



HELICON

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# HELICON

## Spring 1974

### The Legend of Helicon

The Muses, nine lovely daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne, were the queens of learning and poetry in Greek mythology. They made their abode high on Mount Helicon in Boetica, Greece. On the slopes of Mount Helicon were found numerous springs of wonderful freshness. The most celebrated of these springs was Hippocrene, which had the power to bestow poetic inspiration to those who had drunk of it. On the beautiful slopes which bordered Hippocrene 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, draw near the homes of mortals, so that men might receive the gift of the Muses: "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."



Shell

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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Jerry Lawson, art editor  
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Brent Hart, business manager

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## Thoughts of My Lady

My lady Guinevere,  
who knows how our love has grown?  
And who has counted the hours since we met?  
At which moment did we learn to love?  
Have I loved you always  
or have I even begun to love you?  
Will I ever know you?  
Are you a dream  
or will you love me in the morning  
as you do tonight?

## Be You

Overlook your feelings  
And you overlook your life.  
Why be untrue  
When you should really be you?  
Live the life that's yours  
And forget the one they like.  
Be true to yourself  
And there will be nothing  
For them to see through.

K.P.

## The Watershed

To be glad when others fall  
is like a jungle beast  
gloating over prey  
feeding by anticipation  
the animal instinct  
nourishing the iniquity  
one despises, feeding  
self righteous self  
with the infectious disease  
of self corruption.

"Love keeps no score of wrongs"  
knows nothing of recrimination  
blesses when one forgives  
and redeems the fallen one.

## Hope

I hear the wind  
whirring  
and whistling  
quietly thundering  
fading into soundless slumbers.

As it rises in volume and pitch  
the leaves dance, hop  
and then leap into the air.  
My mind trembles with excitement  
as I imagine adventure  
and feel the excitement  
of far away places.

Standing straight and tall  
hair whipping the current  
I turn my face to the wind  
strength flooding my limbs  
and set my chin against the sky.

Does it matter what color I am?

Daniele



Rick Allman

rules. . .  
 are not always  
 the code by which man  
 can justify himself;  
 though,  
 in fact,  
 it is quite often  
 evident  
 that man  
 cannot live his life  
 justly  
 until he stands alone  
 and refuses to obey  
 the ethics  
 that other men have written  
 for their good  
 not his. . .  
 chaining him  
 into ideals  
 that do not fit  
 into the jigsaw  
 of his life  
 \*

It is by standing alone  
 that a man shows  
 to himself,  
 if no other—  
 the qualities  
 which man  
 was given  
 but which have been buried  
 beneath  
 the iron bars  
 of rules which have no reason—  
 for the circumstances  
 in which they were formed  
 no longer  
 exist  
 \*

Stand alone  
 and by your actions  
 show  
 that you are your own  
 and not society's puppet  
 strung along by its vices  
 and manipulated  
 by its forms.

For it is in this way  
 that a man can show  
 that he is truly  
 a Man.

Becki Brown



Bill Ahlstrom  
 Copy of "Don Quixote" by Picasso

Let us not be too alive,  
 (it is so rude to those who are partially dead.)  
 Calmly content with quiet things,  
 Accepting the (ambiguous) answers ardently,  
 Eliminating excessive self-expression,  
 Be conformed to the strait-jacket of this world.

Silence forever the inner voice;  
 (it will let you be unique.)  
 Never try a new way;  
 Never invent an idea;  
 Never fail;  
 Never succeed;  
 Never long for the freedom to struggle and question and grow,  
 For the great search may make you greatly alone.

Robin Marjorie

## Holy Man

I've always wanted to  
marry with a holy man,  
a priest, whose whispered prayers  
like holy water'd wash  
my forehead cool.

I've always wanted to  
marry with a holy man,  
a monk, whose daily meditations'd  
meet like a canticle  
the dreams of my heart.

I've always wanted to  
marry with a holy man,  
a rabbi, whose hidden parables  
like holy scripture'd  
unfold the meaning of me.

Pamela Stephens



Deborah Davis  
Copy from Gilbert O. Sullivan album

if a man  
cannot  
realize  
his own limitations  
and  
accept himself  
the way  
he is,  
then,  
he can never  
accept  
others  
for what they are.

Deni Giles

As the night and the silence crowd in  
the voice inside cries even louder  
its desire to drift away  
from all care of the out  
and be free to enjoy the within

KCY

## God's Haunting Force!

The noble windmill lifts full sails  
To keep it turning, now fast, now slow,  
But turning, alternating light and shade,  
Like the tempo of man's life. . . .

The time is short to meditate, to think,  
To live between the shadows, except  
In calm, when the wind fails, and then  
Our minds keep turning, turning,  
Provoked by many things, perhaps  
The inner voice of soul's remorse  
Disturbs our peace, ever turning. . . .

Even so, may this not be  
God's haunting force to lift a man  
Beyond the petty and the mean  
To full maturity?  
If not, what is life  
But a haunting shadow  
With sickening precision?  
The fleeting light  
Accentuating the rhythm  
Of doom, a captive soul  
Bound by nothingness  
Impervious to prompting!

Stanley W. Newton

And the Lord said to me:  
I will shower blessings upon you.  
And I went before Him to receive His blessings.

Then the Lord said to me:  
I will provide all your needs,  
And I went before Him with my needs.

Then the Lord was silent  
And I wondered why — but never asked,  
Then I was alone.

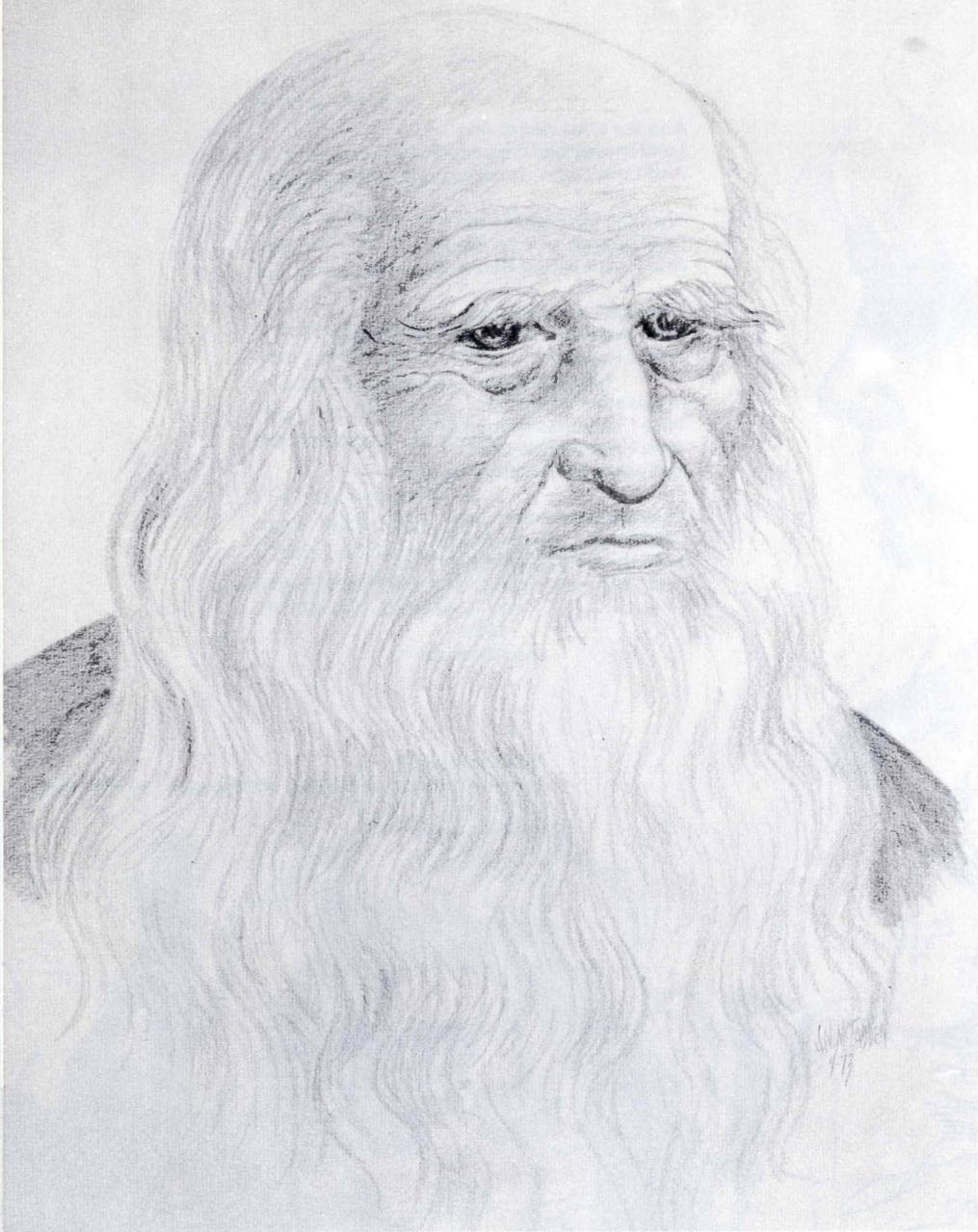
In this silence I was lost,  
Then I remembered my Lord;  
Then I went to the Lord  
And asked for His promises again.

