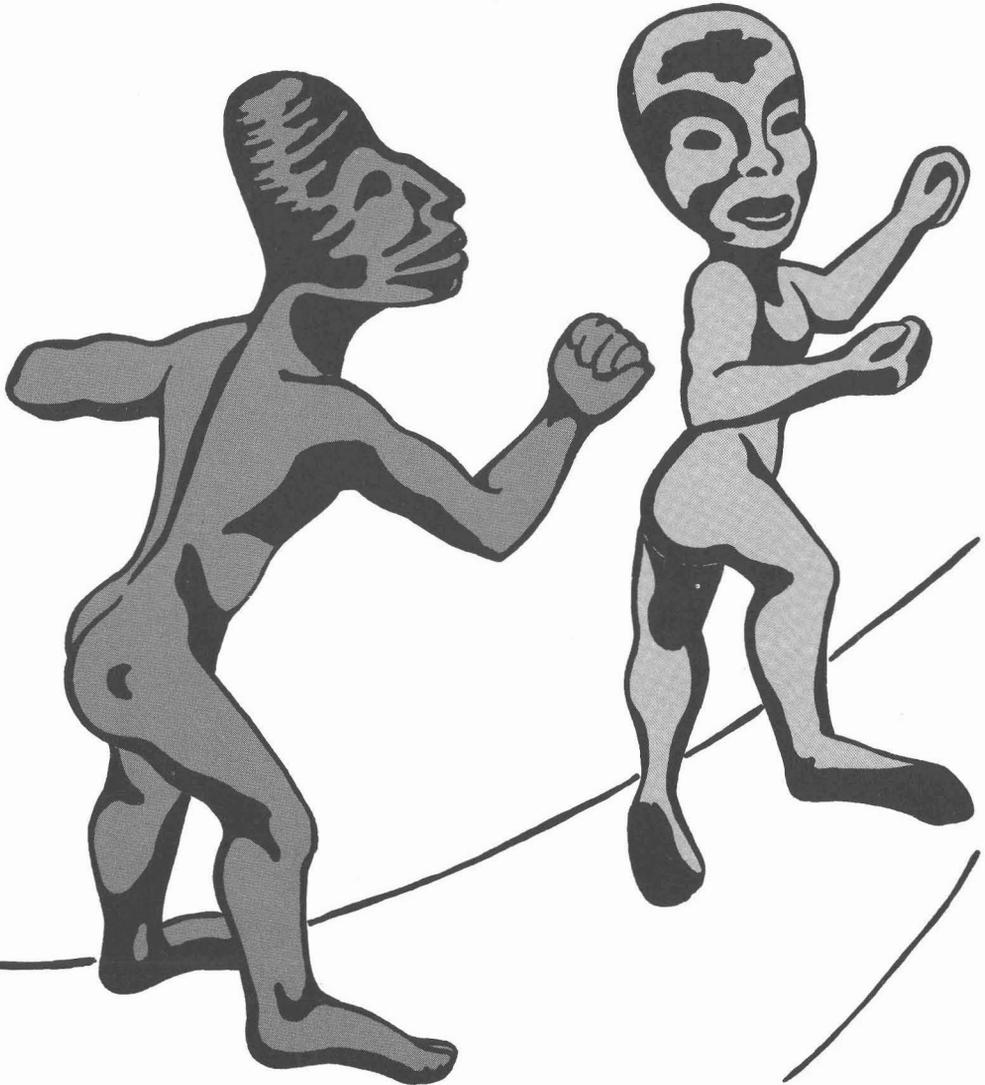


1977

The Traveler

A Creative Arts Magazine



The Traveler

Glendale Community College Creative Arts Magazine

Spring 1977

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Prizes will be presented at the April Awards Assembly.

My Walks

My walks help me to think
about things I don't understand
or things that trouble me.

To walk and see the sky, the
mountains, trees and birds is
beautiful. It makes me see that
whatever is on my mind can't
be that bad. My sadness seems
to disappear and my happiness
reappears.

