



From the Heliconian Muses let us begin to sing, who hold the great and holy mount of Helicon, and dance on soft feet about the deep-blue spring and the altar of the almighty son of Cronos, and, when they have washed their tender bodies in Permessus or in the Horse's Spring or Olmeius, make their fair, lovely dances upon highest Helicon and move with vigorous feet.

And one day they taught Hesiod glorious song while he was shepherding his lambs under holy Helicon, and this word first the goddesses said to me — the Muses of Olympus, daughters of Zeus who holds the aegis:

"Shepherds of the wilderness, wretched things of shame, mere bellies, we know how to speak many false things as though they were true; but we know, when we will, to utter true things."

But why all this about oak or stone?

Hesiod

Statement: "I think guys are neat.
When I go in the SUB they buy me
Cokes and stuff."

Reaction: Absolutely the most
ridiculous statement I've ever heard.

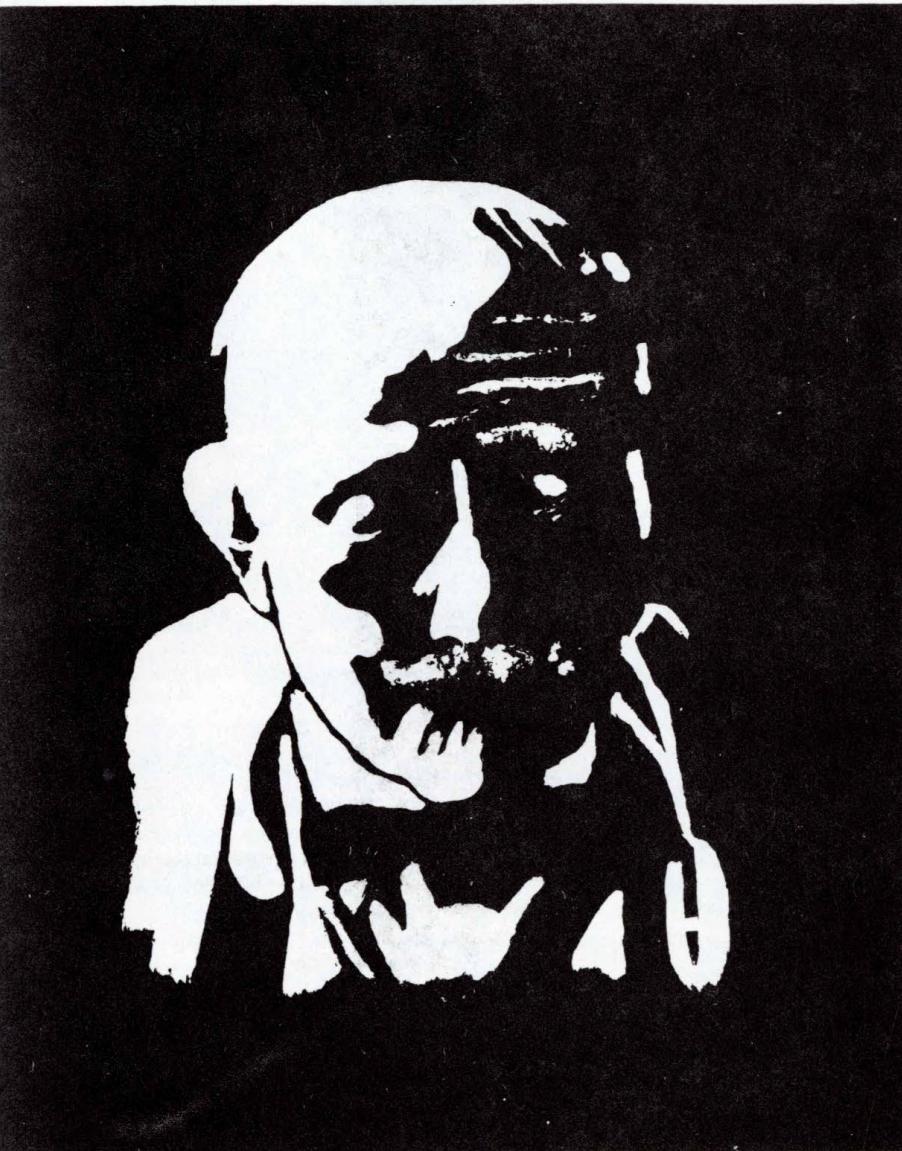
Adolescents lamenting
Indecisive blonde asses
Offset by tranquil frizzies
Locking bonds of
Blue-iris images.
Time deepens the wound
Of broken spirits on
Windy autumn nights.
Milk carton romances
Weren't meant to last.

Mop-up.
Choosy beggars lamenting
Janitor salads and
Cracker sandwiches ties
Fate sheepishly to
Cosmic orbs
Nocturnally restless.
Aimless eyeglasses cast
Rancid shadows dancing with
The Siren's soul.
Futile radiance fuels
Milk carton romances.
The tumbler turns.

— Pete Moore

Daisies, roses, chrysanthemums . . .
My pen wanders
My mind dreams of you.
Daisies, tulips, daffodils . . .
I doodle and sigh
I remember your smile.
Daisies, violets, periwinkles . . .
They say that people
Who draw flowers
Are lonely.

— V.I.P.



Stan Clevenger

Alternatives

let the Falling-Water
wash aside
the ideas
for polluting
the lives
of all Mankind.

let the Sun
melt-away
the plans
for power
of the
atomic masterminds

as they ignore
"no nukes"
resounding
from the
washington-streets
Protest-Lined

and continue
the scheming
for destroying
All-That's-Natural
with their
three-mile-island-phipp's-bend-marble-hill
designs.

— Sharon Lequieu

Spring Explosion

Green leaves burst forth from
their hiding places beneath
tree branches when spring
showers pour soothing water
droplets in their outstretched hands.

— Victor Hull



Dreams settled down
into normal, everyday coexistence,
tinged with delicately strong happily-ever-afters
you and I step out of World Reality at 4:30 and 5:00.

(Classified: Diurnal warriors—
you with relentless paperwork, business conferences,
undercover coat-and-tie perspiration, impersonal personnel, and
frustrated patrons,
me with a sterile-contaminated world of microscopic disorder.)

Shed armor.

Real people (not employees, slaves, coordinators, analysts, or
venal laborers)
arrive at a rented apartment made livable by paper plates, worn-in easy chair,
and throw pillows everywhere.

(No longer required: business-like "Good mornings", restrained
joy-anger-any emotion, professional coolness.)

Life inside is modified honeymoon Elysium
into a breathable us.
A down-to-earth, quiescent reality like
dirty socks, stacks of **Knoxville Times** and **Writer's Journal**,
and tomato soup by candlelight
pervades . . .
refuge, forever-style, is in these dreams settled down—
in this place we come and call
Home.

— Candy Witcher

Paula G. Day

We are the lamps that are set on the hill,
And although we can't be hidden,
So often we grow dim.

— Donna Kidner

A Bird's Flight

By Amy Black

One evening while I was flying through a cloudless sky, I looked down upon a young girl who was walking along a nearly deserted road.

I soared down to a wire which was near the path the girl was journeying and waited for her to draw near. While I watched her, I wondered why she had such a strange expression on her childlike face. Her mind seemed to be in a far-off time, and she did not seem to notice me as I began to circle in the sky above her.

As I came closer to her, I noticed a strange thing about her face. I discovered what appeared to be a droplet of water coming from her very deep and sad eyes.

I also noticed the movement of her lips. It was as if she were speaking to someone. I scanned the area around her, but I discovered there was no one else around. As she drew nigh, I could hear her voice. It was a different language than my own shrill caw, and I was unable to interpret her story.

While I had been studying the young girl's face, the light from the sky above had grown dim; and neither of us noticed the speeding car moving around the dangerous curve behind us. As I continued to encircle the sky, I heard the sound of the approaching vehicle. When I turned, I noticed the bright headlights aiming toward the girl.

I quickly turned back toward her; and as I did this, I discovered she had not yet seen the car approaching her.

I began to dive around her and to caw loudly with my shrill voice. She noticed me and stopped to stare half-heartedly at me, but she did not seem to understand my reason for fright. All she did was dodge my pathway; and as she did this, she moved into the pathway of the oncoming car.