Then the Lord said to me,  
I will forgive you my child;  
Then the Holy Spirit came to me,  
And I will walk and talk with the Lord forever more.

MBB

Vanessa Moskala  
copy of "Miracle on the Day of Pentecost" by Van Eyck





John N. McFadden

And though  
I am attracted  
by outward beauty,  
I repeatedly  
revert,  
to confide  
in the one  
whose inward beauty  
outreaches  
my perception.

John N. McFadden

Take me into your mind  
I am calling

“Don’t leave me behind”

Show me your innermost being  
Your love and other fringe benefits  
Are you mechanical or chemical  
I think neither

You are a spec of  
dust in this great universe  
Learn what you can with your  
protoplasmic mass of gray  
matter and file it away in your  
soul to be used as later reference  
to your existence For if you  
have proof that you really existed  
in this second in time No one can  
doubt you and surely you will  
live again and again and  
again

Make the most of your second  
and be a glorious counterpart  
of the hour that will soon  
be formed

You are alive now but don’t let  
your second slip away

Rejoice!

When you die will blow  
around in the wind of the  
universe to be absorbed by  
some great force and be made  
complete again in some strange  
place where thoughts and memories  
are written on the walls to be  
read by one and all and to inspire  
other persons to be fruitful and  
try great experiments in love  
and joy

Rejoice!

When you are called upon to  
relate your wisdom of  
earthly resources tell  
it with great joy but  
do not exaggerate for your  
soul will be magnified and  
the tiniest spec of dust will  
be purified and thrown away  
to be absorbed by the evil forces  
created out of love

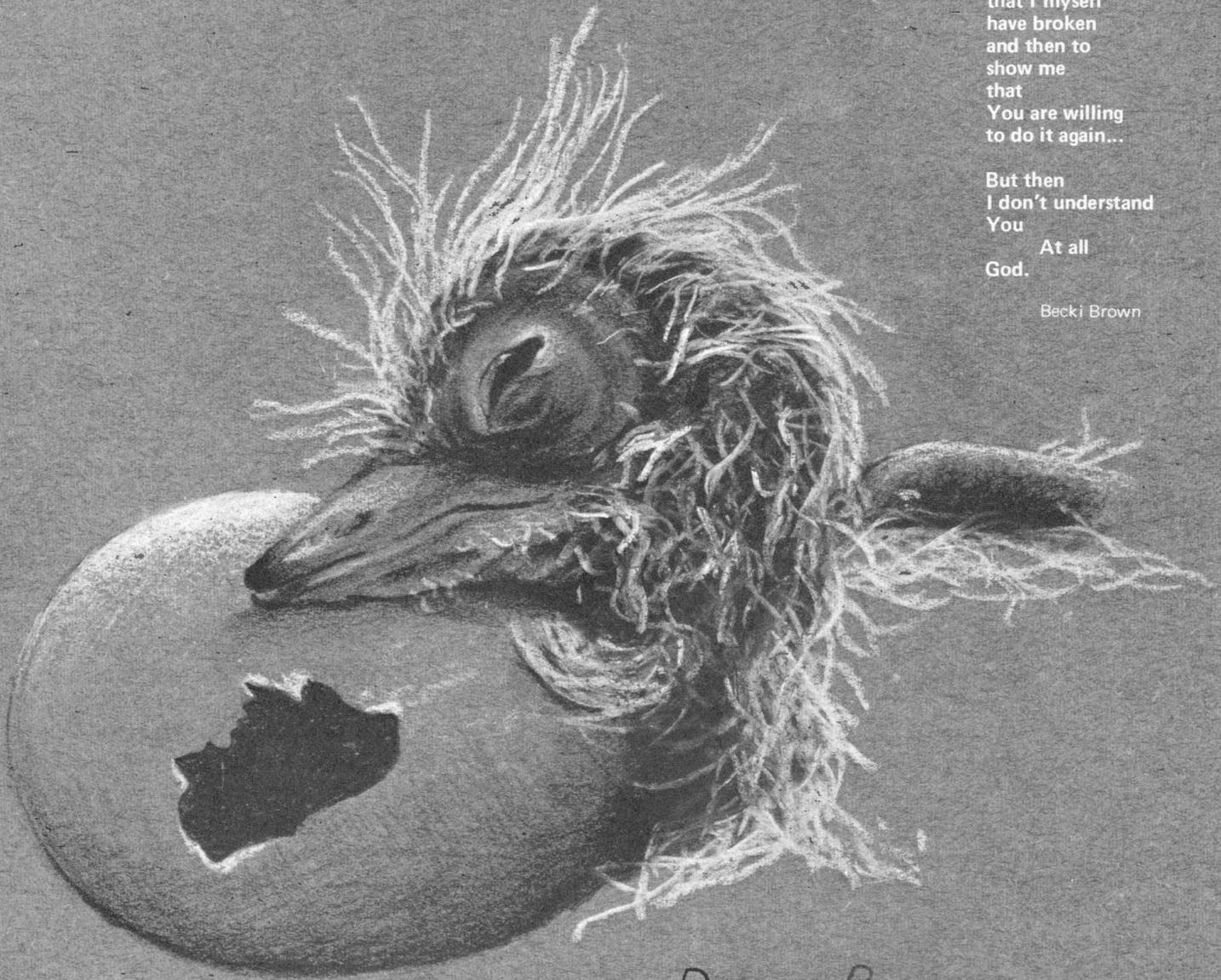
Rejoice!

Brent Ballard

Why do you  
Love me  
even if I  
am unlovely?  
and care about me  
when I don't even  
care  
about myself  
and try to help me  
pick up  
the pieces  
of  
myself  
that I myself  
have broken  
and then to  
show me  
that  
You are willing  
to do it again...

But then  
I don't understand  
You  
At all  
God.

Becki Brown



PRAISE BE  
TO JESUS

# The Artist and the Tramp

Pamela Joy Coon

Charlie's been a bum for about seventeen years now, ever since the Depression started. He's fairly typical, I suppose; he wears a battered hat, tattered clothes, has bristly whiskers, hangs out in the city park, and smokes whatever cigars he can get hold of, and smiles often, because he's a self-sufficient and wise old man.

He sees a lot of interesting things in the park, but the strangest thing he's ever told me about is something called an artist. An artist is a young man who has an uncontrollable mass of bushy hair on his head, unstylish glasses, and loose clothes. He'll rush into the park, choose a nature-filled spot, think deeply for a time, put a proper expression on his face, quickly set up his canvas, look inspired, suddenly and furiously put colorful marks on his canvas, look aghast, and try to weep. Artists don't seem to belong to any particular season, but can be found in the park most abundantly in the spring, for spring is the season that stirs an artist's soul.

Charlie had the occasion to talk to an artist one April. He was desperately trying to create something that would live down the ages.

"Monet, Bellini, Gauguin, Whistler," he chanted. "El Greco, Renoir, Dali...how'd they do it?"

Charlie moved closer and watched him splash bits of color on his canvas.

"Ruben, Hogarth, Matisse," the artist went on.

He mixed a new color on his palette. "Style, form, color, imagery, meaning," he muttered.

"May I watch?" Charlie inquired politely.