My walks are full of solitude, except
for the wildlife, who seem to know
I am different and seem curious
about me. But the wildlife still
get scared and the noises they make
seem to warn the others that I am
rare.

My walks are full of contentment
because I feel at peace with the
world and myself. No one can hurt
me and no one can make me sad
or mad because I am at ease and
free.

My walks are a part of me, and
if you ever know me you will see
that I like to get away and let
my thoughts be free.

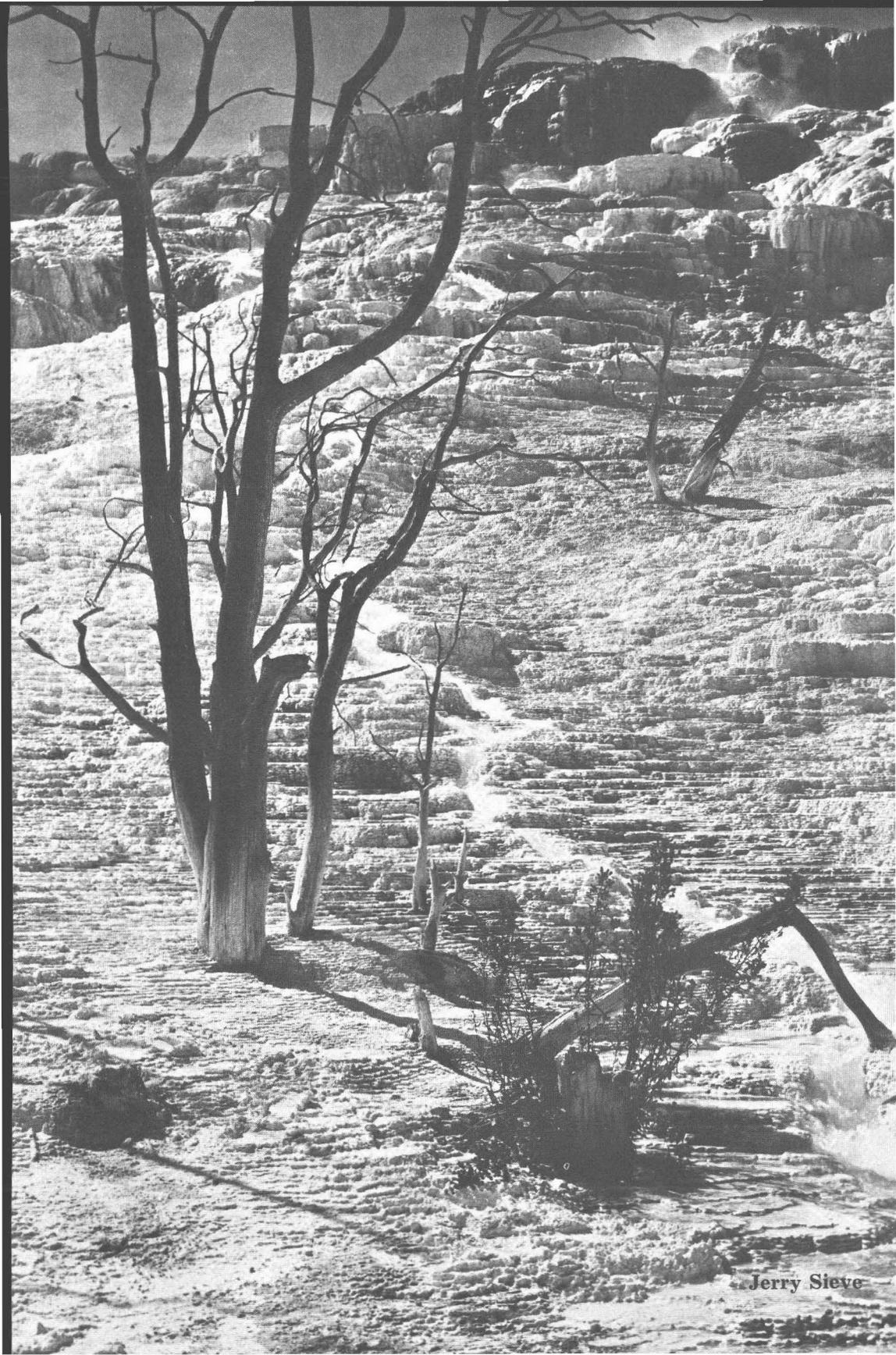
Debbie Greco

Ohio-Poem

I am not good
merely because you are
beside me,
but I'm better
when you're here.