The driver began to press on the horn, but as the girl turned toward the car, all she could do was stare frightfully at it as if she wanted to move but was unable to.

I called fervently to her in my last attempt to save the strange, sad girl. But my attempt went unacknowledged.

The car tried to dodge her but was unable to stop quickly enough. The sound of her shrill cry seemed to pound through my mind. I began to shriek loudly, but the sound of my voice was unable to cover up the loud crunching noise of the two strangers' collision.

After a moment I again approached the girl; but as I did this, a strange feeling came over me. This feeling was abstruse; the meaning seemed hidden from me. But as I neared the motionless body of the young girl whose path had mysteriously crossed mine on this strange and fateful day, I discovered the reason for my eerie feeling.

The reason was helplessness; and as I was flying away, I realized that the final outcome was death.



John Meredith

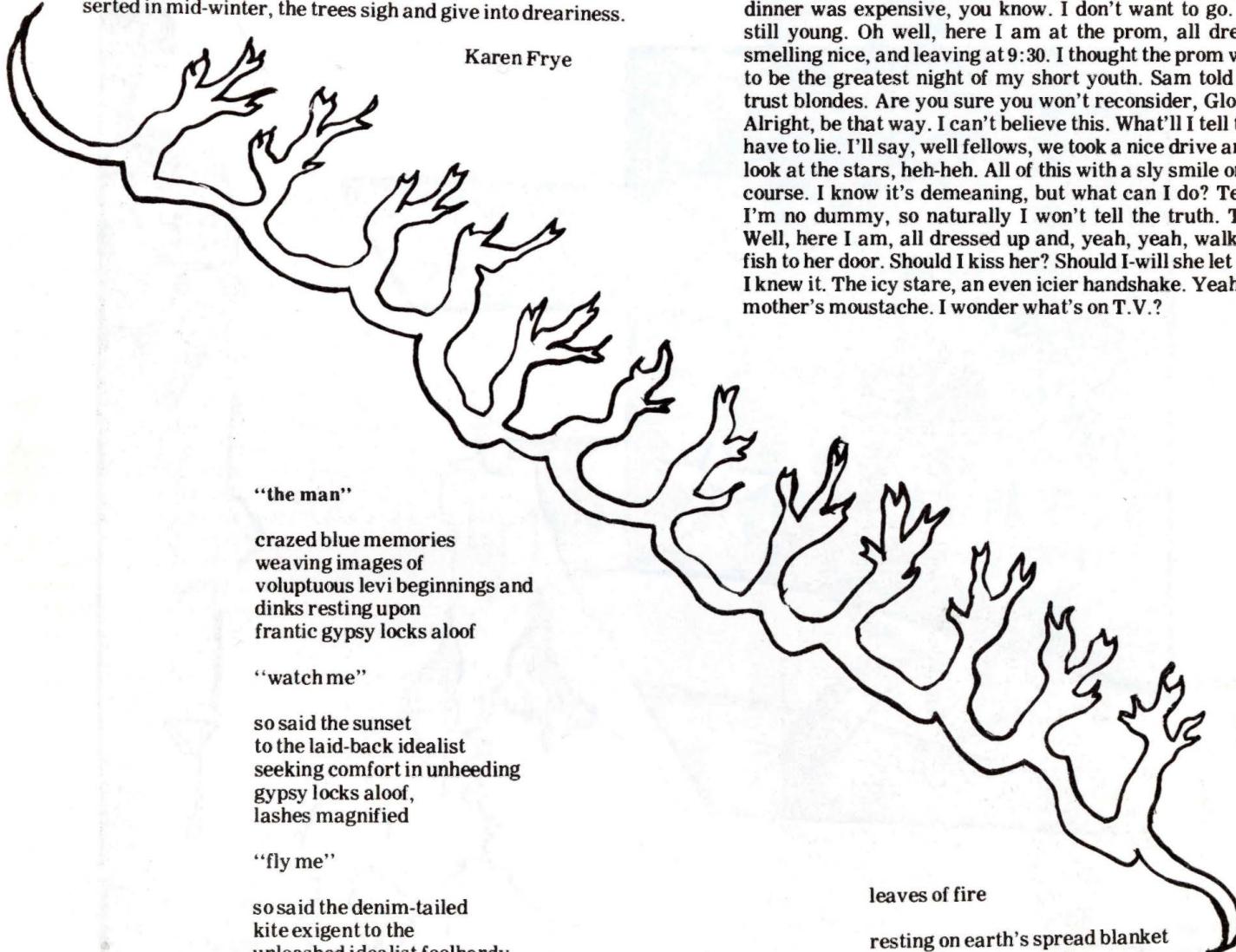
The glitter
In the eyes of the children
Becomes shattered fear
With the first crash
Of fatality
Falling from the skies
And covering them
As fetuses
In fallout from the fireworks
Of fighting.

— Sharon Lequieu

Trees

Massed upon the hill, naked trees stand. Their tall slender bodies stretch high into the cold air. Long skinny arms extend outward from their dark coarse forms, into the light crisp air of winter. Stale frozen snow is packed at their feet creating numbness. The tall high heads look far across the white land, seeing nothing but pale bleakness. Standing alone and deserted in mid-winter, the trees sigh and give into dreariness.

Karen Frye



"the man"

crazed blue memories
weaving images of
voluptuous levi beginnings and
dinks resting upon
frantic gypsy locks aloof

"watch me"

so said the sunset
to the laid-back idealist
seeking comfort in unheeding
gypsy locks aloof,
lashes magnified

"fly me"

so said the denim-tailed
kite exigent to the
unleashed idealist foolhardy

soaring
tripping
spinning
groping . . . groping . . .

— Pete Moore

leaves of fire

resting on earth's spread blanket
beneath a tree fiery alive
with the coming of death
almost asleep

— Tim Ross

Well, here I am at the prom, all dressed up and smelling nice. And Gloria is with me. That's right. The Gloria. Don't ask me why she's here with me, I don't know. It doesn't really matter, because she's here with me, and everybody can see. Oh, she's not just a pretty face and figure. She can carry on a comparatively intelligent conversation (though I haven't tried yet), but, of course, not as well as Cindy. But she's a brain, and everybody knows about brainy girls. That's right. Plain. Hey, don't call me a male chauvinist. I am not. Well, maybe a little. Careful, Gloria. She just kicked Bill in the back. Remember, Gloria, this isn't cheerleading tryouts. High spirited girl. What do you mean, you want to go home? She says she wants to go home. Just because I'm not the best dancer. Oh, so you still think I spilled that punch on you on purpose, huh? I'm sorry I embarrassed you by having to make you pay for the pictures. The dinner was expensive, you know. I don't want to go. The night is still young. Oh well, here I am at the prom, all dressed up and smelling nice, and leaving at 9:30. I thought the prom was supposed to be the greatest night of my short youth. Sam told me to never trust blondes. Are you sure you won't reconsider, Gloria? Please? Alright, be that way. I can't believe this. What'll I tell the guys? I'll have to lie. I'll say, well fellows, we took a nice drive and stopped to look at the stars, heh-heh. All of this with a sly smile on my face, of course. I know it's demeaning, but what can I do? Tell the truth? I'm no dummy, so naturally I won't tell the truth. That's crazy. Well, here I am, all dressed up and, yeah, yeah, walking this cold fish to her door. Should I kiss her? Should I will she let me kiss her? I knew it. The icy stare, an even icier handshake. Yeah, yeah. Your mother's moustache. I wonder what's on T.V.?

John Hall

Life is an illusion,
like the even'g fire dancing
on the water.

