yours is the vision.
Hidden not in lies,
But in blood
Clearing my sight
I see
You are me.

—Jason Doting

Joy is something we imagine in our minds,
It's not something we seek and hardly ever find.
It's just by getting up to start the day on our knees
to worship and to pray.
It's giving no more priority to something we have not
and making the best of whatever we've got.
It's knowing life's end is already determined for us
and finishing our jobs without worry, anger, or fuss.
For it's by completing whatever God wants us to,
that we can find true love-n-joy, too!!

—King Party

Hymn to the Blessed Virgin

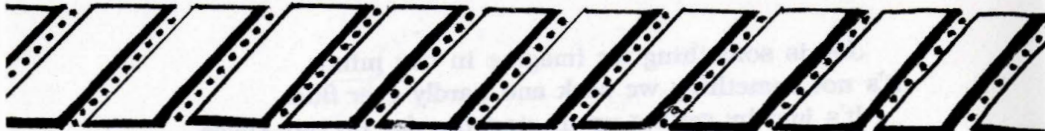
To you, O Virgin, I lift my song of praise—
You alone, O Woman, I do magnify,
Giver of grace, daughter of peace, God's own child.
Crowned Queen of Light, look upon me with
Your smile and so import to me the power of
Your love to free me from the chains of
Exile—for I am far away from you.

O Virgin Princess, maiden of the Most High,
From your lips comes life, and from your
Hand comes the embrace that destroys fear,
Doubt, and error, Guardian you are of
All light and you are keeper of all life—bless me
And return to me the paradise I've deserted.
You alone can restore life and love to me.

In your flesh perfection has materialized and
By your words death and strife have passed away
Before your altar I offer my whole being,
However unworthy it is to sing your praise.
My spirit, mind, soul, and body all sing in one accord
Of your love and peace, by which I may be reborn.
May you be exalted both now and forever, my only Queen.

Amen.

—Walter L. Taylor



Ecclesiastes

You know nothing
Standing there mouthing words
(And the glory of the Lord shone about them)
That are sugar-coated abominations
(And they were sore afraid)

Your sincerity envelops you like a soiled bandage
(Almost persuaded now to believe)
That protects your gangrene but cannot keep the poison from
seeping through to the outside
(Almost persuaded Christ to receive)
And you are blind to it

Your words are a battering ram
(Blessed are the merciful)
That, repeatedly striking, topples the dignity and humanity
of man
(For they shall receive mercy)
And smashes it into bloody, perverted fragments


Yours is a God I will/can not love
(and you shall know the truth)
He is a God of hate—of human destruction
(and the truth shall set you free)
Of dismemberment

(I will lift up my eyes to the mountains
From whence shall my help come?)

My help comes from the Lord)

With clenched fist, I flee

—Theresa Small





The Gift

When we think of the Christmas story,
Do we consider Christ's glory
Or the splendor He left in heaven
That sinners might be forgiven?

The giving of a toy or game
Is not the reason that He came,
But that the Father could give
His Son so man may abundantly live.

Jesus, Who saves His people from their sin,
Is God's perfect gift to all men.
The gift of God Himself
Is not Santa or some little elf,
But the perfect sacrifice forgiving again and again.

Christmas is Jesus being born
Not on just some historic morn,
But any time, in any heart
That He may tear Satan's works apart.

Now all I'm able to do
Is thank Him and praise Him, too
For His love and His grace
With which He saves the human race.

—Jason Doting

My Guide

When I was down and all alone,
You were there to lead me on.
Guiding with Your gentle hand,
To lead me to the Promise Land.

When my feet were led astray,
You were there to guide the way:
The way back to Your arms of love
To carry me to Your home above.

When I felt that I was falling,
I then heeded to your calling:
You were saying not to fear;
For You always would be near.

When my patience was refraining,
Your voice was there explaining:
"Please wait upon me,
For I shall set you free."

Jesus, You have been my guide
Always standing by my side.
I shall stray from you, no, never;
And I shall love You only forever.

Jesus, my Lord and my Light,
I wait with all my might
For You to come and take me
To Heaven to dwell with Thee;

And there we shall be
To live in peace eternally.

—Pam Carden

It is a beautiful warm rain that trickles from the sky to coolly wipe my brow and laugh a tickling sound that pleases so the dancing child who waits inside for such displays of light then comes outside and smiles.

—Tammy Laidlaw

Fear

Fear.

A parasite quietly gripping and quickly gaining a stranglehold, draining the lifeblood, rooting itself ever deeper until it is entwined in the very marrow of your soul.

It chokes.

A realization that you are utterly alone. Always alone. Having no assurance that anyone will ever be able to always remain with you. Knowing that none can ever know all that you are or fully understand your essence. Struggling to find someone, anyone, like you — and finding no one.

It grips.

That endless gnawing of awaking from a dream half finished that returns to haunt the foyers of your mind. Never knowing how the dream will end or if it ever will. Trying to escape the visions of terror that race through your thoughts yet finding that they will not be erased.

It gnaws.

Seeing failure dished neatly out before you and finding no hole to dive into. Longing to be held forever secure near your mother's breast yet finding only emptiness when you reach out to grasp that warmth. That one person who seemed most true fleeing when you need him the most.

It tears.

Watching as the cardboard boxes which have carefully contained your world are scattered in the wind leaving you with nothing more than formless pieces, empty messages, that have nowhere to hide. Racing to put your knowledge back into a neat, structured box and finding that it will not fit—that knowledge has become larger than a box will contain.

It destroys.

That fear of a body wracked with pain that can find no death instead is endlessly tormented by unthinkable horrors. Finding that the certainty of anything, save death, is forever lost. Seeing death looming before you, calling an unwilling tenant, while shrouding itself in a cloak of blackness.

—Cindy Cornwell



I was taught to follow Christ, I chose Satan instead
My friends say if I don't straighten up I'll wind up dead
But I don't give a damn, I just always push on
Learning more and more of the ways of the evil thron

I like to deal, kill, drink, fight, take drugs and even steal
I like to use girls and to exercise my free will

I love the thrill of working outside the law.
I love it when my plan goes through without a flaw.