The artist paid no attention. "Symbolism, symbolism," he whispered.

Suddenly he threw his canvas down in disgust. He stared absently at a group of boys playing ball. But when he realized that his mind wasn't on great art, he jerked himself out of his reverie, set up a fresh canvas, and scowled at it.

"I need a model," he decided. He spotted a bird. "Would you like to go down the ages as great art?" he asked it. The bird flew away. The artist let

out an artist's sigh.

Charlie thought he'd like to go down the ages as great art, so he said loudly, "Would I do?"

The artist looked horrified. "But you're just an old tramp," he said, though not unkindly.

That made Charlie mad. Just a tramp, indeed! Being a tramp is his profession, his art. "So?" he retorted.

"So you aren't anything, you haven't done anything, you don't know anything, you have no meaning."

That really made Charlie mad. But in the days before he became an old crabby bum he was pretty easy going. So he simply said, "What?"

"A man like you can have no meaning," the artist recited patiently. "Only a prophet can be meaningful. An artist is the highest form of prophet. Our work is the expression of our souls, and of the soul of mankind. It is eternal and everlasting. It is nature. That's practically the first thing I learned in art school. So of course it would be more meaningful to draw a bird than to draw you. Do you understand now?"

Charlie just looked at him evenly and said calmly, "Young man, when the Depression started, I lost my job. I didn't have no money to feed my wife and kids, so the wife took our kids back to her folks in California and I stuck around looking for work. There wasn't nothing. I couldn't even cut down trees for Roosevelt. So now I'm a bum. I never saw my family again. But I kept myself alive. I don't talk about life, or paint it, I live it. So don't talk to me about meaning."

The artist gave Charlie the kind of look one gives a child who can't pronounce "aluminum" and said, "Well, old man, maybe someday you'll understand what I mean."

And Charlie said, "No, young man, someday you'll understand what I mean."

Then the sun began to sink and the artist concentrated on capturing its beauty. So Charlie walked slowly away, filling his soul with the sky.



In its vast state of nothingness,  
the silent simplicity was invaded  
and  
man

poured his cement,  
lit his lights,  
built his walls,  
and  
cultivated a tribe of people to live in this  
busy,  
fast-moving,  
indifferent,  
push-button  
exhibition.

The silent sounds of nature were replaced by  
honking horns,  
traffic whistles,  
ambulance sirens,  
and jabbering, cursing people.

Flowers, in their own nonentity, watched immense foundations for skyscrapers  
crash down on them and  
extinguish their whole population  
and no one cared  
that life  
was dying.

Trees were converted from birds' nesting places to  
houses,  
boats,  
furniture,  
and toys.

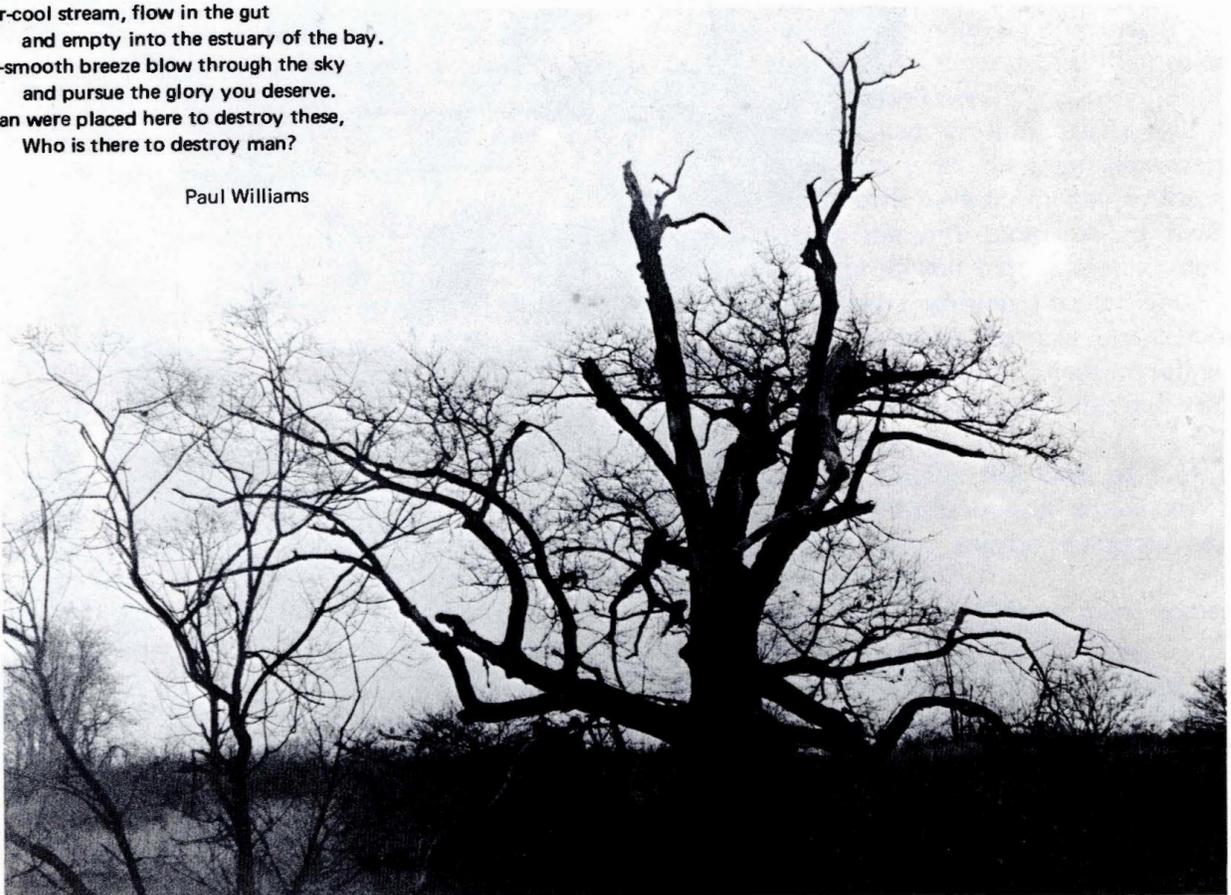
to satisfy the insatiable  
want of this hard-to-please  
people.

All the quiet naturalness was shoved out  
like it had no right to be there because  
man's knowledge had become too extensive.  
Nature stepped aside for man's destruction  
because  
it had no choice.  
no choice at all.