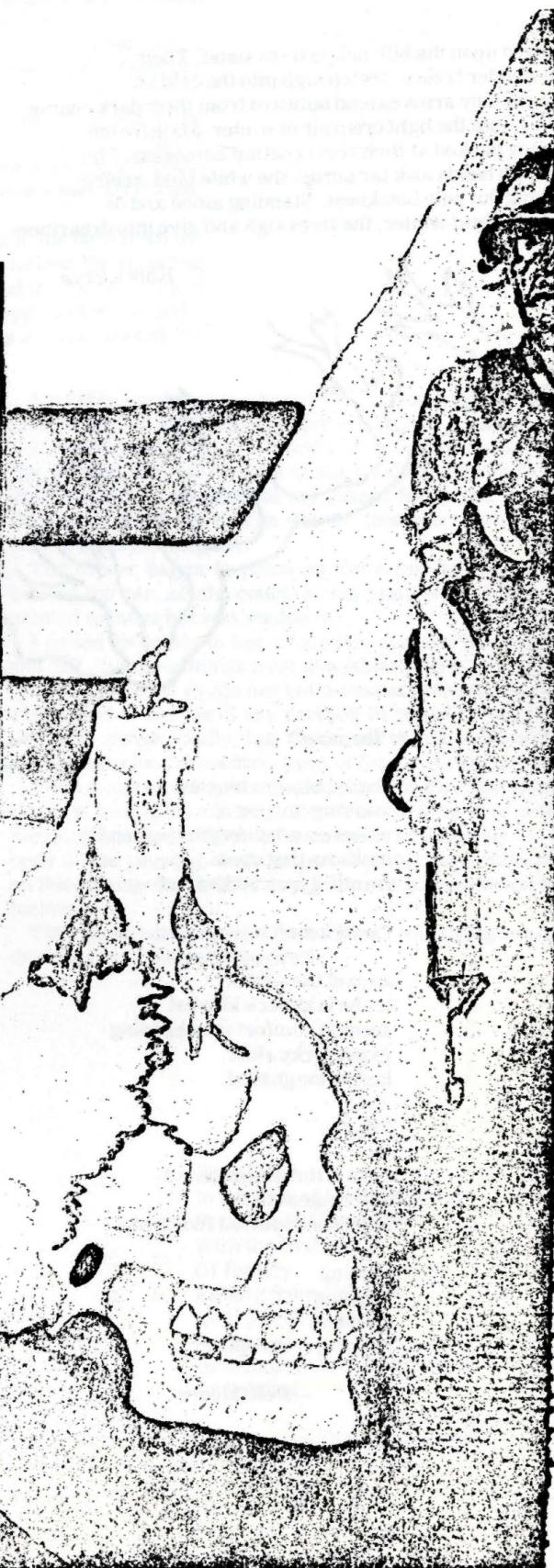
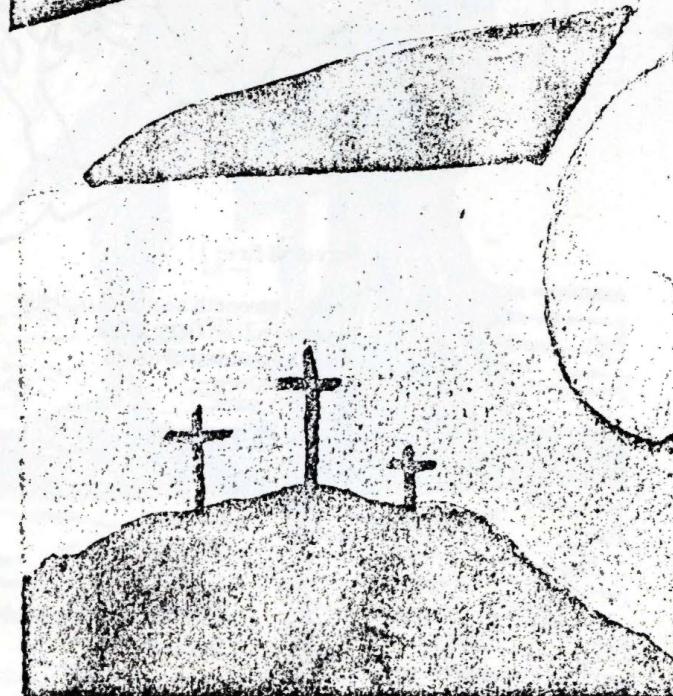
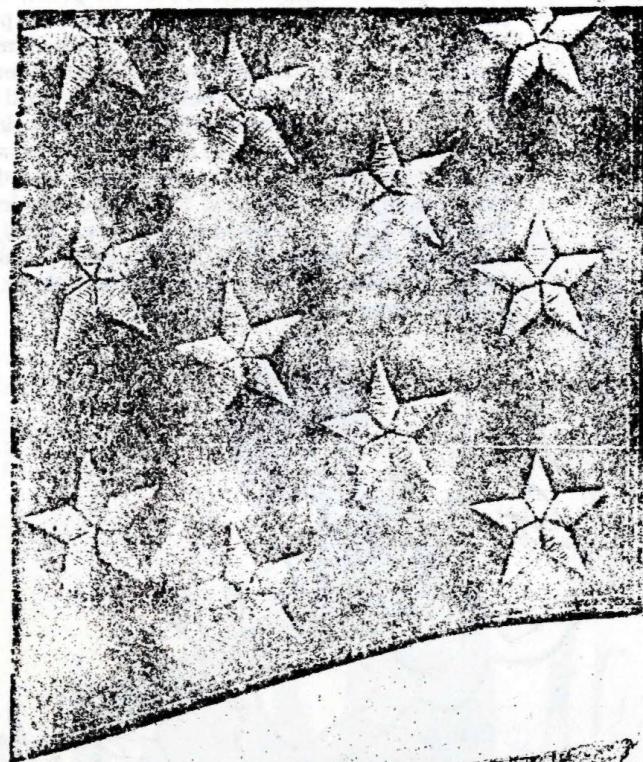
Like life, miracles happen
only to those who sail ships
against the sky.

Days are to come like
the morning sun flowing
past the darkness.

Yet I know life is
an illusion.

Hold me Lord for I know
what is real. Ships no
longer sail and soon the evening
sun will no longer dance.

— Rex Hale

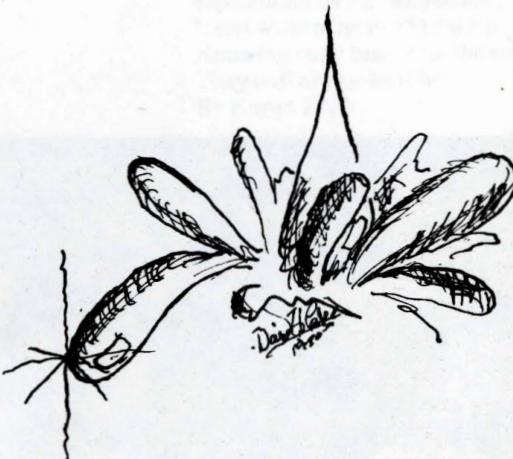
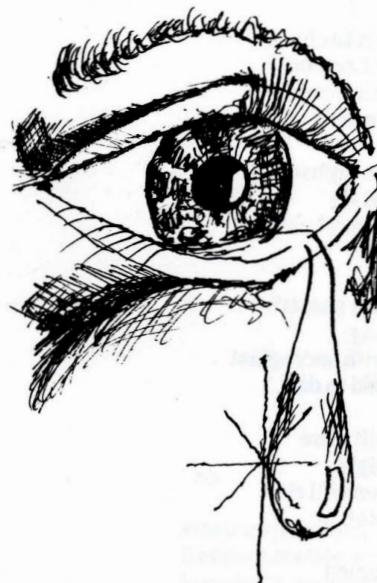


Kruzan "80"

Traveler

Life's long roadstretches
before my weary eyes. Feet
dragging heavily,
I keep going only for
the oasis at the end.

— Victor Hull



Home:
A place to belong,
Beyond the limits of location, setting,
or architectural structure;
A feeling within self
Security in knowing one is safe to be.

— Suzie Ross

Rushing (water)
(Rocks) Red
Un(toothed) grin
Character(istic).

— Joy Phillips

The Thorpsicande

The thorpsicande did spreely saight
And wanger through the night.
It's baxton in the stimled prate
Was as the winged jyte.

Lederious, this thorpsicande
When in the throes of fits.
It yandeleers at every man,
And bandles till it quits.

The time is nigh for it to clum.
Look out! Look out! Look out!
This slinner is a bilking bum
That never can be smout!

Oh, thorpsicande, be digbadore
And reade to kembelate.
Meander through in total clore;
Deny the candersate.