And you are good
two thousand miles away,
but you smile more
when I touch you.

Linda Kay Oiler



Jerry Sieve

Those sky muscles tense
Dark flexing ever upward
Now the rain has come.

David Bauer

Who Am I?

I preach courage,
Yet I am filled with doubt;
Though my eyes have vision,
I cannot see.

I move, but I go nowhere;
I can touch, but I do not feel;
I speak, but I don't hear;
I want love, yet I am unloving.

I want trust, but I suspect;
I preach for peace but practice violence.
I demand truth, but I am deceitful;
I cry out for freedom,
But I deny the rights of others.

Who am I?

I AM MAN!

R. E. B.

A Very Warm Reception

Mike Lee

The devil put my paperwork aside, looked up at me, and smiled encouragingly. "I see you lived in Phoenix, Arizona, most of your life. You should be right at home here. Have a seat," he said.

I dropped down into a comfortable-looking lounge chair and arose immediately. It was hot. I finally sat down on the floor.

He gave me a sympathetic look. "It does take some getting used to, but be it ever so humble, it's home. Now what do you do?" he asked.

I replied I was a writer.

"No, no. What are your talents? Do you eat babies, push women in front of cars, trip old ladies, or what?"

"Nothing like that," I replied.

"Then what are you doing here?" he asked.

I said I really didn't know, and that it was probably some kind of clerical error. You know how hard it is to get good office help these days.

"No," he replied, "HE doesn't make mistakes. If you were sent here there had to be a reason."

I thought and thought, but the only thing I could picture was a line of cold glasses of Coors stretching as far as the eye could see. I just couldn't come up with any reason for being routed downstairs. Finally, something glimmered in back of my mind. "I remember when I was a little boy saving my Canadian pennies and throwing them into the collection basket at church on Sundays. None of the local candy stores would take Canadian pennies, but I didn't figure that the church would mind. I mean, after all, HE operates in Canada, right? And HE can do anything, right? So I figured it wouldn't be any problem to take the money from His American pocket and put it in His Canadian pocket."

The devil beamed at me. "That's it," he said. "This calls for a celebration. Let's have a drink." He went to the water fountain and pressed the button. Steam shot out, and hot water splashed on the ceiling. The devil jumped back and gave the fountain a kick. He sat down again, muttering about the quality of plumbers and holding his sore hoof.

"God, it's hot," I said.

"Never, never say HIS name again," the devil chastised me. "Me and HE have not been on speaking terms for several hundred thousand years. Meanwhile, I'll see what I can do to make you more comfortable." He went to the air conditioner and fiddled with the knobs. More hot air poured out.

I yelled across the loud whine of the air conditioner, "Doesn't anything around here work right? This is one hell of a place."

"It sure is," he replied.

Troubles Outside, Peace Inside
(A Sonnet)

When I took Jesus as my friend,
When I gave my life to His plan
I found my troubles, not at an end.
I still felt distressed like every man.
After letting God's love fill my heart,
I still had burdens to bear. I found
Perplexities and I could not part,
And that problems still would abound.
But when troubles come, I have a friend.
Jesus is there in the midst of night.
When I am burdened down, I can depend
On God to ease the load and give light.
Troubles around me will never cease.
But Jesus, my friend, will give me peace.

Daniel G. Fink

Can We Be Friends?

The time has come for me to say
I've found a peace of mind
Just sitting here to talk with you
And waste away the time

But time cannot be wasting
If it is life that we are tasting
And everything is warm when I laugh

So save me a smile when I am blue
And when you're sad I'll give it back to you

Can we be friends?

Susan Block

Freely You Choose

Freely in Him can we see
Passing of life itself.
Lifting of burdens He made free,
Not thinking of self.