Deni Giles

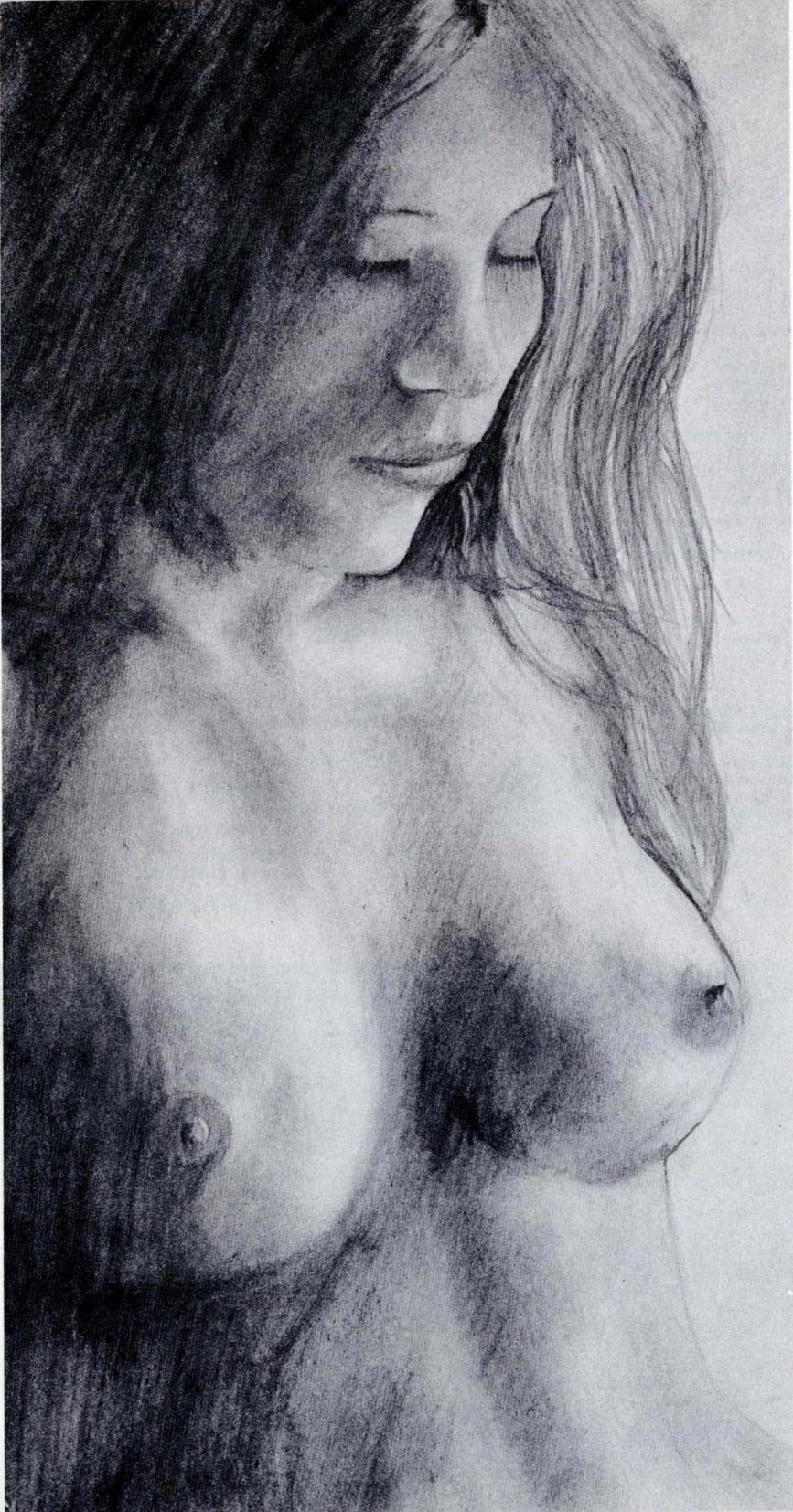
Red-orange leaf, fall from the tree  
and wither away to the carbon of the earth.  
Clear-cool stream, flow in the gut  
and empty into the estuary of the bay.  
Soft-smooth breeze blow through the sky  
and pursue the glory you deserve.  
If man were placed here to destroy these,  
Who is there to destroy man?

Paul Williams



Photograph by Ed Charlton





She is depressed.  
I try to bring a smile,  
but she is drifting  
in a sea of insecurity.  
Further out,  
now she is only a speck.  
My rowing is frantic,  
but my raft is tied.

John N. McFadden

## Freedom?

Looking through my kaleidoscope  
The world seems so far out  
It almost gives me hope  
Of somehow getting out

The doors are unlocked  
The pathway is free  
But I know I am caught  
Something has control of me

Out the window I could fly  
And flutter in the breeze  
It looks like such a cool sky  
I wonder if I'd freeze

Some things are gone  
Some things have passed  
Dreaming all the day long  
Won't make them last

Dreams are only a state of mind  
Memories don't really exist  
Why can't it be left behind  
Why do vivid images persist

Images projected on a wall  
In thirty shades of red  
Psychedelic dreams tell all  
A part of me is dead.

Mark Gallagher

Laughing, weeping  
Wanting, keeping  
Holding on to the past  
to never let go.  
Storing all the  
memories,  
vague remembrances,  
hazy recollections,  
in the book of life.  
Trying to find  
Happiness  
in reliving the past,  
by pondering over happy times  
and contemplating  
the whys of the  
past —  
our gone past,  
never to return. Can we really find happiness  
in  
what  
is  
done  
and  
over?

Deni Giles

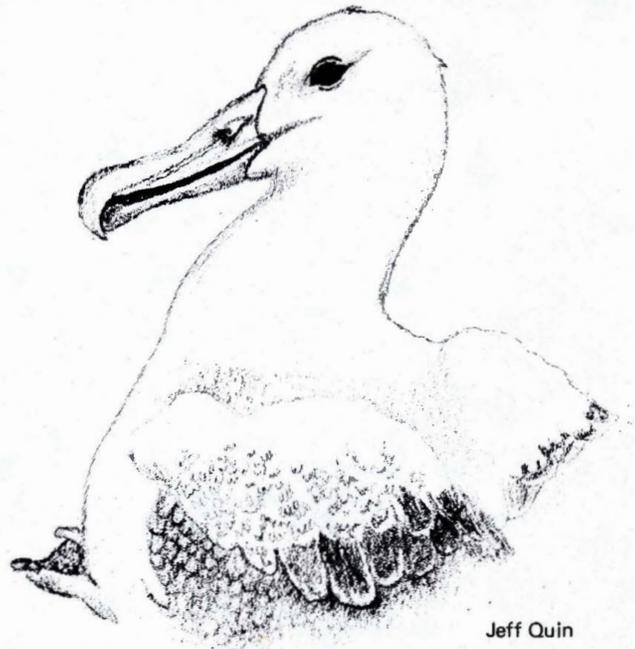




# The Sparrow and the Owl

Once  
there was a sparrow  
who loved an owl.  
The owl found the sparrow  
to be pleasant company  
and the unlikely pair became very close.  
The sparrow learned many things  
from the owl  
for, as everyone knows,  
owls are very wise.  
After many years  
the sparrow went away,  
and for a time he was lonely,  
but one day he met a wren.  
As the sparrow and the wren  
got to know each other  
they came to love each other,  
but the sparrow never forgot  
the things which the owl had taught.

John N. McFadden



Jeff Quin



Jeff Quin



Jeff Quin



J. Quin - 9-4-

## Metamorphosis

It is day—dawn has finished  
Man is present in the yellow hue of  
the streetlamp—the light reaching  
no farther than the glass that  
encloses it.

Burning endlessly, fruitlessly against  
the glow of morn.

Heaven is drifting away with the  
clouds.

The grandeur of twilight—even so  
of night—is lost for awhile.

Who counts it lost? Lovers? Hardly.  
Day brings the promise of the night  
before—solidity—who can depend on  
a lucky star?

Night developed while the world  
dreamt of yesterdays and tomorrows—only  
the negative of the picture called day.

Jan Jones

I saw his hand upon the hill  
The wind that brought the  
evening chill  
That rustled loudly through  
the night  
Preambling soon the morning  
light

The house stood out and  
filled the dawn  
A lost and captured  
floundering pawn  
Without his life he  
could not be  
His life is gone because  
of me

Cam

## A Message from the Night

Far out in jet black space  
The crescent moon was standing  
Vertical, pressed into focus  
By the force of solid darkness  
Coming through pure and white  
In the clear air of a Spring night  
Like some craftsman's work of art  
Mounted on deep black velvet  
With pendant Venus hanging on its tip  
Luminous with diamond light  
Each beautiful apart and different  
But together, a perfect union,  
A fitting match, a feast for lovers,  
A message from the night.

Stanley W. Newton

## As He Sleeps

Darkness hosts a masquerade,  
cloaks its guest  
and hides his visage  
within the patterns of its shade.

A veil of moon-night lace  
drapes his forehead,  
and the shadow of my hair  
shapes a beard upon his face.

As if to wipe disguise away,  
my fingers brush  
the blanket on his cheek  
and find within the night remembrance of the day.

Although night's shroud of grey  
conceals the features of his face,  
tender touch displays to me  
more radiant array.

Priscilla Wilkins



# TIME

This inevitable thing we call time  
steadily slips beyond our grasp  
and  
we find ourselves alone  
because  
our time has faded away.

it's over.  
it's time for a new life.



The minutes are dying.  
The sands of time  
constantly sift through our fingers  
and out of our hands,  
the roughness of each grain never  
to be felt again — some of the pebbles  
rougher than others.

Time  
is pushing the present into the past  
and  
pulling the future into the present.  
There's only now  
but  
now is rapidly passing,  
as time never neglects its duty.

it is ticking our lives away.  
it is ticking the precious moments away.

Time passes on.  
Time  
erases poignant memories of  
living,  
loving,  
and  
learning together.