Its anguitary now has passed—
Has kettered all away.
Be glad and filled with secreglast
That night has turned to day.

In time this klate will plise
And slander all in sight.
Fear and fangor then will rise
As samzispar diskite!

Sharon Lequieu



I wish I were a poet.
If I were a poet, the world would see
My innerself and say silly things about my
Literary allusions and metaphoric useof metaphysical symbols
and sentences.

They'd say that I was a seer; a spokesman of my age.
Expressing the plight of modern man in his evolutionary
merry-go-round.
They'd ponder for hours over my meticulous meter and
rhythmic rhyme — how I soared to the heights of
Iambic infinity without leaving the earth.

If I were a poet, the world might see
My sorrow, suffering and sadness. Maybe
At least they'd see the pain and hurt of
Tears, cried alone. At least they would
Read it, at least. And a handful
Would understand.

But I'm not a poet. I don't understand the ins
and outs of poeticness. But I do know pain.
I do know sorrow. I do know disappointment.
If only I could write a poem that someone would
See, and understand.

—Lisa Voke

though i walk
through the
valley



On the wooden shelf
above the work cabinet
in the ancient little shed
are a glass jar with its lid screwed on tightly
and a rusted, squashed-on-one-side olive can.

Waiting for someone to recognize them as
treasure chests
they sit
they watch
the spiders come and go
and the rust grow a little bit more orange.
Spring comes forth from winter
and still
they sit.

Remember Johnny's caterpillar that he put so carefully
into the empty Kraft pickle jar?
And remember all the white rocks
he painstakingly picked out from all the ugly, ordinary gravels?
He only wanted the pure, shiny white ones . . .
and one was even shaped like an arrow head.

Yes,
The treasures are now forgotten,
because Johnny is gone—
his room is empty,
his toys given to the Salvation Army.
Johnny's secret treasures
sit in their chests,
one birthing a blue butterfly
and
one holding priceless gems.
They sit . . . wishing . . .

But there is no one to know,
no one to care
For Johnny's not marching home again.

— Candy Witcher

in the mountains

water dancing in my soul,
clearing my mind.

held and rocked by the wind,
sleeping with the earth
waking with the sky

speaking gently to my Father
and hearing him answer
loving whispers through the pines.

— Tim Ross

Sea

White caps rolling, water churning
Keeping motion wild and turning,
Spewing treasures upon the sand,
Showing waves to the land
Inhabitants living deep below,
Exist within the mighty show,
Knowing their master is the sea,
They will always let it be.
By Karen Frye

Shadows

The light forms shadows on the walls of my room.
The shadows dance and flicker as if moved by an unknown rhythm.
The silhouettes are secretive and hold mysteries that are unknown
to me.
The light surrounds the black forms and traces a background for
hidden pictures.
Abruptly the light pierces the dim images and captures them unawares.
Maybe the figures are always there, and become uncovered and
released when the light is upon them.

The light is unseen now, but I still feel the presence of the
forms without substance which waver about me;
however, I know that at all times the light is with me and,
with its truth, can reveal and remodel the evil
shadows at any time.

— Diana Young

ME

I am like a balloon
inflated with my own
thoughts and ideas
wanting to break away
from conformity's grasp
and freely fly away.

— Teresa Gee

Burial Storm

Drops of sadness roll
grimly off the grey tombstone
into the death rivers.

— Victor Hull

disturbance

neon fields superfluous
laughing at
stratospheric misfires
of shoestring snowstorms

disbanded lair
existing but not manifest
takes refuge in neon
footprints

disconcerted cosmos glozing
neon fields superfluous
with ozone liquified

grieving lair
existing but not manifest
greets neon relics
silently entroped in
placid spheric realms

— Pete Moore



John Meredith

An Elegie by John A. Dowd

Where once a lovely orchard bloomed
a Baptist Temple stands,
in sullen, blind, indifference
to all its view commands

Where flowers, grass, and apples grew
along the curving country road,
Crushed rock, stone, man's rude building blocks
No grace the scene bestowed.

God smiled to see His handiwork
where Nature's Sanctuaries lie.
Now, busses, junk and neon signs
offend the passing eye.

Great temples rose in ancient times
to grace the desert sands,
and reached their towers Heavenward
bespeaking earthly hands.

No Heaven-seeking towers rise
where earth-bound creatures pray,
and apple trees sought to the skies
to bless the passing day.

Does The Great Master Architect
from Heaven smile to view
The Folly of His children's work
where once His Orchards grew?

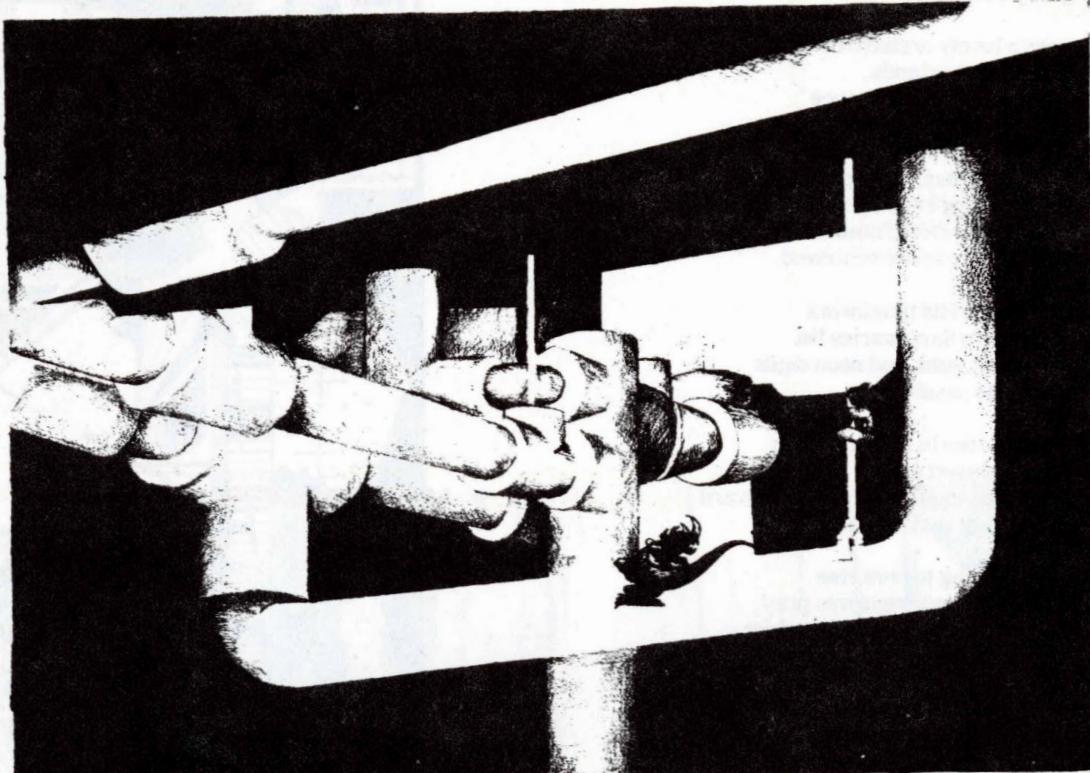
The wind chills our bones
As we watch the sky darken
We wait for the storm.

— V.I.P.



When kings and queens and terrible things come,
Time seems to pass, but is not really gone.
She brings joy, peace and perhaps relief for some;
Others she showers fear and trouble upon.
She takes you within the black gates of Hell,
But never leaves you stranded helpless there.
She shows you heavens of which you cannot tell,
And women you know, but made far more fair.
A person seems to fall as from the sky;
He thrashes and struggles to no avail.
Yet, in the mornings he will again rise
Alive, but with forgotten pain made pale.
'Twas just a message from the queen of the night.

— Charles Sanders



Mark Kruzan

LET ME SPEAK

Let me speak.
Let me say what I must—
state who I am.
I am not ashamed that I care,
nor will I ever be ashamed.
Caring does not merit shame.
I am not afraid to share myself with you,
nor do I want to be afraid.
For fear of rejection builds a wall around a person—
A cold, stone wall
 unyielding, immovable..
I chose the risk of being hurt
 over living in fear.
I chose caring for you
 over the thought of never knowing you,
 never knowing your touch, your kiss,
 and even your bittersweet goodbye.