I guess it's my fate to be outlaw in my homeland,
If I keep this up, I'll soon be Satan's right-hand man

—King Party

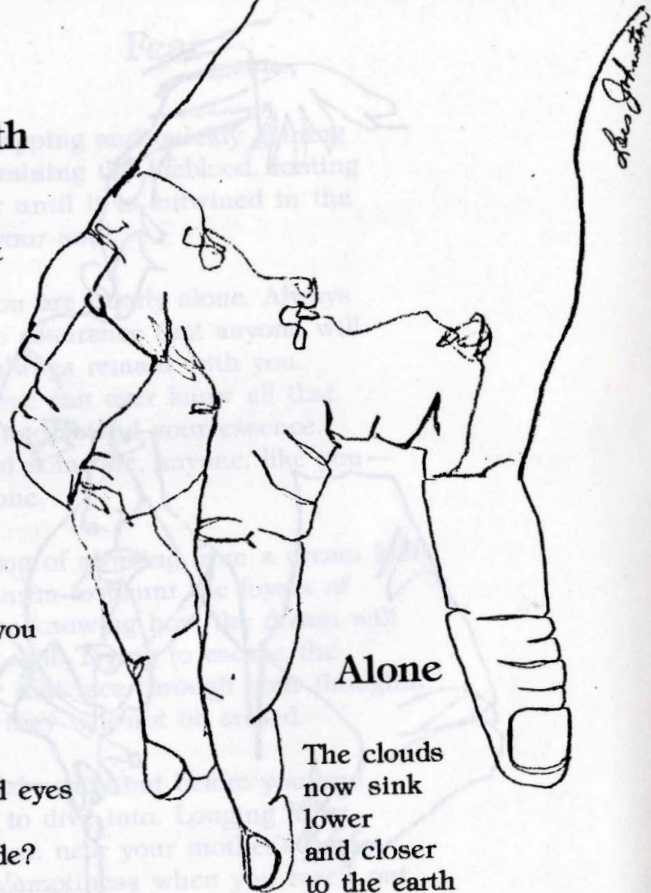
A Mean Cool Truth

Anxiety burns
Like a fever in my heart
Gotta play by the rules
Or be burned
At the start
The others
Don't give you the time
I give you
So why am I the last
In line for the part

Holding back
What I feel inside
When I want to touch you
And constantly
Be at your side
This game's
Got me beat
Running from grins and eyes
Are you hearing Me?
Are you giving me a ride?

Deep inside
I have what it takes
To make you happy
Yet you still hold
All the keys
What is it
That you seek
That I somehow can't provide
I remain constantly yours
And willing to please...

—Rick Hessler



Alone

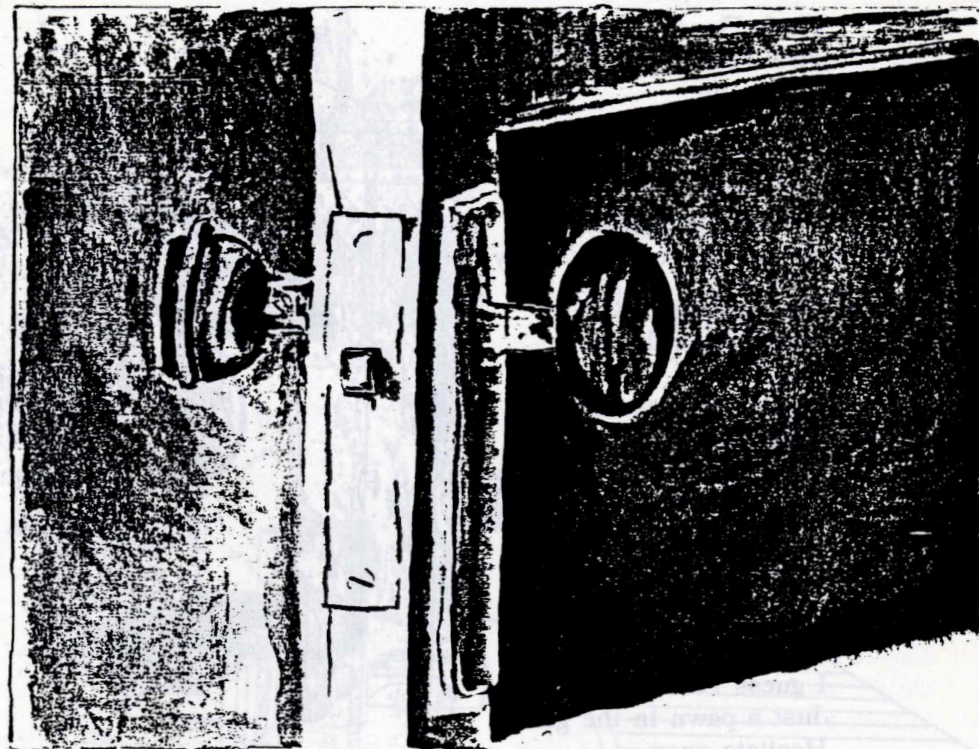
The clouds
now sink
lower
and closer
to the earth

The rains
will soon
come
and bless
each tiny blade

The flowers
will lift
eager
wanton faces
and spill fragrance

Yet I
will weep
at
the emptiness
of the rain.

—Ruby Taylor



Midnight Choices

It's the Honesty that gets you—
You can only hide so much.
Curse this silly conscience...

So, I tell you, hesitating,
Things that you don't want to know—
Things that I'm afraid of.

Streetlight plays upon your features,
Through the window, telling tales—
Showing me my choices.

Showing me that what I choose is better.

—Theresa Small

Backlash

Flash Flood
First blood
Left to die
Alone to dry
I guess I'll never be
The other guy—
I rushed in blindly
As the waves began to fly

(Chorus) The Backlash
Hits you in the face
And doesn't care
About the time or place
It seems to let go
When you think you know
...But don't

Hot reaction
A wave's action
The plot unfolds
With a choking hold
I guess I'll always be
Just a pawn in the game
Hesitate once
And the backlash will maim



—Rick Hessler

Laughter

And the children laughed
As I walked through the park
And thought of you.

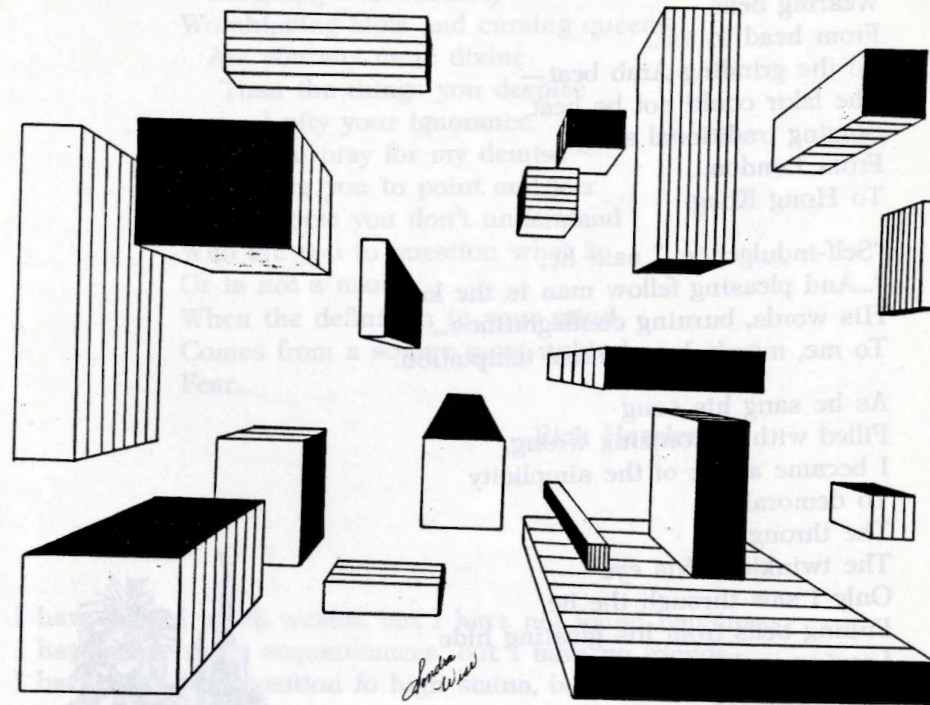
Then again at night
When the laughter rings loud
My thoughts were you.