Memories grow dim and fade away into obscurity  
where they are no more.  
They're just wasted.  
All the time spent making those memories — is it just wasted?  
Time

boosts us on our individual paths —  
for some, success  
for others, not.

The time wheel spins,  
sometimes the pace too fast,  
but our time will roll around on the wheel when  
the right moment comes by  
Never faltering,

time  
remains a stable factor  
in a changing, unsure world.

Our time is slipping and will soon be over  
For every hello  
there will be a  
goodbye.  
The hellos have passed.  
Time ticks on.  
Goodbye.

Deni Giles

## The Lilies of the Field

"And why are you anxious about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God so clothes the grass of the field, which today is alive and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will he not much more clothe you, O men of little faith?"

Matt. 6: 28-30

Dandelions small dot the grass—  
Sunbursts yellow, deep and bright  
With beauty kings would war to capture  
In their crowns and thrones of gold—  
Ephemeral touch of brilliance!  
Scattered weeds amid the grass  
Confound the eyes and heart  
That such should be the splendour—  
Common, fading while it yet begins—  
Found nestled in the grass.

KH



Bill Ahlstrom



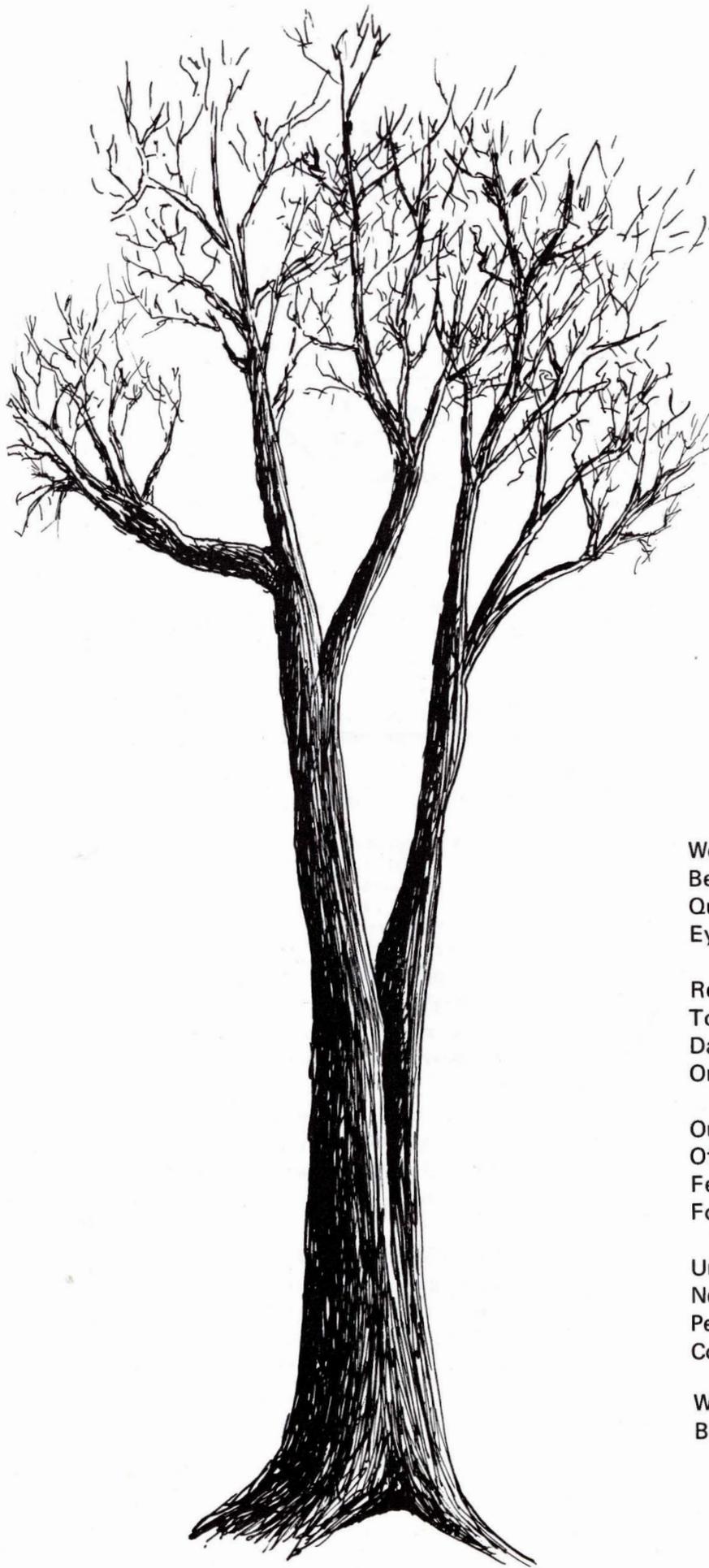
Anna Beth Ralph

Palms sighing deeply in the night  
Create a splendor of sparkling light  
Fronds stirring with wafts of thought  
Mingle with joyous colors dreams have sought

Lovely is a quiet conception  
Flowering in late May's springtide  
Melted crystals bathe her summer growth  
But winter finds them longing for her presence

Meditative reflections dance with the leaves  
Swaying in mood with time's slow pace  
Desire and will mesh to believe  
That ephemeral light waves take on substance  
In the unfolding of the Lily of the Nile.

Mark Gallagher



Anna Beth Ralph

## The Unhappy Tree

The tree stands as the seasons pass,  
Watches as lives come and go.  
Smiling, to see their persistent trying,  
Frowning, to see their repeated mistakes,  
And crying, to know they'll never change.

K.P.

We see so very little  
Because we have seen so much  
Quick appraisals not too gentle  
Eyes afraid to touch

Reflections depicting persons  
To what depth do we perceive  
Dare you to share a burden  
Or stop to visualize a need

Our own image mirrored  
Off the glassy pool  
Few slip beneath the surface  
For fear of unknown depths

Unwilling to reach out  
Never looking within  
People freely talked about  
Compassion seldom given

We are strangers to others  
Because we are strangers to ourselves.

Mark Gallagher

## Winter Night

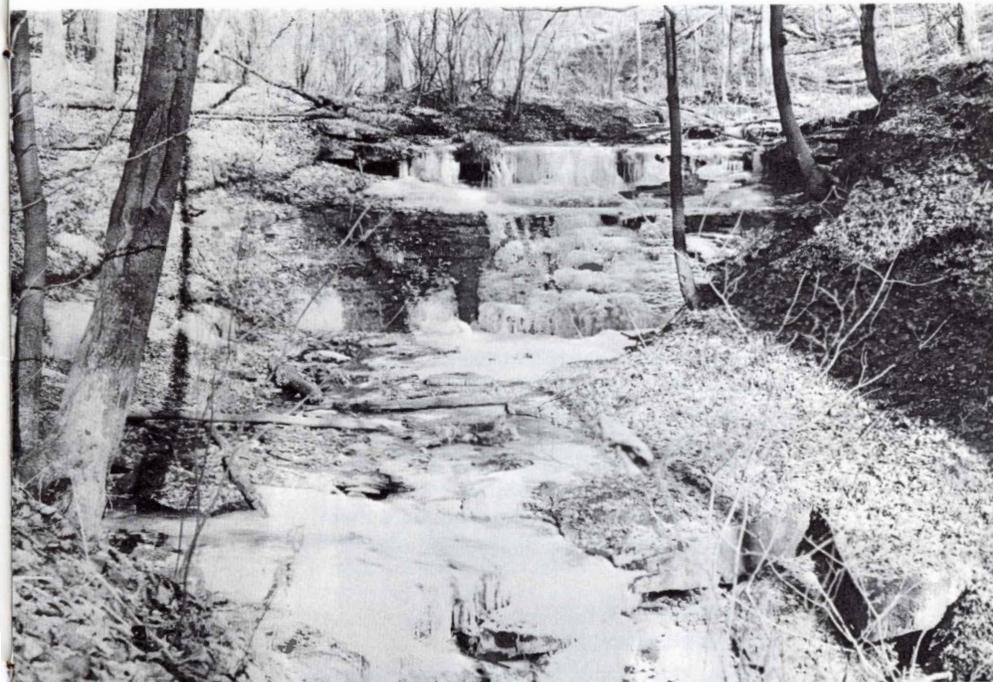
The cold, windblown nights of winter—  
The shrouded sky, moonlit  
Above the shivering branches,  
Stark and grey—

Such nights are stalked on foot  
Through shadows trembling in the wind—  
Footfalls dent the windswept ground,  
swallowed in the sound  
Of swirling winter wind.