—Janine O'Neal

The heavy burden of responsibility was
put on my back today.
Proudly, I carried it.
The world was right.
Suddenly, innocently and unknowingly, I dropped it.
The people watching laughed at me as I
 stood like a statue
Staring down at the shattered package
 that had meant so much.
Gone; all gone.
But, as I stood there, pierced by the
 leering eyes and jeering voices,
I silently resolved to go on.
I stooped and started determinedly picking
 up the pieces, one by one.
And though some remained cold, many of
 those faces melted into warm smiles,
And the jeering into heartening encouragements
As they helped me rebuild
 my precious bundle.

Jaye Rupert

Thoughts

The beautiful valley opened onto
a doomed vista.
Strewn with ashes and volcanic
matter.
The land was scarred.
Spewing forth from a hillock
Were the elements of destruction.

Fire and acids, green as stomach bile,
Devoured the landscape.
Until what was once almost ethereal
Corroded under the torrents
of abuse.

And this
Is the mind of man.

— Lisa Hayes

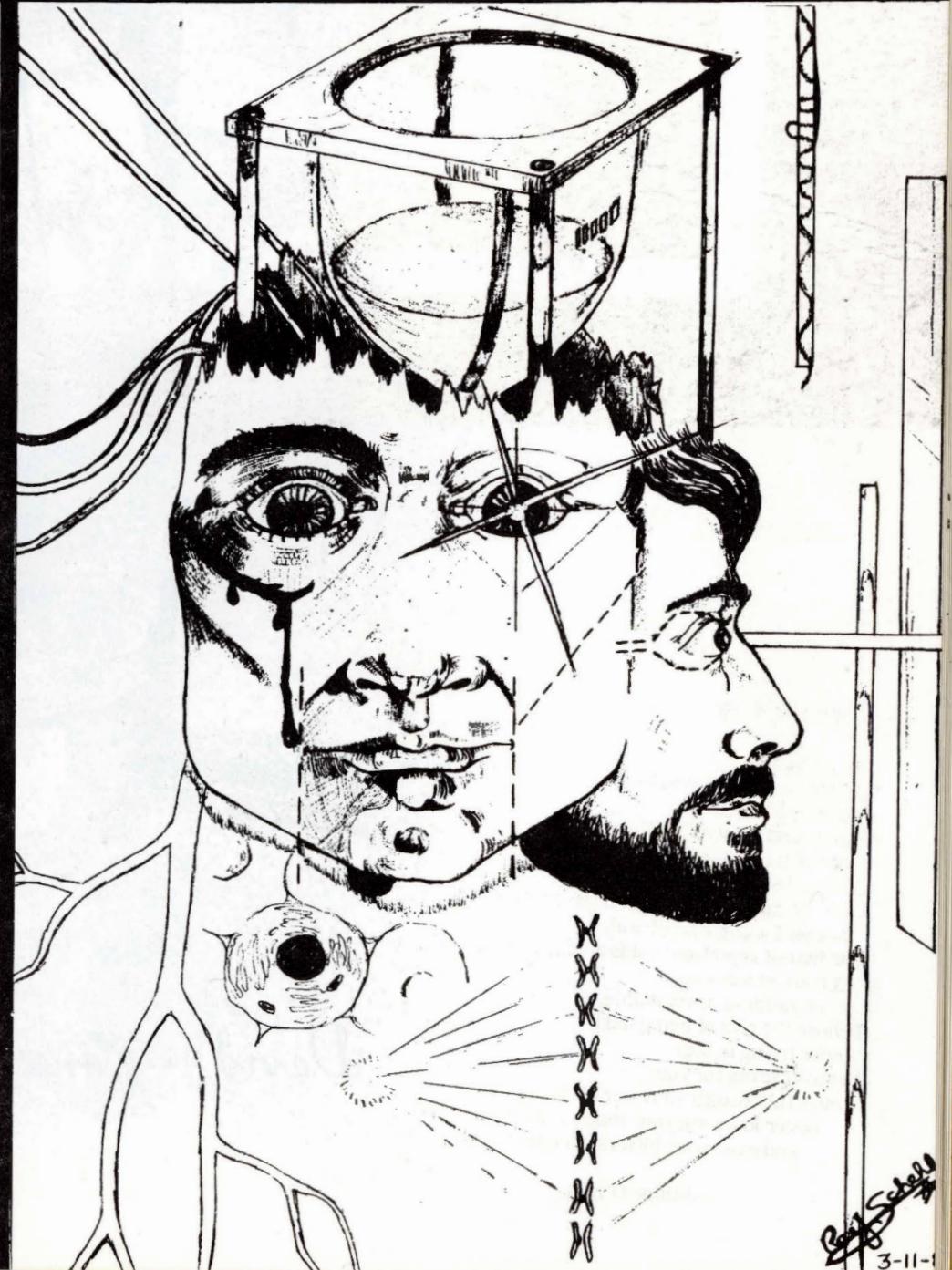
I've seen eyes,
Eyes of disappointment,
Eyes of joy.

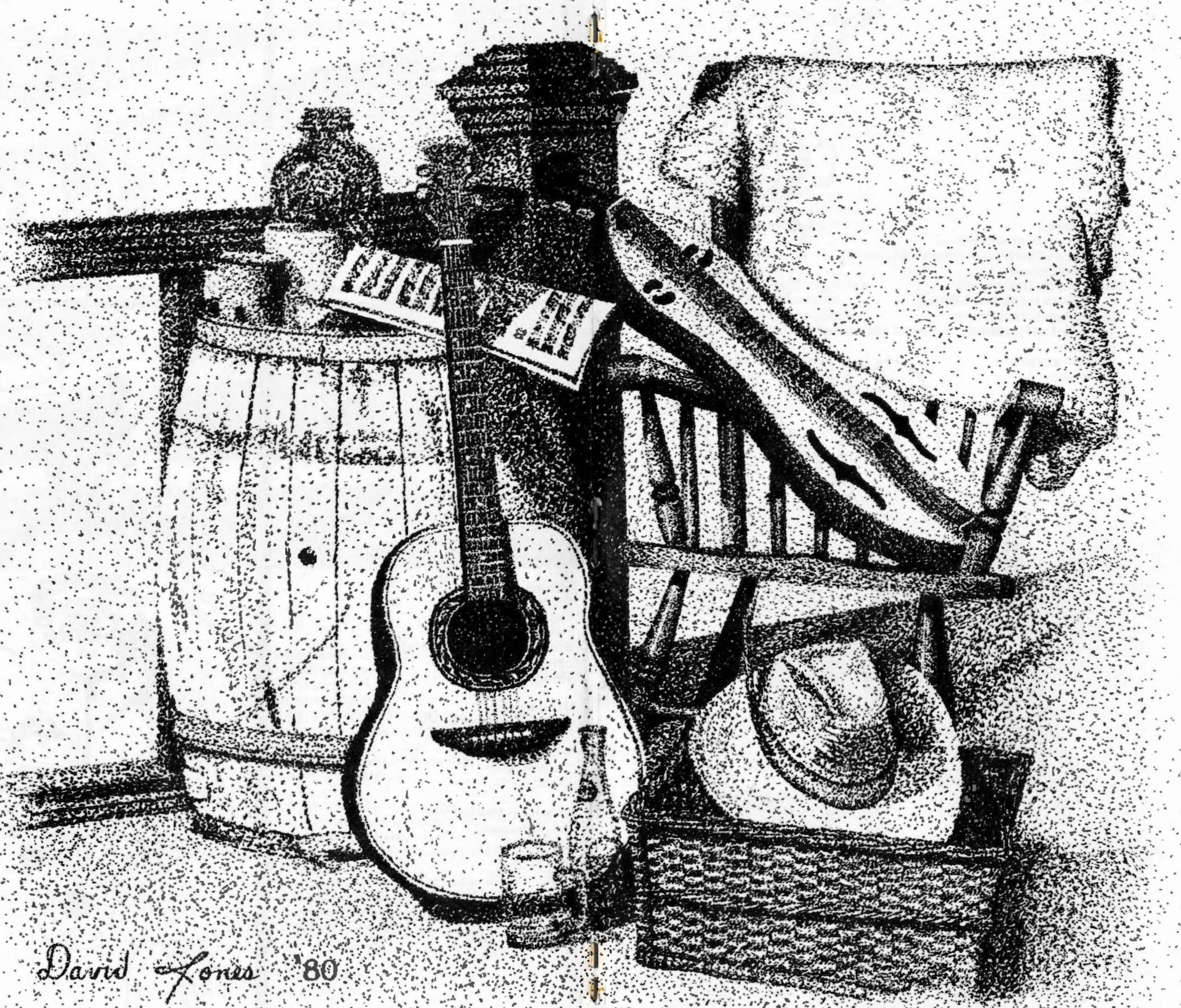
The eyes are the
Windows of the heart.
The mouth can lie,
The eye can't.
When the heart
Loves,
The eyes talk.