When the morning sun
With its laughter shines bright
I think of you.

And the waves, they laughed
On that day when they won.

I think of you.

—Theresa Small



Altered Perceptions (or a Study in Rhythm)

There are places here,
Inaccessible.

Not that they're forbidden;
They just make their own walls.

Not that they're afraid;
They just can't be reached.

Only sometimes.

—Theresa Small

The Jingling Fakir

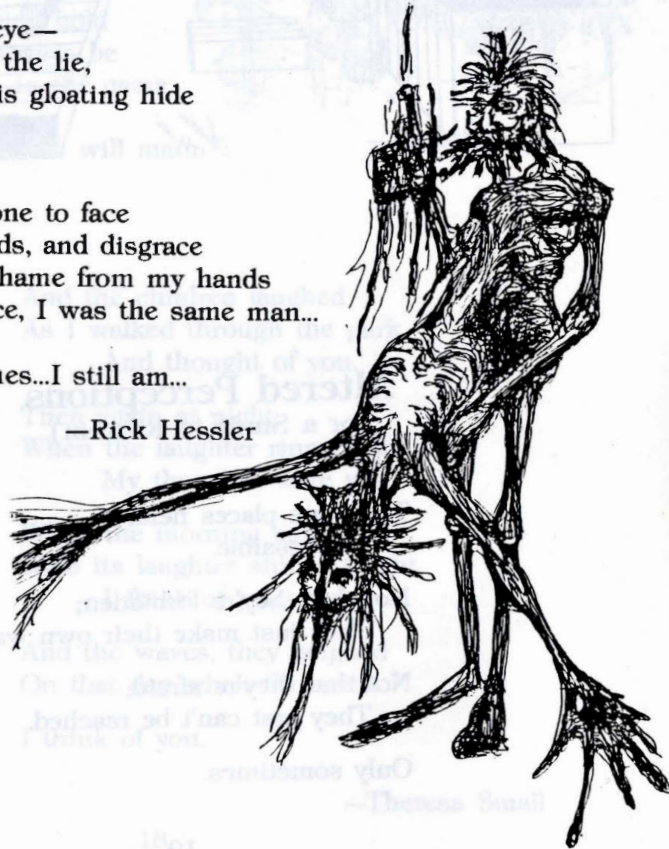
Such a clamor arose
Or so the story goes,
As the man praded the streets
Wearing bells
From head to toe...
To the grinding Arab beat—
The fakir could not be beat,
Singing traditional songs
From London...
To Hong Kong.

“Self-indulgence...” said he,
“...And pleasing fellow man is the key.”
His words, burning conflagrations...
To me, merely hypocritical temptation.

As he sang his song
Filled with patronizing wrong,
I became aware of the simplicity
To demoralize
The throng...
The twinkle of his eye—
Only I saw through the lie,
Pulling bells from his gloating hide
Leaving nothing
Else but pride

Leaving the fakir alone to face
The maddened crowds, and disgrace
I cannot wash the shame from my hands
For I know, that once, I was the same man...
The Jingling Fakir...
And maybe, sometimes...I still am...

—Rick Hessler



I saw you burning the bridge
Of hope and the trees of dreams
Laughing with insanity
Worshipping fools and cursing queens
Are you any more divine
Than the things you despise
I pity your ignorance
While you pray for my demise
Who are you to point and jeer
At people you don't understand
Who are you to question what is
Or is not a man
When the definition in your mind
Comes from a source most unkind
Fear...

—Rick Hessler

I have gained much wealth, but I have not found happiness.
I have made many acquaintances, but I have no friends.
I have risen to a position fo high status, but I can't find
any compassion.
I have everything money can buy, but I have never felt any
kindness.
I have lived life to its fullest, but I feel no joy.
Why won't anyone love me?

Everyone wants a sports car, I drive a sled.
Everyone is supposed to take notes in class, I'm asleep in bed.
Everyone is going to see Porky's, I'm reading a book.
Everyone wants a lover, I'm not getting a single look.
Everyone loves an alligator, I'm wearing a flannel shirt.
Everyone is going out Friday night, I don't even know how to
flirt.
Everyone is watching MTV, I'm listening to Jim Croce.
Everyone is committing suicide, I'm as happy as can be.
WHY?—I'm not fancy, I'm just me.

—King Party

In Gray

Today, the world is grey
My hair, my clothes are blown
And you have gone away

I note the o'ercast day
The wind begins to moan
Today, the world is grey

My lips refuse to pray
My soul emits a groan
And you have gone away

The rose lies on the clay
I kick the cold, hard stone
Today, the world is grey

I curse the silly way
I thought you were my own—
For you have gone away

Because I cannot stay
I turn, and live, alone
Today, the world is grey
For you have gone away.

—Theresa Small

Love

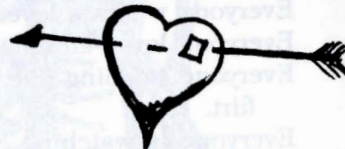
How can two be so close?
How can two be one?

One for another.
Another for one.

Three in One.
One in one.
One in the other, too.
The One in both.

Love through One to one.
Love through one to the other.
Love, three in one.

—Jason Doting



All rose petals must fall

Finally, he caught a glimpse of that pale blue coat gliding out of the doorway into the crowded street. He danced his way through the afternoon crowd, and then spoke her name.

Celeste turned, and looked at him questioningly. He grinned, handed her the roses he had been carrying, nodded and said: "I hate it when the green paper gets all crumpled; they always look better in the store."

She seemed to be looking across the street.

"Why flowers?"

"I don't know; I guess I just felt like it. A pretty girl deserves pretty things." She looked at him, then her eyes fell down upon the flowers. They stood a while, until she broke the silence; silence says too much. She asked about their reservations.

"Seven."

"When will you pick me up?"

"What are you doing now? We could go shopping or something." She couldn't, not now. She needed to take a shower, and get freshened up he would pick her up at six-thirty. He watched her disappear onto the bus, then drifted into the park, trying to waste time. The grass was bright in the afternoon sun, and the children were playing. He watched them from a peeling green park bench. It is amazing how bright the colors can be—the grass, the bench, the children's clothes, the flashing cars—in such a grey light.