My soul to Him; pledged
With no thought for mine,
As life had reached its edge
With no concern of time.

Although time has the right to be
A continuous, living thing,
Which in itself there's a mystery,
Is time really an ending?

To many, today was their tomorrow,
But tomorrow will be forever.
If yesterday was lost in sorrow,
Can it be regained? Never!

For now, Christ, is today
And tomorrow belongs to Him.
Yet from salvation many will stray;
They live in a light that is dim.

There are times of uncertainty
Which will bring about doubt.
Life can be destroyed instantly,
Seeing no way out.

What is it to Him we owe
For that Light, that leads a way?
Time, money, fame, or gold;
Who's really to say.

Love, hope, charity, faith;
The Wisdom of the day;
Some Hellenistic Myth;
Who's really to say.

Reasoning comes from the mind.
Gloriously thought out fully,
Shiny as a new dime.
Yet, both will be renewed, annually.

Only in time will any true thing stand.
True lasting value of time
That was given by His hand,
For those who are seeking will find.

Jerry Perlman



Bob Zitlau, Jr.

Funny I should remember
I like to be alone.
Lost within myself
Not tangled up with someone else
Funny I should remember
I am alone.

Debby Szeredy

To those who never cared
or thought about the past
I'm sure they made it well.
Let's drink to them the survivors
There was nothing inside them to
hold them back.
It's ones like us that feel our past
pulling at our minds.
Drinking to the times that never come back
Drinking to our life that seems so old now.

Debby Szeredy

Sunset

Old man
who lived long ago
how do you remember
all you've been
and all you've done;
Where do you keep
all your memories
from so long ago
old man?

You sit alone
still and cold
watch the evening come;
and reap your reward
for living all those years;
Like a child you want to cry—
old man you need to die.

Old man
alone with your dreams
Together you'll find the sunset
alone you'll feel your past;
and the dreams
inside your heart are glad
they won't see tomorrow's sun;
Old man the evening's come.

Michael C. Bebb

David Ben-Gurion

"I stood all night at the ship's rail
watching the shore of Palestine
until my body ached with anxiety
and the salty humidity of the Mediterranean
flowed down my face
down my chest.

Jaffa was there waiting for me but
she was not as anxious as I,
her one street was complete with
people of many countries they
didn't care about one more Zionist.
Then Jaffa was enough
Today I am no longer satisfied
Because our land
will never be satisfied
and we are one with the land.

Solomon's temple was built without
nails — we, the sons of many
will build together
Eretz Israel.
Our Fathers spoke mystical words and
gave prophecies
I spoke 'next year in Jerusalem'
until my face would turn red, and then
blue
as I repeated it over and over
with my eyes squeezed shut so
I wouldn't

miss a line of my city
You the sons of your Fathers, will
repeat it many times more —
until the Negev no longer thirsts

Until the bones of your ancestors no
longer cry out to you from
pioneering border kibbutzes —
until all our people come home."

Twyla Mason

Weep
for the innocent
who are so
wronged in this world.
The beasts who
stood long before man
and now fall
at his command.

Weep
for the injustice
which causes their
suffering and pain.
For their sweet
ignorance which
makes them die in vain.

Weep
for the unselfish
who with uncomprehending
eyes
look searchingly into
the face of his murderer
and in confusion slowly die.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

Mountain-Bound

Pack me one sandwich, one apple
and seven smiles,
for I'm going to Camelback Mountain
and I may meet seven people
on my way there.

There are some days as hard to fill
as sieves.

For all I know,
today could be an empty-day.
I seek to fill it with a mountain.

Ask seven people why they are conquering
Camelback.

Six of them will say,
"Because it is there."
One will say, "Because I am here."

I'm off looking for this seventh soul.

Linda Kay Oiler

Bomber Pilot

Jerry Byrn

I poured myself another glass of red sorrowful liquid. As it came to my lips my hands shook and I saw the sweat drip from my wrist. One drop I followed as it slid down my arm and raced to the end of my elbow. As it sailed to the floor I heard that horrid whistling sound. With a loud clash it hit the floor sending waves of cries and screams through my brain.