KH



Photograph by Ed Charlton



Photograph by Ed Charlton

## Song

I walked along a mountain road  
Embracing air and skies and trees,  
Loving all who passed my way—  
Sharing life with God and these  
Whose steps became a weaving thread  
Of the interwoven tapestry  
Whereon my feet are wont to tread  
Its joyful paths of warp and woof.

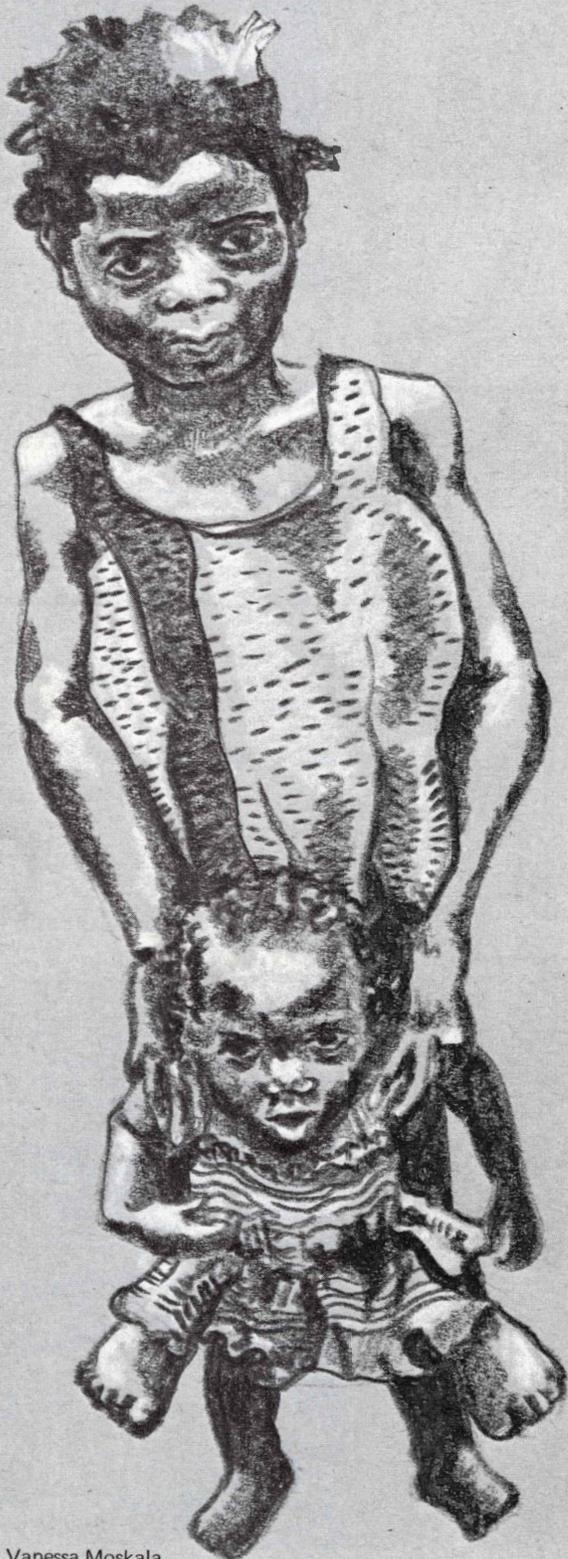
KH

Photograph by Ed Charlton

We are ancient ageless infants—  
utilizing what time we might have;  
be it much or little.  
Being whatever—for whatever—  
and remaining until life passes us by;  
or while we rush past life.

Ozell J. Ward





Vanessa Moskala

As I approached the dingy streets  
of a city  
they call Addis Ababa,  
I spotted hands.  
Hands —  
mangled,  
diseased,  
fingerless,  
and black,  
reaching out for understanding  
and truth;  
Trying to grasp something that can  
pull them out of the devil's pit.  
Hands  
that are willing to loosen  
their grip on their ancestors'  
ancient religions  
so they can clutch God's hands and walk with Him  
unafraid.  
Through fingers of faith they can touch  
God  
and learn to know Him.  
But first, some messenger from God  
must show he cares and go to them  
and tell them about a God who loves them  
no matter what color their hands are.  
Slowly,  
they loosen their grip on  
superstitions and idols.  
Putting their hands in those of the messenger,  
they are guided to the Good Shepherd  
who had waited so long for someone to lead them  
to Him.  
Hands.  
There just aren't enough  
hands  
for them to clutch.

Deni Giles

## The Demise of Friendship

Day by day  
the endless task  
of rubbing shoulders  
with the futures unknown past  
persons I see, hear, and smell  
but do not know.

Times have changed, a bustling hell  
the postman is the stranger who  
Grandma no longer asks  
if his wife is faring well.  
Murder strikes  
the daylight street  
and few care....

Bickering and bartering  
the white collar herd  
Politics in Little League  
churches, schools, and places you've never heard  
intimacy  
a thing of the past.

Fire the man, a machine is here  
burn his records, I don't care  
I wash my hands, squash that tear  
of his home and children.

Boy meets girl, man seeks woman  
No longer trust, nor is time allowed  
friendship never ripens  
Take a shortcut, take love to bed  
The oldest friendship  
since the earth is dead.

Oh, how sad, the many friends  
that I know, yet I do not have.  
It's the turnover of people  
who cross my path,  
input and output, that I feel  
a loss  
One  
could have been a friend.

Daniele

Talk—we talk so much.  
The empty words float from our mouths on little cakes of ice.  
We find ourselves talking so much that our words become  
bitter.  
Then we turn on our friends, we cut them down and throw  
accusations against them.  
Talk—it's all so empty, if we let it be.

D. Piper



Bill Ahlstrom

## Dreamer

A small boy staring through the window  
sees a small bird's fleeting shadow.  
His eyes look up at wings of dawn,  
but it's too late; the bird is gone.

A young man sitting by a stream  
thinking only of a dream,  
Doesn't see the world go by,  
doesn't hear the children cry.

An old man sitting in the park  
warming benches until dark.  
Then back home to bed he goes;  
what he'll dream of, no one knows.

The bird of youth has come and gone.  
The memory of his sweet song,  
The memory of dreams gone by  
is all I've left until I die.

John N. McFadden

Fear beats  
at my insides  
like angry footsteps  
running in  
terror...

with the horrible knowledge  
that I can't go back.

My whole  
being

is throbbing  
with the echo  
of past footsteps  
and  
reverberating  
from the revelation  
of footsteps  
to come.

Becki Brown

after a while  
the sadness goes out  
of sorrow.

the hurt goes  
out of pain.

the joy goes  
out of happiness.

the gentleness  
and emotion go out  
of love.

And, when a man  
has lost  
these things,

he has  
lost  
himself.

Deni Giles



Bill Ahlstrom

## Electric Lady

The electric lady, rated X  
the sensuous lure  
of a beckoning neon  
provoking, promising, promising  
promising, promising

The blue blood shot in the arm,  
the promise, the promise  
addicted to the lure of an  
Enchanting lady  
promising, promising

Billy slumbers heavily  
in a soured haze  
a crumpled wisp of  
cellophane  
amongst scuffed boots  
stained underwear  
strewn about  
the floor.

Hooked on confusion.

The fruits of his days, stained ashtrays  
the silver tops of beer cans  
curtain the doorway  
of his rented hearth.