Diana, one of the children, slugged Jeff in the arm, just to get his attention, and ran to the bench. Looking down at her, he winced to have company. It certainly was company; a horde, laughing, panting and sniffing, was shuffling around his bench.

"You promised us a story—" Diana certainly wasn't bashful. He grinned at her, and began. As he spoke, the children fidgeted.

"Long ago, back in an age some might call golden, there lived an inventor. He was named Dadalus, and he was very, very smart. He and his son, Icarus—were being held captive by an evil king. Evil kings always need new inventions to be evil with, so he wanted to keep him around. Well, anyway, they were kept on a high cliff on an island, with nothing but honeybees, chickens, and goats."

The children laughed.

"Well, they had to eat something! They could have honey, eggs, and milk. Ancient greeks didn't order out for pizza. Anyway, Dadalus was very determined to escape. Being an inventor, he put his mind to work. He decided to build wings. He and Icarus collected chicken feathers and fastened them together with bee's wax, until he had two sets of wings, a pair for each of them."

"I know this one," Jennifer said, "the son gets stuck up and tries to fly too high and the sun melts the wax and he falls into the ocean and the moral is don't be too proud." She beamed, having finished.

He turned, and looked at her solemnly.

"No—that's what people say; people will always say things like that. What really happened was this: Dadalus and Icarus stood at the top of the cliff, and Dadalus told his son to watch him. He jumped off, and flapped his wings. At first, he fell like a stone, but gradually he slowed and began to rise. He began to flap off towards home. Now Icarus jumped. The air was cold as he fell, and he was afraid, but he flapped and flapped, and soon was rising, higher and higher. He kept soaring, feeling only the cool breeze and the warm sun, until he realized he was alone; his father was miles beneath him, out of sight. A cold wave of despair went through him; his father hadn't taught him how to land."

"All he knew was what he had seen Dadalus do, to flap and keep rising. The only other thought was what happened if he stopped: that cold wind as he fell. He was alone, and all he could do was rise, higher and higher. He soared a long time, rising—higher, greater and more beautiful. He wondered which was worse: the dull ache of being alone, or the fear of falling. Finally, the wings did melt, and feathers fell softly, like the snow. They gave out as he was just inches from the sun. He reached out and almost touched it, but then he fell."

He was silent.

"That's silly," Diana laughed, "Where's the moral?"

"I don't know; I just—don't know."

He picked up Celeste at six-thirty-five. They were both oddly quiet, but perhaps, with the sounds of the city, he didn't notice. The roses, in their wrinkled green shroud, lay upon the telephone stand. He chatted with the cab driver while she checked her makeup, and the lights of the evening city flashed ribbons upon them. As he turned to her she was looking at him: and then they were there.

They ate, drank and made small talk, as people will who are alone but distant in a noisy restaurant. She kept beginning sentences, but as he looked at her, her eyes would drop, and she wouldn't finish. It was the first time he had ever seen her leave seafood on her plate. They walked home through the park. In the quiet night, under the trees, he couldn't ignore the silence.

"What's wrong?"

"It's...I don't know."

They walked on. After a pause that passed three of the lights hanging over the path, she spoke, faltering like someone who is trying to pick the right words, but who doesn't.

"I'm not sure where to start. Sit down, we need to talk. Maybe I should have said all this before, but I don't know. This is really hard."

They sat side by side, staring straight ahead. She fidgeted, which was unusual. Her hands moved, wringing and shifting. He sat relaxed and dull, his hands down, his thumb moving back and forth on the knee of his grey flannel slacks. She took a deep breath.

"I guess I'll just say it. I don't want to hurt you, but I just, I thought about it, and I don't think we should see each other anymore. I need—something, I'm not sure what, and I'm not feeling like I'm getting it from you. I'm not sure you can even give it to me. You really are a nice guy—wonderful. I love your dreams, your excitement, the poetry, your paintings—all the freedom and the happiness you seem to have. At times you are almost like magic. I love those feelings—I may even love you, but you're not what I need, right now. I need someone I can just talk to. I might be making a mistake, but I don't think this relationship is what either of us needs. What do you think? Am I making a mistake?"

His thumb moved back and forth on the knee of he grey flannel slacks. He didn't know.

"Really—what do you think? Say something." He leaned back, shrugged and slowly spoke.

"I guess you know what you need. I've always tried to make you happy, and if I can't—I mean, if you might be happier some other way—of course I'll let you go."

"Do you mind if I walk home alone?"

"I guess not. Don't get mugged."

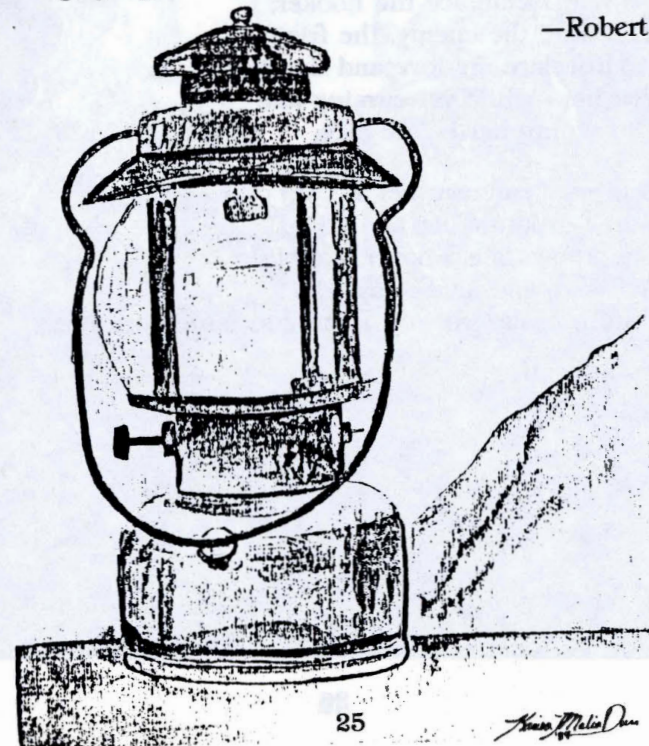
She stood up.

"Good night, Celeste."

"Good night."

The leaves fell softly around him, huge flakes of dull snow glaring in the blue-grey light of the street lamp. He was alone.

—Robert Shields



The Woman

As I approach her I stand in awe
Before her appearance. She, standing
Like a graceful statue, is a woman
Of contradiction. I reach out to her,
Yet also I push her away.

There she silently smiles—
A Blessed Virgin, pure and
Spotless, but she also smirks as
Jezebel, steeped in sin and
Filth—a paradox, a mixture, a
Union of both. I gaze even more intently.