When we pray,
We get down on our knees,
We close our eyes.
We never look into
The eyes of
Christ.

Sometimes I wonder why.
But, then again,
I think
I know
Why.

— Isaiah Whitefeather





David Jones '80



it's so
easy to
keep on
laughing
as long as
you don't have to
convince anyone
that something
really is
funny.

—Sharon Lequieu

I am trapped
In a room without windows.
Give me my liberty.
This sterile prison
Separates me from myself.
Put me back in touch with the sun.
Let me feel rain on my face,
Taste wind and see stars.
For here —
I am like a candle
Under glass.

— V.I.P.

Moments of Love

The moments that we share
Are like a Star enriched with
the deep loving care of the sky.
The sky in its stillness and endless depth —
So is my love for you.
A Star that glitters with purity;
purity so far away, but yet so close.
The Star that would be lost
Without the strength of the blue sky.
The crystal diamonds in their
graceful solitude —
Solitude of knowing the gentle
firmness of the deep blue blanket
that will always be there,
to comfort and to hold her.
These are the moments that we share.

— Joanna Daniels

Highway Romance

On the road
Slowly passing a beauty-under-glass.
She looks my way
I smile at her.
Highway romance at its best
Short lived.

— Tim Ross

Give it Up

You sit there on the braided rug
You seem oh, so sincere
In your blue jeans and casual shirt from Sears,
People might even think you care.

You're a generation, ageless young and old—
The one that wears a veil
And tells me I'm too bold.
It's not that you are truly blind,
You just don't want to open your eyes;
Because you're afraid that if you do,
You may have to take back some lies.

You may find out for once that you don't really know it all,
Though you admit it all the time.
To realize you've been wrong before
And that your life is just a mime
May be more than you can handle,
Mr. Cool, Mr. Popular, Mr. Reason, Mr. Rhyme.

I don't want you to do it my way,
But God's is a good way to live.
Stop faking everything, I'm begging you now,
And give it up; please, give.

— Sharon Lequieu



I am a man, I hope for
the future.

I am a man, I am
surrounded by past.

I am a man, I long
for peace.

I am a man, I know
confusion.

I am a man, I escape
in my dreams.

— Rex Hale

Ask

I got up early one morning
and rushed right into the day.
I had so much to accomplish
that I didn't take time to pray.
Problems just tumbled about me,
and heavier came each task.
“Why doesn't God help me,” I wondered.
He answered, “You didn't ask.”

I wanted to see joy and beauty,
but the day toiled on gray and bleak.
I wondered, “Why didn't God show me?”
He said, “You you didn't seek.”

I tried to come into God's presence,
I used all my keys at the lock.
God gently and lovingly chided,
“My child, you didn't knock.”

I woke up early this morning
and paused before entering the day.
I had so much to accomplish
that I had to take time to pray.

— Donna Kidner

latent images of midday transience

latent images
of a young shepherd
propounding to bleak shadows
silently spitting into
a crossfire

offscouring infant
prophesying to stones
idly revering mediæval
semblance

latent images
of deadly wallhangings
and circus posters
underlying superficial
days of grace

snow-capped handiwork, no doubt

— Pete Moore

Untitled

They say that sticks and stones
may break my bones
but your critical words cut into me
slowly burning
like a hot poker
stirring the coals
of my soul.

— Teresa Gee



Grandma

Grandma's bringing me some candy,
Caramel creams or m & m's.
I'm waitin' for when she's comin' 'round again.
And when she leaves me,
Well, I couldn't stand to wait too long.
But I'm so sure that, when I come home, my Grandma will be along.

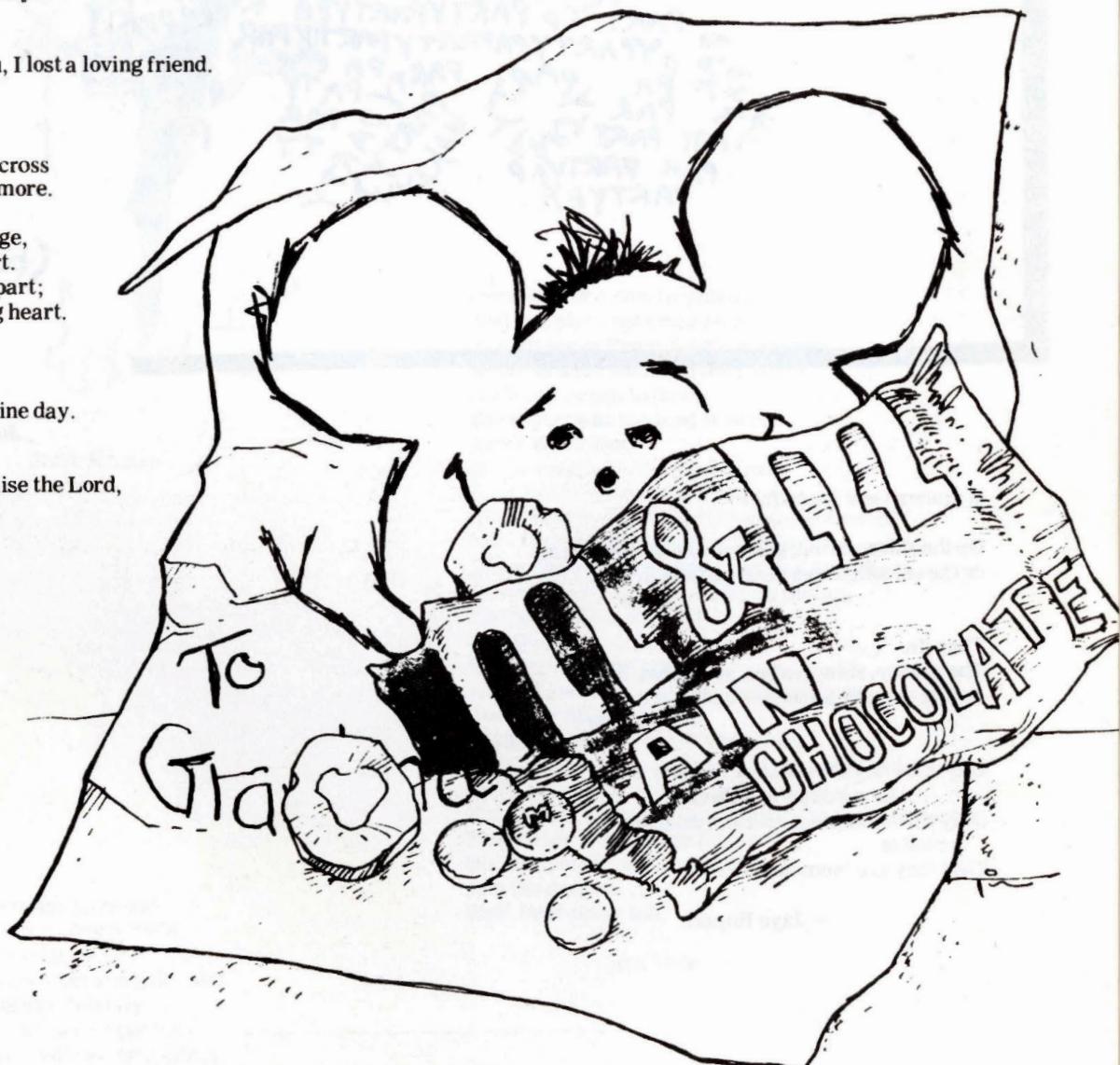
Every Christmas, long stuffed stockings;
Chocolate brownies for us all.
And I thank her for the orange and purple tie.
And then my turn came,
I'd get to stay at Grandma's house.
I'd get to play with a Tom Mix gun and Topo Gigio mouse.