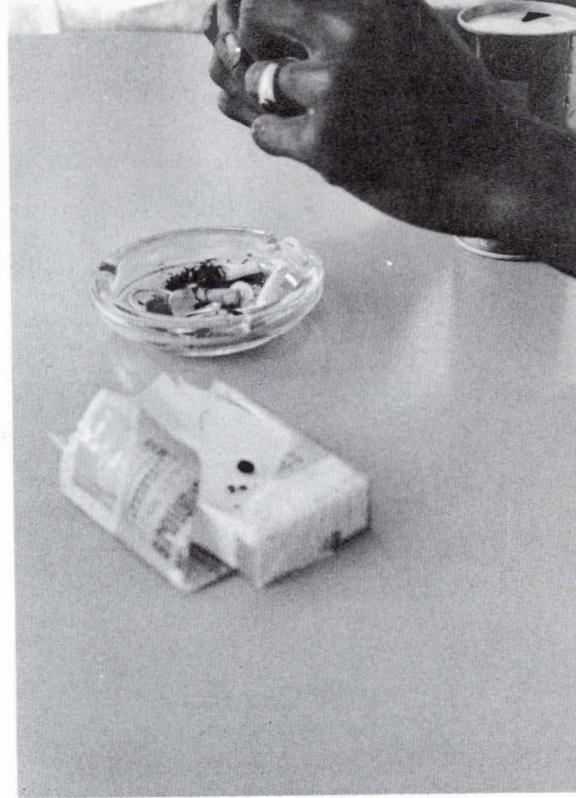
The night before still lay on the table  
His life laying end to end  
greasy poker cards;  
he's lost at solitaire

Today...  
Still looking for the promised land — a pack of  
Marlboro and a good time.

Daniele

It's damned difficult to be emotional,  
and survive all the onslaughts of  
irrationality, which invade your otherwise  
objective, rational, and thoughtful mind.  
Love can be a most devastating intruder  
when not allowed to freely run  
its course. An indolent insulting and  
bitchy emotion. An emotion which cannot  
survive, unless, of its own accord.

Ozell J. Ward



Photograph by Ozell J. Ward

## The Lost

I've seen them  
In a thousand different bar rooms  
In a hundred sundry towns  
Watching  
Waiting  
Wishing  
For what?

I've heard them  
In a dozen desperate voices  
With the same familiar cry  
Praying  
Pleading  
Paining  
For whom?

I've felt them  
In their sense of deep frustration  
As they hope their life away  
Raging  
Raving  
Rotting  
And why?

I've touched them  
And in the pit of their despair  
Filled the need of all mankind  
The what  
The who  
The why  
Is me!

W. Thomas Beckner

## Life

My ears are buzzing, humming, **DRUMMING!**  
My head is <sup>spinning</sup>whirling, <sup>spinning</sup>twirling.  
My thoughts are muddled, jumbled, <sup>palpating</sup>  
My feet are walking, <sup>leaping</sup>running.  
My life is Going, going, gone!

Boyd Stover  
lettering by Rebecca

Mystical, magical fish  
Do what you wish  
In the oceans of my mind  
. . .But tell me what you find.

Julia Jones

Am I someone?  
I am someone!  
Only a two-word change.  
Is it here?  
Is it there?  
Only a one-letter change.

Brent Ballard

## Words

Sharp, Silver, and Shiny,  
Silky, Smooth, and Slender.  
These control my mind.  
I'm obsessed with them!  
Their sounds carry me off.  
I linger on each syllable,  
As it slides through my head.  
They strike me when I'm unaware.  
I shiver to hear them  
Deep in my soul.  
Often they sicken me  
And scare me to death.  
But they only satisfy me  
When they are a Sharp, Slender Lady  
in a Silky Smooth, Shiny Silver Dress.

K.P.

## Where Went the Sun

I've seen the sun two days  
out of nine.  
Sure hope it doesn't get paid  
on hourly time.

Ozell J. Ward

You sing your song  
And I'll sing mine  
And we will dance and step in time  
Together we'll sing  
Together we'll rhyme  
But you'll sing your song  
And I'll sing mine.

Julia Jones

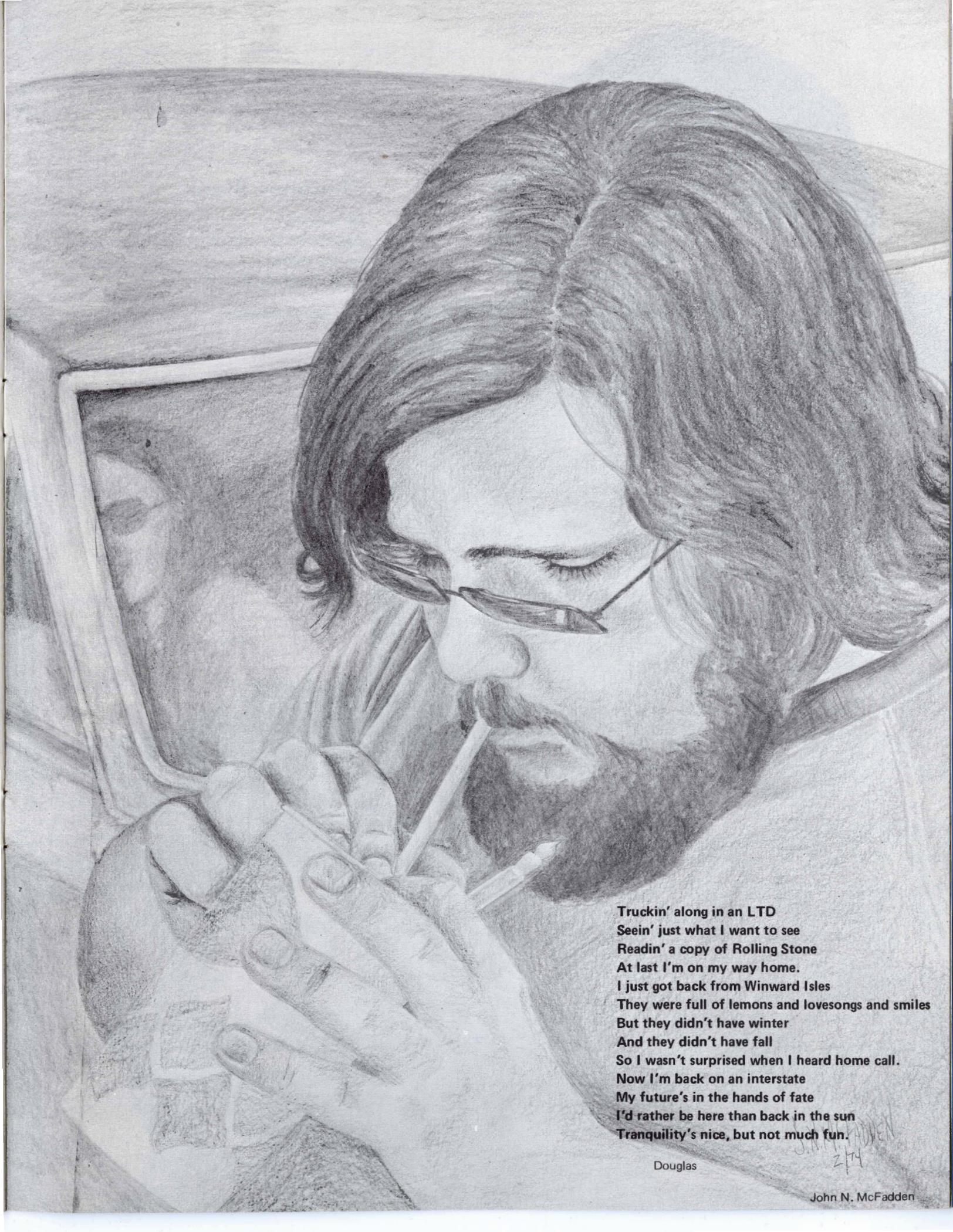
our love was fresh,  
like fruit, each piece tasted new  
and different  
but, then we canned our love  
and threw it  
all the different tastes and loves  
into a plastic container in  
the refrigerator  
and now  
it tastes the same—  
blah.

Cam

## Nightmare at the Breakfast Table

The sky is a blue bowl  
Turned upside-down over the earth,  
And I am a soggy corn flake  
Holding on for all I'm worth,  
But a raisin bird is pecking at my fingers.  
The smell of scrambled eggs fills the air.  
The toast is up  
And so am I,  
But as the butter melts  
I lose my grip  
And splash into a sea of frozen orange juice.