In her face I see my own Mother—
With loving affection and warmth.
But then the prostitute looks at
Me. She is a slut of night, a
Vagabond and whore known by men
Willing to pay the price of fleeting pleasures.

But still I reach for her and
To her. I embrace the hooker,
The nun, the enemy, the friend,
And declare my love and devotion
For her—while yet cursing and
Disowning her before all.

And as I embrace her I
Come to know her and so
She knows me, a lover, a sibling,
A friend, and an enemy. Her
Nature coalesces into mine and mine with her.

—Walter L. Taylor



To the Years that Lie Ahead

Today is an exciting day—the lace, the ceremony, the celebration; it represents and begins so much.

I'm excited for you today.

I'm excited about a love that is so intense between two humans that it demands a permanent bonding.

I'm excited about the process of intimacy, of purposely displaying one's tender spots, open sores, shameful truths that one has worked so hard at all his life to keep safely hidden.

I'm excited about the opportunity to be receiving hands, caressing hands, protecting hands of that oh so fragile bared soul.

I'm excited about the privilege and responsibility of pulling out of someone else's deepest insides parts of himself that he never knew were there, of searching out and thoroughly exploring thoughts and feelings that one never thought or felt before.

I'm excited about the changes that must occur as two beings merge and blend and bind.

I'm excited about developing the art of loving, the style of relating, the signature of one marriage.

I'm excited about the possibilities in one's life that could never happen without letting oneself be known so completely and influenced so profoundly by another.

And I'm scared, too.

I'm scared of the power of love to destroy itself, like the hot sun that can give life or burn a supple leaf to bitter ashes.

I'm scared of the dull pain of seeing things about oneself and another that one never wished to see and even more scared that one can choose to close his eyes.

I'm scared of the utter difficulty, nigh unto impossibility sometimes, of change.

I'm scared of the weariness of endurance, the frustrating work of tolerance, and the constant call for both when two live in ne household.

I'm scared of the temptation, not of doing harmful things, but of just not doing good things, the comfortable ease of laziness.

I'm scared of how quietly two can drift apart, like canoes resting on a calm lake, so that one doesn't even notice until the other boat is no longer in sight.

Yet I have faith.

I have faith in your commitment.

I have faith in your beautiful love.

I have faith in your desire for one another.

And I have faith that your gears do match almost perfectly.

Even moreso, I have faith in the guidance, direction, and strength of a perfect God.

I have faith in His perfect love and his wonderful creation of human love.

And I have faith in your prayers and my prayers and the prayers of all those who love you.

—Tammy Laidlaw

Greatest Prize

Miles away

From the warmth of the source

But I'll be back

As time makes its course

Now frozen

But soon on fire

For soon I'll embrace

The woman I desire

Chorus I endure the test

Holding on

And becoming stronger,

Stronger than the rest

Waiting so long

Weighted time never flies

Waiting for you

Your kiss my greatest prize

Traps ahead

Keeping me from my goal

Fighting the pain

But never losing my control

My enemy, Doubt,

Says I'll never win

But I will ride the storm

In hopes of holding you again...

—Rick Hessler

A Sonnet

Away from me, O poet steeped in verse,
And may the singer's notes his voice betray.
They make the passing hour all the worse
And make like winter all the joys of May.

I cannot bear to hear his lacking words
That must be strained and bent that they can rhyme,
Nor can the singer's harmonies, in thirds
And fifths, with all his instruments besides
Begin to tell of love I hold within
My heart for one without whom I am lost.
My love cannot be told by song or pen,
But still they must attempt to break the frost
That 'round my heart and mind does always lie
Because my love is not before my sight.

—Walter L. Taylor



I love you
Simple words
Only eight letters
They can bring so much
Pain
Joy
Confusion
Is it sincere
or
just something to say
Will it last forever
or
fade away tomorrow
Chances must be taken
Say "I love you"
It's risky but worth the risk...
Isn't it

—Cindi Winegardner

It's For Real

Have you figured it out yet,
Why I've been looking your way
Or why I'm always there
When you run from the day
Is it any coincidence,
That you're always on my mind
Or that I dream about you
When I try to sleep at night

It's for real
You're the thing dreams rely on
What I feel
Is the fear that keeps me going on
Makes me reel
But makes me want to way
I'd love to take you on

Have you figured it out yet,
Why I'll never say good-bye
Don't you realize
That I'll never make you cry
Is it any coincidence
That it's always been you
Though you can't always tell
From what fear makes me do...

—Rick Hessler

What is love—am I in it or is it in me?
I make my own decisions, but am I really free?
What is compassion—is it from the soul or something you buy?
I say I'm a Christian, but what am I doing for the other guy?
Is love anything more than just an emotion?
Is going from sinner to saint more than just a promotion?
Does agape love really, truly exist?
Is life a reality or a fantasy with an evil twist?
Life has many questions, some to you I have just shown,
But, damn it, don't ask me for the answers—you must find them
on your own.

—King Party



M. P. J.

Why do I want to mean something to you?

You make me so unsure
Sometimes I don't have a clue
But your smile brings light to the darkness
And when you're happy
There is no words for the joy I feel

The moments with you are more precious than gold
To your sweet cause
My essence is sold
But will you ever understand?
Though I make no demands
I want to hold you and comfort your pain

Something inside is holding you back
I dare not push
Yet where do I lack?
I want to come inside and make a dream
Is it really as bad as it seems.
If so, tell me—I'll go, but never leave...

—Rick Hessler

Ode to a Childhood Friend

My teddy bear
Yes, you really care.
When all others turn away,
You will always stay.
You are mine to hold;
You keep me from being cold.
You know my sorrows and my joys.
Oh, you're so different from other toys!
Only you see my eyes gleam
As I impart my latest dream.
If you were able to tell
What I have hidden from others so well,
My life would be an open book
Good for laughs for those who look.
My teddy bear
Yes, you really care.
You will always be true,
And I will always love you.