It might sound kind of dumb —
And even overused cliche —
But I'm sorry for the things I didn't say.
And when you left me
I didn't really feel it then.
But now I know that, when I lost you, I lost a loving friend.

And Mary held her oldest child
With care and streaming tears;
And the child she lost on a wooden cross
Couldn't cast away her fear . . . anymore.
But it isn't fair to me that she
Should get her son back free of charge,
And here I sit with a hole in my heart.
Sometimes I think it's tearing me apart;
And here I sit with an empty, aching heart.

But Jesus is the resurrection,
And he holds the key to life;
And I'm sure that he will use it one fine day.
And I'll stand there just a smilin'
As he turns the given key.
And I'll jump and sing then, and praise the Lord,
When my Grandma's back with me.

— Tim Hartman



Jealousy

Life is strangled
From the hardiest rose,
As a vine entwines
Its gnarled fingers
Around the thorny throat
And bleeds the red petals
Of color
As the rose shrivels away
In an eternal trap of green

— Sharon Lequieu

(bored)

Joy Phillips

Requiem for a Sunbather

**On the shimmering, grainy sand at the beach,
or the smooth impersonal cement around
a pool**

They lie.
The greasy, shiny bodies, so lifeless, not
daring to move an inch — lest they cast
a shadow.

Day after day the roasting corpses lay
like sardines in a tin can.
Only when the sun goes down does one
realize
That they are (somewhat) alive.

—Jaye Rupert

Like early morning, newborn snow,
Secret laughter in the dark,
Sunsets sketched by ocean breezes
Or shimmering horizon lights,
The cleansing scent before a storm,
The feel of grass in spring:
A happy wistful memory.
A glance.

V.I.P.



Mark Kruzan

Sunset

Across the horizon a great orange globe sat almost still. Inch by inch its flame-colored face crept downward on the earth's edge. In the background there showed a glow of scarlet and gold, that seemed to scorch the dimming sky. Silently the brilliant spherical mass sank as the spectral scene around it slowly disappeared leaving nothing but darkness.

By Karen Frye

Once in a time now forgotten
And in a place not since seen,
The Prince of Peace fought a dragon.
As the dragon wounded the Prince,
His blood began to flow.
Each drop was the seed of peace
And a gift of love.
Oh, how each seed longed to grow.
So as he lay against the tree to die,
He blessed the blood as it flowed and flowed.
The children saw and all began to cry,
As the dragon danced and shivered in fear.
But the dragon knew not why he feared,
For the Prince was dead
And the seeds without care.
Still, the children cried
And the seeds . . . well they began to grow
And the Prince did sleep.
It was not long till the dragon knew
The Prince was just asleep and the seeds had grown.
And if . . . well, if the people knew;
They would wake Him and play in the fields of peace.
The Prince would reign forever.
But, the people still don't know.
And the dragon . . .
Well, he'll never tell.

— Rex Hale

Alone I stand
Before the Alter of Mankind
Being judged
For a crime I cannot commit.
But the proof of innocence lies wholly
upon my shoulders.

I will not falter.
I will not kneel before my enemies,

For I am right.

But again, the weight of proof lies
upon my soul.

I must bear the responsibility

Alone.

I will not give up.

It matters not whether I win

Or lose.

For I must fight the good fight

And not give up or show any sign

Of fear.

For anyone who fears life

Is already Dead.

And I will live life to the fullest extent possible.

I will not die a death of fear.

For fear is as a prison

Which prohibit people

From each other.

And what is life,

But a continuous contact?

I will live my life,

But will not fear to lose it.

For when I die and am judged,

My jury will not look for

Certificates and Degrees and Diplomas,

But for scars on my soul,

And find them.

— Mark McNary

A REWRITE OF MASQUED DEATH

"Hey, look at that!"

"Huh?"

"Look at that thing. It's beautiful!"

"Oh, yeah."

"Isn't that incredible?"

"Yeah."

"It's so intricate."

"Uh-huh. Hey, did you hear about poor George at the supermarket?"

"And when the dew is on it . . ."

"Hey."

"... and when the sun reflects the dew, it's simply—"

"Hey!"

"Huh?"

"I said, did you hear about poor George at the—"

"Oh, yeah. It's too bad. I coulda told you. He was just too slow."

"Yeah, I guess so."

"I've never seen anything quite like that, you know?"

"Really."

"It looks so delicate."

"Uh-huh."

"I think I'll go get a closer look."

"No! Don't go near that thing!"

"What? I noticed you weren't too enthusiastic when we were talking about it. What's the matter?"

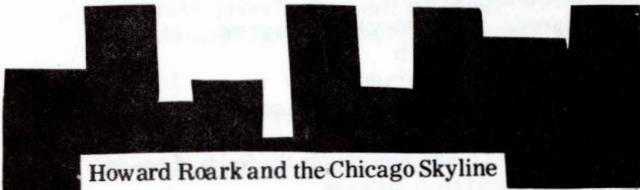
"You're young. You haven't been around long enough to know. I've seen things like this before. They look pretty, but's that's just a disguise. It's terribly dangerous!"

"Why?"

"It's a spider's web."

"Oh my!" said the young fly.

— John Hall



Howard Roark and the Chicago Skyline

Elemented and fragile
Newborn and Golden Aged
The steel girders and mortared blocks
Rise—out of the earth,
Out of their concrete womb
Into the breathlessly awaiting heavens.
The skyline looms.

Taunting
Decreeing
Laughing
Weeping
Protecting
Cheating
Silencing

Rusted and gleamed
Invisible and timid.
Poetry on high.

— Joy Phillips

I gaze at the stars,
And joyfully,
I recognize the constellations.
They are my own;
I claim them as my inheritance
From my Father.

— Suzie Ross

How can I be hard and soft
and loving at the same time?
I am a paradox
Of life.
A man has said
“I think, therefore I am.”
But am I?
I don't know the answers.
I don't even know the questions.
But, this I do know:
There is a force
That is here and now.
That force is the support
Of my life.
The central vein—
Love.
It is the softness of a cause.
It is the firm hand of a loving discipline.
It is the total essence of all that is Good,
And all that is God.

— Mark McNary



thinking of you
again.
Like a merry-go-round
My mind is going around
in never-ending circles.
To follow my thoughts
is surrendering to a heartache.
and dream.
and wonder.
and never know.

— Lisa Miller



"THE BOMB III"

Lisa Miller 1990

Often times,
Our fears overtake us—
Lead us down the wrong path,
And we walk
All alone, without
Anyone or anything to lead us.
Then we fall,
And can't get up,
Because we have left—
Turning away
From the One who cares.

— Kim Poteet

Out in nature
On my blue 10-speed vehicle
to fantasy

I
am free.
I am Apollo. I
in my flaming chariot
going up, up
and
up, toward the ever-brightening sun—
but
the sun soon grows too hot.
Yet, as I ride
Soon again, I am in another place
and time.

I
am a beautiful princess
entering a brilliant
ballroom, dancing with a handsome prince
but
from deep in my thoughts
comes a reminder that all too soon
my gown will disappear
and my carriage, just like another's
long ago,
will soon be
no more than
a pumpkin . . .

Now,
heading for an open field
surging forward,
I am one with the
wind.

I
am an eagle
The faultless creature surveying all
others
With a critical eye. Soaring above the world
wings spread, in all my splendor—
but then
a shot
rings out, and as the car down the
road backfires

I turn
and head slowly
back
home.