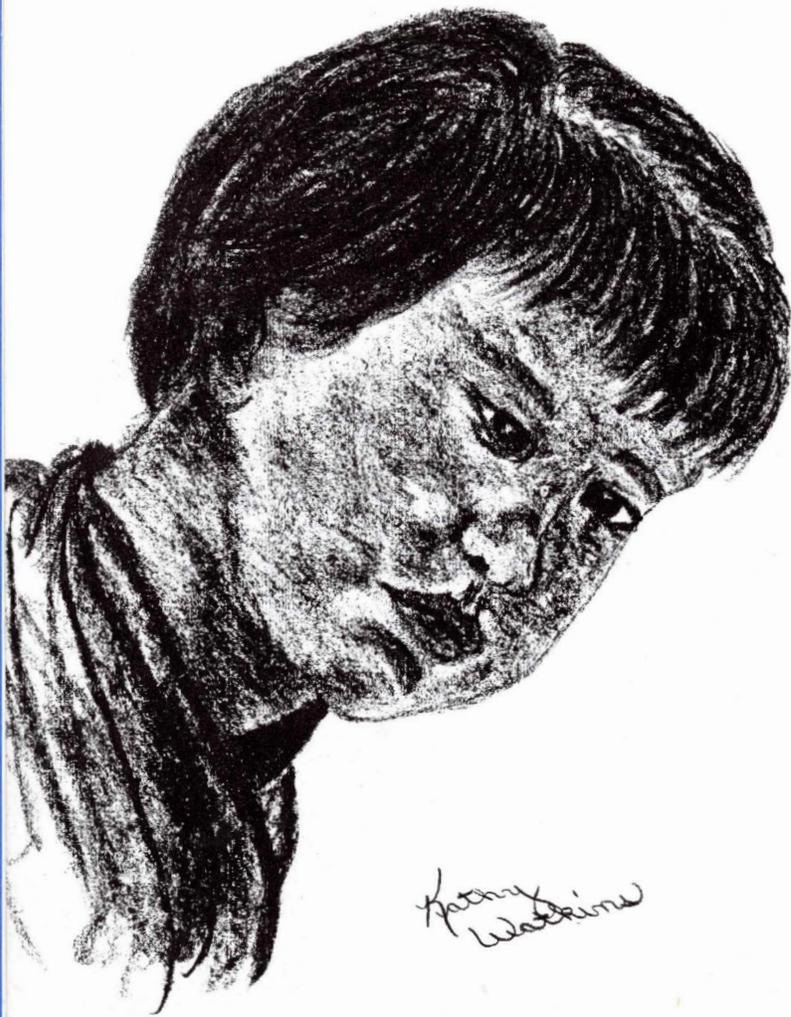
John N. McFadden



Truckin' along in an LTD  
Seein' just what I want to see  
Readin' a copy of Rolling Stone  
At last I'm on my way home.  
I just got back from Winward Isles  
They were full of lemons and lovesongs and smiles  
But they didn't have winter  
And they didn't have fall  
So I wasn't surprised when I heard home call.  
Now I'm back on an interstate  
My future's in the hands of fate  
I'd rather be here than back in the sun  
Tranquility's nice, but not much fun.

Douglas

John N. McFadden



## Christmas Break

All is quiet  
and the lonely gray sky weeps  
for the return  
of the laughing children.

John N. McFadden

*Kathy Watkins*

Life  
was simple  
when I  
was  
five.  
I  
cried  
about  
skinned knees  
bruised elbows  
and  
dead goldfish.  
And  
Mother's arms  
or Band-aids  
could take away  
the tears.

Life  
isn't  
so simple  
now.  
Now  
I  
cry  
about  
amputated knees  
crushed elbows  
and  
dead men.  
And  
Mother's arms  
or  
Band-aids  
can't take away  
the tears.  
Not now.

Arethusa



Kathy Watkins

Innocent, Innocent children...  
Here to grow and learn,  
to love and be loved,  
—what happens when we fail?

Anna Beth Ralph

## Closets

I want to be alone

Without being alone.

It's like—

Locking yourself in a room with

Someone sitting outside the door.

Or like—

Sitting on a beach with

Someone on the same beach

Half a mile away.

Or like—

Your dog falling asleep

In your lap.

Closets are like that.

Nancy Jane Amburgey



Vanessa Moskala

## Remembering You

I never could forget  
The thoughts of yester-year  
The touch of your face,  
So soft and smooth  
And your whispers of love.

And never that day  
When you went away,  
To the closet of my mind,  
Where you sleep in eternity.

C. S. McCoury

Sometimes I feel  
That all the years I knew you  
Before I loved you  
Were wasted

But when I think  
Of how those years  
Changed us  
And made us  
What we are

I know  
That I love you more  
Because of those years  
As friends

Arethusa

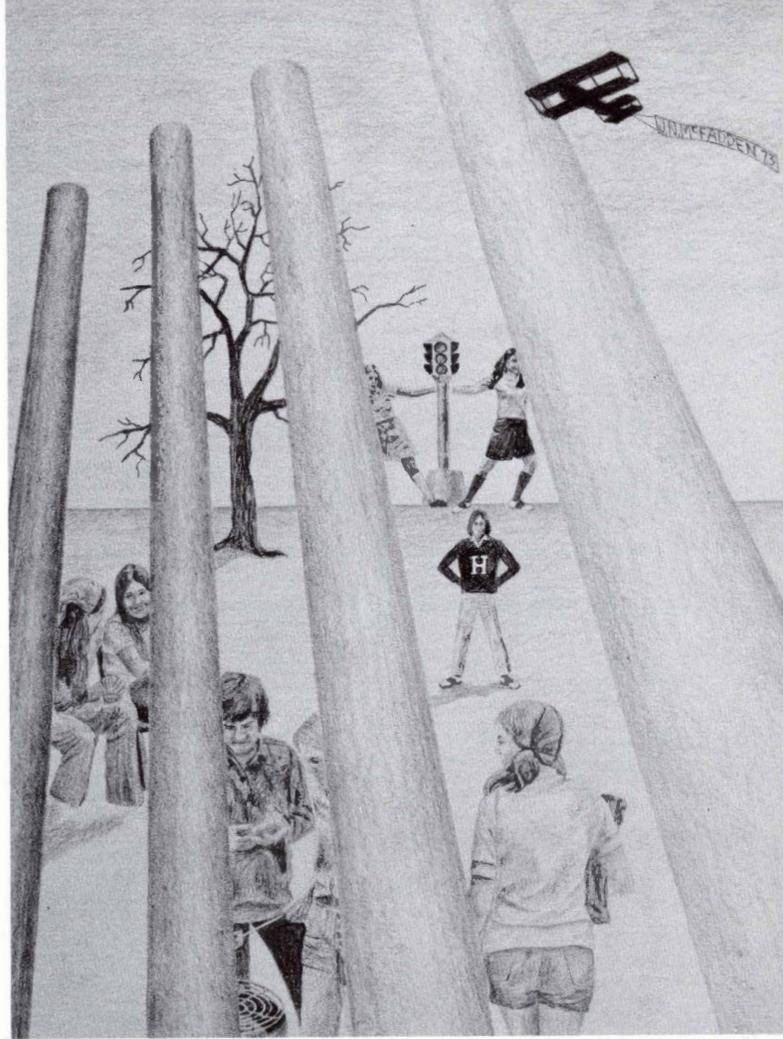
Photograph by Ozell J. Ward



## Pollution Shock

It's been so long since I've seen  
    an eagle floating high in the sky.  
Don't ask me — I don't know why.  
Can't even glimpse a hawk diving  
    swiftly toward some unwary prey;  
Nor an owl slipping softly and silently  
    through the dusk, which bridges night and day.  
There seems to be an increasing number  
    of things I don't see anymore—  
If you're the last out would you  
    please close the door?

Ozell J. Ward



## A Comment on Your Betrayal

I am going to be perfectly honest  
about how it felt when you left.  
I can only compare it to  
my sadness at the age of ten  
when Ringo Starr got married  
and left me loveless in Ohio  
That almost sweet,  
    melodramatic sadness  
of losing something  
you never really had.

S.M.

## I Remember D.O.H.H.S.

Summer at the beach  
And winter in the snow;  
Hamburgers burned by  
The girl of the week.  
Movies and pizza  
And an old red station wagon.  
Then was the time of dancing in socks  
And kissing in cars;  
Shaving sometimes  
And letting my hair grow.  
With all the time in the world

John N. McFadden