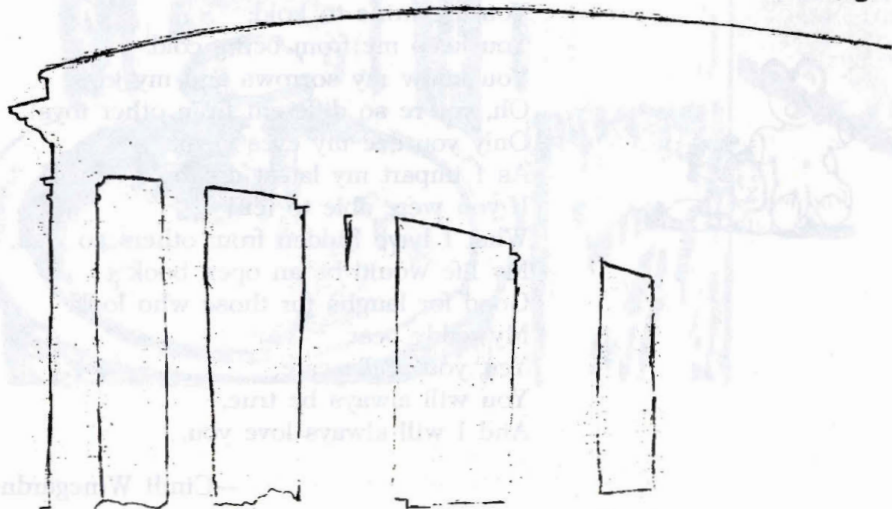
—Cindi Winegardner

A Sentimental Thought

Fall has come to work its changes
As it has through all the ages.
As it works, a sonnet I hear,
A sonnet heard just once a year.
It sings of peace, of serenity;
It brings a solitude to me.
I think of all these times soon past,
Knowing now that they cannot last.
Yet they come flooding to my mind,
And I treasure them—every kind:
The buildings' glow in deep twilight,
Voices heard calling in the night,
The shadows passing far and near
To places—but I know not where.
It matters not what way they go;
Their spirit remains here I know.
The comradeship cannot depart,
For it remains here in my heart.
It strengthens me every day,
Helping me in my stumbling way.
And when I leave this resting place
To continue on in life's race,
A piece of this time I will bear
Within my heart with other cares,
And in my mind will linger on
The memory of days now gone.

—Jim Potter

PAPE HALL'S CONTOURS
10-20-83



The sun igniting
the buttercup feeding
the butterfly delighting
my eye entranced by all.

—Tammy Laidlaw

The Road Back

Red soil darkens to brown
as we move northward. The flare
of October's first red
highlights the hills.
Wind whips hair across faces,
hums the road's song.

Shadows of cloud lie in hollows
the brightness can't reach;
hearts half unwilling,
we follow the route
back to childhood, return
to the homes of our parents.

Farther north, less green remains.
The color change quickens,
sheer rock face stretches
to fall's dessication.
Like leaves from limbs, our cover falls;
we reach upward, bare once more
to the world that housed us
from our first spring.

Flame-brush paints hillside and clearing;
they seem banners of greeting,
welcome-waves to new seasons.
We slide back into smallness,
return child to the parents
who wait, spread the colors of home
on our most distant and hoped-for horizons.

—Pamela Gurley

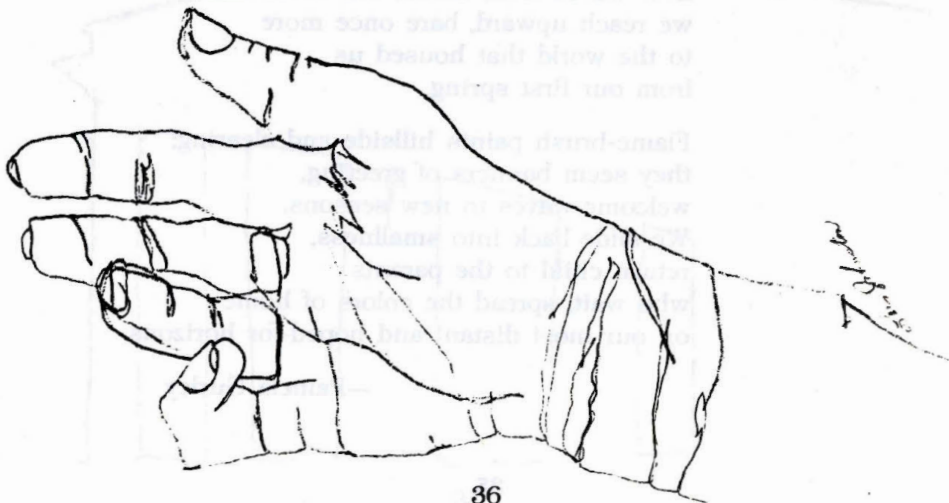
I used to stay up late lying on the couch waiting for Mom to come home. I would lie there in my PJs with my blanket enfolded about me, my hands busy placing white pieces of popped rays about the room. Everyone else was asleep, and those rays were the only movement in the house. All was still as I lay there hearing the tinny voice of the heroine spread throughout the room.

Sometimes I'd fall asleep before she came home—there on the couch. Sometimes I'd hear the rumble of the engine as the car pulled up. Then would come a short thud from the car door and the clang of the mailbox. She'd open the front door, keys jingling, and lay her purse down on the table. Her eyes darted about the room recognizing the familiar signs: darkness, silence, one little girl lying on a couch. She'd eye those antiqued rays and then walk over to the couch. As she sat down on the edge, I'd scooch over to make room. I could feel her hip next to my little-girl-body, her arm resting on my little-girl-waist. My eyes remained steady on the TV screen.

"Hey kiddo, what ya watchin'?" she would ask, and we were off. We would talk and finally the sadness would come out. I was upset—about this, about that—and I would cry, and Mom would hold me, and we would talk. The best part was that she would smile because she enjoyed talking to me. We would smile.

Now I crawl into bed with potato chips and a book, but Mom doesn't come home. I'm grown up now, and I have to deal with things in a grown-up way. Yes I'm upset—about this, about that—and all I want is for Mom to come home because I still can't go—GO!—to someone and say, "Hey. You. Look at ME. I'm upset." So I lie here with my favorite cotton blanket wrapped about me, my hand putting greasy slices of cooked potatoes in my mouth, my eyes scanning pages with words on them. The crickets sound. The cars give rise to muffled rumblings as they come and go.

—Tammy Laidlaw



Storm

I stand alone upon the hill.
The sky is fair and bright.
I know I can stand all day
And far into the night.
But far away a storm is brewing
And soon will blacken the sky,
But I do not fear the storm tonight.
It too will pass me by.
I think back on all my other trials
That have tried to pull me down.
I survived them all and stand here still;
One more will not harm me now.
The gray, so distant in the east,
Comes swiftly now quite near,
Yet I fear nothing. No,
The storm should show some fear.
Look! It has come—the tempest,
Raging with all its might.
Immense and great it must be,
Yet I'm equal to the fight.
The thunderous crashes fill the air;
Lightening strikes the wide plains.
The rain drops, few and far between, are
More than the summer rains.
For now they fall in great torrents,
Soaking me through and through.
They think they will fall forever—
There's nothing I can do.
But I know a time will come
When the storm's time is past.
The sun will dry the land again,
Completely, soon, and fast.
Storms will come, and storms will go,
But I will stay here still.
I think all storms but one shall hear
Me ring their dying knell.
The one's a storm with strength so great
A man can try to win the game,
But Death cannot be beat.