— Jaye Rupert

Love is a rare game in the fact that there are either two winners or none at all.
— Isaiah Whitefeather

We once were not, but we never will not be.
— Isaiah Whitefeather

**Love should never be so dependent upon others
that we become handicapped by it.**
— Isaiah Whitefeather

Just as time is never lost, just wasted;
love is never lost, but often wasted.
— Isaiah Whitefeather

**The only Bible the world will read is through
us. Make sure the wording is clear and concise.**
— Isaiah Whitefeather

A Modern Guide to Freedom

Where am I, in a tornado's eye?
Maybe there's a calm before a storm
And I guess I should be informed.
Of what's coming at me next, and why.

I'm listening to Bob Seger
And I'm not exactly eager
To come back to unreal reality
Because I just can't seem to see
The reason that I need to heed
Someone else's conscience, cause I'm free.

The record's changed to Aerosmith.
It seems to me it's just a myth
To think you have to worry
All the time.

You have to live from day to day;
Worrying don't seem to pay.
And plans you make
Ain't even worth a dime.

The only plan you need to make
Is to follow the truth, but now make no mistake
I'm thinkin' you can do it on your own.

If you take the tour and trust the Guide,
Freedom will be on your side
And the truth to follow will for sure be shown.

— Sharon Lequieu

Jesus Christ walked the hot, stoney roads and sang.
We drive the smooth pavement and grumble.
Jesus Christ talked to the lowly and sincerely loved them.
We talk about the lowly — harshly.
Jesus Christ understood all things, humbly.
We think we understand all things, arrogantly.
Jesus Christ died for all of us, entirely.
We live for ourselves, completely.

— Donna Kidner





Impressions
Ray Schell

Ode to Heidi (who has to know)

You knew how to blow
the rat-hole blues,
the unchanging yestersong
of Heidi in the mire.
But the sun rehashed
a song of old,
composed ere Heidi stricken
in adobe lay.
A song waxed clean,
resung, and glossed over,
too clean for Heidi and
the rat-hole blues.
So you faked the smoke-
em-if-you-got-em blues
for the ever-gracious
Heidi waning in the mire,
the disenchanted Heidi,
waning in the mire.

— Pete Moore

LET ME OFF PLEASE

The days of time fly on,
To an ending of it all.
And the distance is just about gone,
Leading to a fall.

For man has learned how to kill,
A fellow human being.
Doing nothing to strengthen the will,
Instead we fill our lives with merrymaking.

In the rain of life I stand alone,
To see and endure this rape of the world.
Watching flesh turn into bone,
And seeing the hell into which the bones are hurled.

Someone please let me get off,
This world that is running out of time.
And please bring me back on when I have forgotten,
What it is to have some peace of mind.

— Brett Lloyd



Rex Hale

Mother, I Killed a Man
By Carla Alexander

Mother, I killed a man.
Mother, there's blood on his head.
Mother, his hands are so cold.
Mother . . . Daddy's dead.

Gray clouds were swirling angrily about in the murky air as John Matthews returned home from the fields. Disregarding the mat outside the door, he tramped into the house with mud-caked boots. Matthews' head almost touched the ceiling as he walked across the kitchen floor. His heavy eyebrows and large crooked nose blended with his filthy hair and scarred face made him appear extremely revolting.

"Elizabeth!" he shouted in a low voice. A woman appeared in the doorway. Her wrinkled and tired face was mismatched with her still youthful age. Approaching her husband, she glanced nervously at him from under swollen eyelids. Matthews glared at his wife, taking in her bruised cheeks and battered lips; and he chuckled to himself. "I did a pretty good job this morning, didn't I?" he gloated.

Calmly she replied, "Supper will be ready in ten minutes, John." Elizabeth started setting the table as a young girl of nine years came running into the room carrying a box.

"Daddy, Daddy! Bunker had her puppies today. There are three of them! Look!" Sara excitedly displayed the contents of the box to her father.

"That's real nice, honey. Give me the box."

Sara pulled back quickly. "Why? What are you going to do with them?" She looked up at Matthews with frightened eyes and pleaded, "You won't drown them like you did the last ones, will you?"

Matthews grabbed the box from Sara's hands and answered quietly. "Honey, I've got to kill them. If I don't, they'll grow up and kill Bunker. Haven't I told you before that offspring always hate their parents?" Matthews smiled at his daughter, revealing yellowed teeth, and patted her on the back. "Come along, Sara. It will do you good to see this."

Sara ran to Elizabeth and cried, "Mother, please don't let him take me. I don't want to see the puppies die! I don't want to!" Sara started crying uncontrollably in the shelter of her mother's arms.

Looking at Matthews, Elizabeth pleaded, "John, please don't —"

Matthews slammed his fist across his wife's face, causing her to fall heavily on the floor. Elizabeth lay there weeping as Matthews grabbed Sara's hand and pulled his screaming daughter out of the house.

An hour later, Matthews and Sara approached an old graveyard. The storm was almost ready to begin in the troubled sky. An eerie quiet hung over the place as the man and young girl walked between the cribs and gravestones.

"We're almost there, sweetie. Don't look so scared. You'll be nice and warm under the dirt."

Sara was emotionally exhausted as she begged in a tired voice. "Please don't kill me, Daddy. I won't hurt you. I promise I won't hurt you."

"Now, honey, you know I can't take that chance. If I let you grow up anymore, you'll start hating me just like Bunker's puppies. Now give Daddy a great big smile." Matthews tightened his grip on Sara's arm until she managed a trembling smile. "That's better. Now you sit under that tree while I start digging."

The frightened girl backed up against the tree nervously as Matthews began shoveling dirt with the spade he had brought. Glancing down, Sara spotted a rock at her feet. She slowly stooped down to pick it up and quickly placed her hand behind her back.

"Daddy, can I come closer to watch you dig?"

Without glancing up, Matthews replied, "Sure, honey. Come see how strong Daddy is."

Sara stepped across the dry grass to the place where her father was working. A muddy stream was flowing nearby, gathering up the rain that had just begun to fall. The only sounds to be heard were the shoveling of dirt and the tapping of raindrops on the gravestones. Sara stood beside her father and as he stooped down to gather more dirt, she quickly raised the rock over her head, and with all her strength, smashed the rock against her father's head. Matthews fell into the half-dug grave with his hand hanging over the top. Blood poured from his brains and ran down the back of his neck. Sara dropped the rock slowly and crouched down beside her father. Weeping quietly, she took Matthew's hand and kissed it.

The sun was starting to rise as Sara wearily entered the house. The kitchen was empty, so Sara walked into the bedroom. Sitting in a chair, Elizabeth was holding a wet cloth to her gashed forehead. Sara ran to her mother and knelt before her, crying in her lap. Bunker sat nearby, gazing out the kitchen window, watching expectantly for her pups to return. A slight breeze stirred the trees outside where birds sat singing their morning songs. Through the open shutters, a girl's sobs were heard quieting. In a calm, strangely quiet voice, Sara addressed her mother.

"Mother, I killed a man
Mother, there's blood on his head.
Mother, his hands are so cold.
Mother . . . Daddy's dead.

Daddy was insane, Mother.
Daddy had to die.
Daddy would have killed me, Mother.
Daddy . . . goodbye!

Mother, I killed a man.
Mother, Daddy died in pain.
Mother . . . you'll soon be dead.
For, Mother, I too am insane!"

Patrons

Dr. and Mrs. Crowder
Webb Hall
Ann Iles
Marilyn Hankins
Ben Herrin
Gloria Lacy
The McFall Family
Milligan College Student Government Association

Dear God, every morning when I awaken, I remember your presence and try to recall your love for me. As I pray, you help to clear my mind and you give me peace. It is then that I can rededicate myself for a new start, for it's a new day. It is easy to live willingly in your control when peace surrounds me. But I have often had a heavy heart when I first awaken because I know that yesterday I did not accomplish any more than I did the day before. Today, you have revealed to me that even though my thoughts may be about you throughout the day, I don't always listen to what you are saying to me. Each moment you must speak to me because you know that each moment there are pressures to be confronted. So now I know that when I am all tied up in a knot in the mid-afternoon all I have to do is listen . . . listen to your love. Then I can go from unrededicated to rededicated again — and in the afternoon! And, Lord, you have reminded me that it is your love that saves us and not our good works . . . for knowing that I had done good things did not bring me peace — your love did.

Thank you, Jesus. Amen.

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