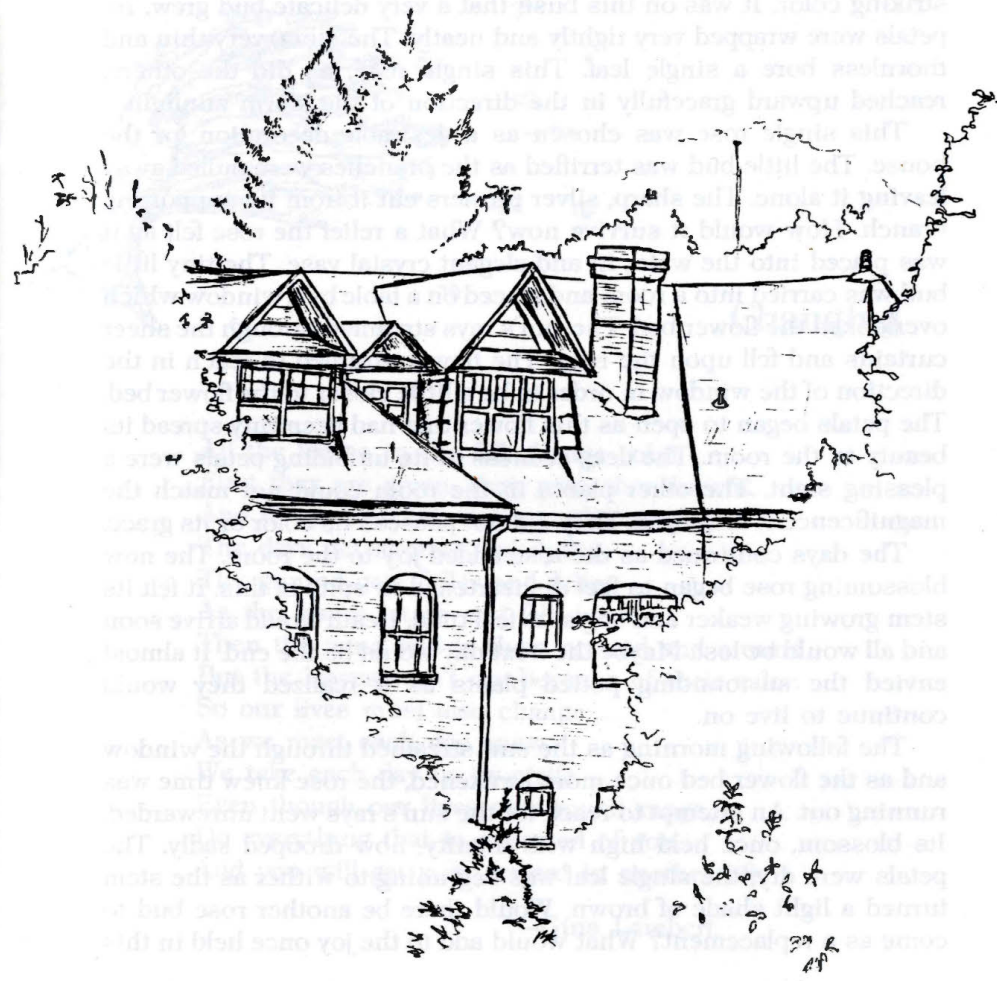
—Jim Potter

Summer's Change

Summer days, lasting longer, linger—
Passing by, one by one
Slowly, stately, lazy, lovely
For this child looking on.
Ripening corn—the steaming jungle,
Queen Anne's lace—delicate pure white,
Cloudless, piercing bell-like skies.
And heat heavy around me lies.
These signs of summer last and last...
Three long months...
An eternity...
For a child like me.
Time hangs heavy on my hands,
But it's put to good use.
Summer is a time for projects
And adventures;
Ideas put to work,
Discovery and creativity,
And lethargy...
and boredom...
When will school begin?
Then the summer ends,
And another,
and another...
Time marches on,
And summers become shorter
And shorter still.
Where has all that time gone?
All those summer days?
That time to explore
And discover all alone?
The days pass too quickly;
Nothing can be done.
I must run!
and run!
and run!
To accomplish...
What?
Anything?
Nothing?

Where have all the summer days gone?
The time to linger lazy,
To wonder and explore?
They have passed into recesses
Where they cannot be retrieved
But through the memory
Of ripening corn standing tall
and the stale, lovely sweetness of it all.

—Jim Potter



The Rose

The darkness of the early morning seemed to rest on the empty street. Signs of the rising sun began to appear on the horizon. It was an early Spring day and soon the middle class neighborhood would awaken from its previous night's slumber. The flowers in a flower bed began to stretch upward as if reaching to receive the first rays of the morning sun. The combination of their colors came to life as the buds began to re-open. The wet dew remaining from the previous night glistened in the sunlight as it slowly slid down the petals onto the healthy green stems and onto the ground. In the center of this certain flower bed sat a rose bush. The roses were a magnificent deep scarlet red. The bush, healthy in appearance, majestically spread its branches outward. The blossoms were in varying stages of their life span, but even the older ones had not faded; they retained their striking color. It was on this bush that a very delicate bud grew. Its petals were wrapped very tightly and neatly. The stem, very thin and thornless bore a single leaf. This single rose, as did the others, reached upward gracefully in the direction of the warm sunlight.

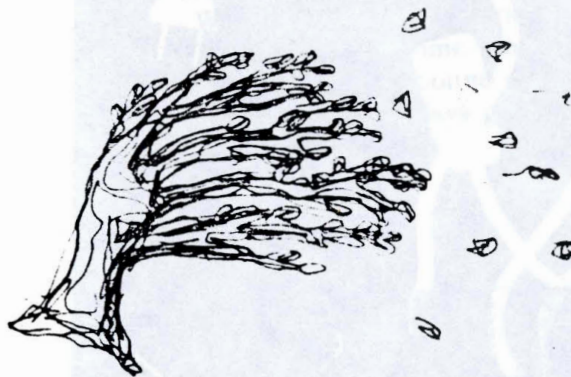
This single rose was chosen as a desirable decoration for the house. The little bud was terrified as the branches were pulled away leaving it alone. The sharp, silver pruners cut it from its supporting branch. How would it survive now? What a relief the rose felt as it was placed into the water in an elegant crystal vase. The tiny little bud was carried into a room and placed on a table by a window which overlooked the flower bed. The sun's rays streamed through the sheer curtains and fell upon the rose. The flower strained to reach in the direction of the window in order to be a little closer to the flower bed. The petals began to open as this flower that had been tiny spread its beauty to the room. The deep redness of its unfolding petals were a pleasing sight. The other plants in the room could not match the magnificence it displayed. They did not possess its color or its grace.

The days continued as the rose added joy to the room. The now blossoming rose began to feel disheartened in spite of this. It felt its stem growing weaker and began to feel tired. Death would arrive soon and all would be lost. Maybe the next day would be the end. It almost envied the surrounding potted plants as it realized they would continue to live on.

The following morning as the sun streamed through the window and as the flower bed once more awakened, the rose knew time was running out. An attempt to reach for the sun's rays went unrewarded. Its blossom, once held high with dignity, now drooped sadly. The petals were dry, the single leaf was beginning to wither as the stem turned a light shade of brown. Would there be another rose bud to come as a replacement? What would add to the joy once held in this

room after it had gone? Suddenly, the vase was removed from the table, and the rose was carried back to the garden. How wonderful it had been to stay in the house for those few days! In spite of this however, it was a relief to be back in the flower bed once more. The rose was placed at the base of the giant bush it had lived on. Once again the branches were pulled away, and the pruners made their selection.

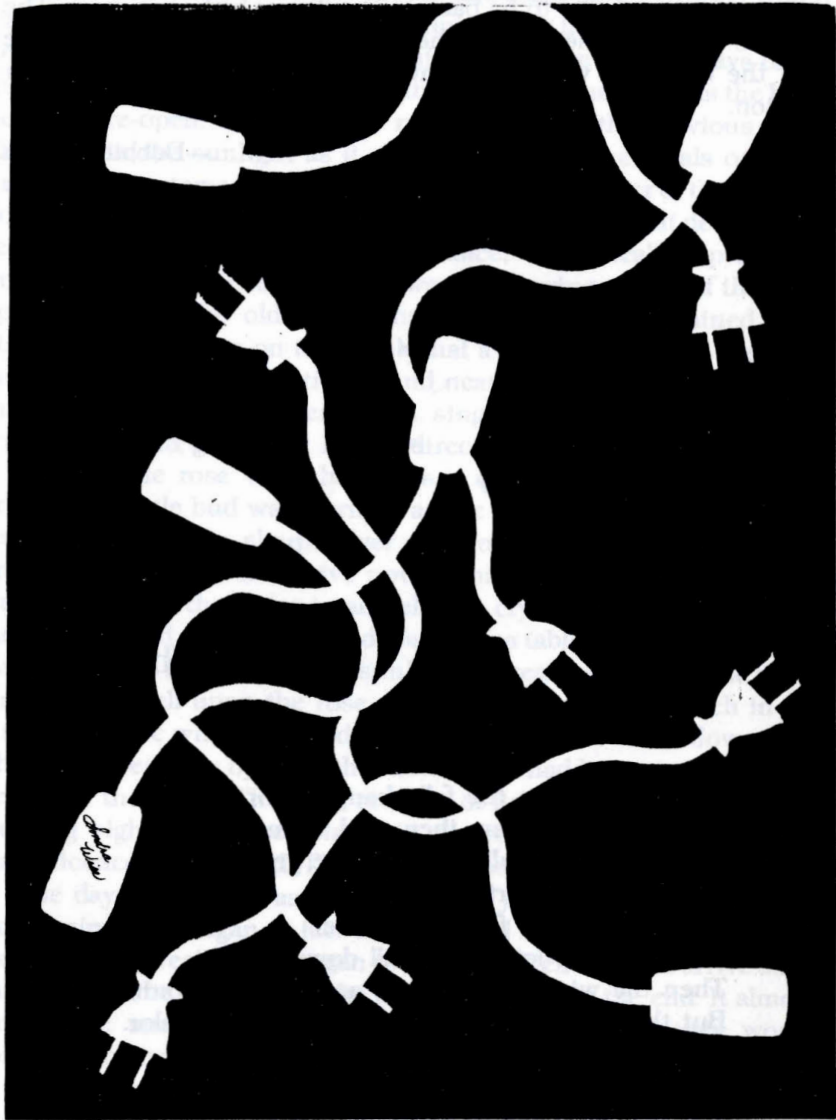
—Debbie Turton



Changing

All the leaves in the fall change color.
First they are green, then gold, then brown,
And down they fall; down to the ground.
The days get shorter and duller.
The ground gets fuller and fuller.
As the leaves let go and fall down.
Then the wind whirls them around and around.
But the leaves won't cry because of their valor.
So our lives must also change
As we meet each day anew.
We take each day in its strife.
Even though our lives over much range,
Do everything that is expected of you,
And you will get your reward in another life.

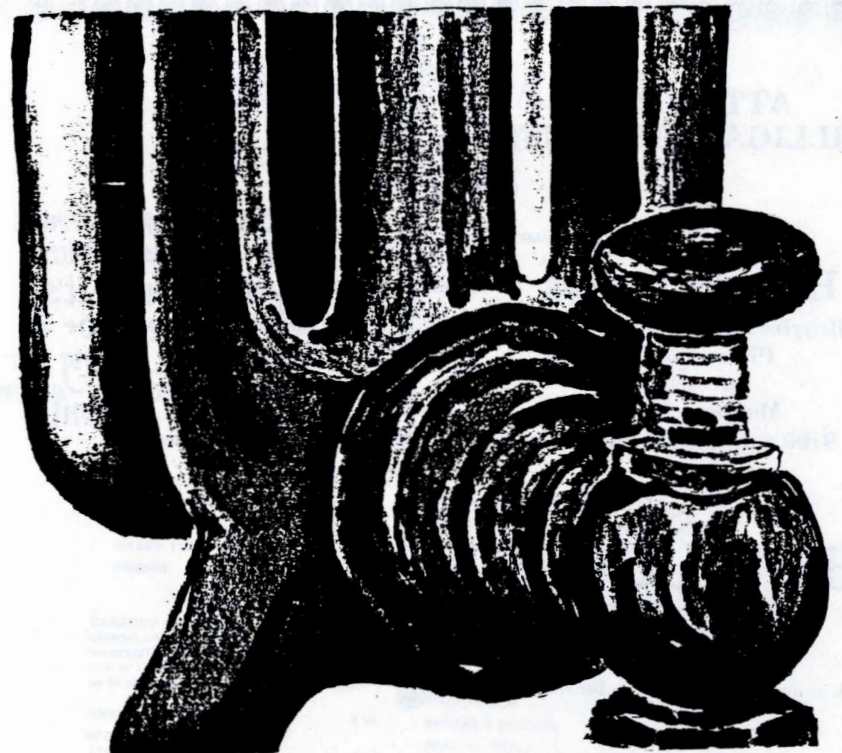
—Gina Lambert

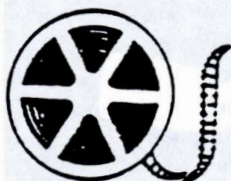


And now, the trees are bare, the sky grey.
The with'ring foliage sleeps on the ground.
It rests beneath a blanket of down
That softly grows throughout the cold day
And covers up the cold and cracked clay.
And time moves on without any sound.
And, often, here, no souls can be found;
They've fled the cold and gone their own way.

And you, my dear friend, sit and rock,
And try to stay warm in your chair
While straining your ears for the knock
That never will come. And the air
Is stale with the sound of the clock,
The mem'ries of days gone and fair.

—Theresa Small





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2	6.30	7.40	8.70
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4 or more	9.00	10.00	12.30

additional items no charge

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CHEESE	5.50	8.50
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