Dropping my glass of wine as I jumped to my feet, I uttered that which was trapped inside me. "I have killed."

For minutes I cried like a baby. My hands covered my face while my conscience tried to cover the guilt. My country was the greatest on earth. I enlisted with this thought and many others. I could be a hero. I could be a leader. Laughter flooded me for an instant at the thought of me being a leader. I continued to contemplate the weight on my mind.

Even while training for flight command the thought of killing people never really disturbed me. I studied and worked like a dog to pass my tests and flight training. Finally I was a certified weapon of my country. This and this alone justified my job and the peril which was to overcome me.

I felt grand flying my first mission. Our cargo was that of death and agony, bombs. A power was in me as I was told over my earphone that we were near our target. "Die, you evil people," I said. Oh! I felt grand! Finally the order came, "Open bomb-bay doors!" and with a simple pull of a lever I had killed hundreds of people. Suddenly I was overcome by the power of the bombs hitting the ground. I searched for places that were not hit, hoping for the chance of survivors. It was then I remembered the pictures seen while training. I remembered the crying children. I remembered the burnt bodies. I remembered the horror of missing limbs. I remembered the masses of dead bodies, the children . . . Oh, God, I remembered the children!

I began to cry again. Why do you cry so, I asked myself? I should be glad for our safe return. I will get over it soon! All I need do is rest here in my room. I will get over the feeling . . . and the guilt.

I poured myself another glass of red sorrowful liquid. As it came to my lips my hands shook and I felt a teardrop slide down my cheek and I watched it as it sailed to the floor.

Novus

Swept clean by wind of ending
Leafless trees forever bending
Coldest night of winter sending
Year end and new year blending

Zetta Dillie

The tires were not burning
For the pitcrew crowd that night,
They were struggling with an AMX
With no chance of luck in sight.

So when G.T.O. came out smoking,
And Mopar blew a Mill,
The dudes were not too happy;
They hadn't done their fill.

The pro-stockers, cleaned of parts,
Were retreating from the strip.
But the faithful dudes stayed on,
And prayed the Ford would dip.

Then suddenly, a guy cried out
And another nearly lost his grip,
For Chevy, mighty Chevy,
Was advancing to the strip!

The polished mags shone brightly
In the Arizona sun . . .
And upon those wheels sat Chevy,
Preparing for its run.

That mighty motor roars to life
That 4-speed rips the gears
And now the ground is shaking,
And the dudes must hold their ears.

The pitcrew now is full of joy,
And a cold beer is a man's best friend,
For that little car is running good,
And Chevy wins again!

Sonny Dennison

Snowfall

A shadow glittered, skipped, flittered
 on a dreary winter night.
All sound was dead,
Sky's gray as lead
 until a bit of light
picked up a shape
 so clearly showing
that outside it was snowing,
covering all with a white cape.

Mike Lee

The Proud Cherokee

Over my chapped face the wind blows, mild,
As I stand and cry above the body of my child.
I stand and look o'er my vast lands,
And then a tremble comes to my hands.

Once when blue was the sky and white the cloud,
My people roamed this land, being very proud.
This land was ours from hill to dome.
My people were farmers and this our home.

But then white man came from far and near,
And brought with him rifles, whiskey, and fear.
When the soldiers came it was time to cry,
For soon all the Cherokees were to die.

Over the purple mountains comes the light.
But for my people, it's still the night.
The soldiers' hearts our arrows have missed.
And while they killed our men, our women they kissed.

Daniel G. Fink

Need To Be

Like the sparrow in the sky
and the hurried passerby;
Like the tide that rushes in,
and the everlasting wind;
Like the endless desert sands,
and the countless, roving lands;
Like the myriad of stars,
and the never-ending wars;
Like the bursting of the sun,
and the youth on the run;
Like the grandeur of the world,
and the life yet not unfurled;
I, too, along with so much more,
have the need to be.

Priscilla Sosa



"Saguaro Sunset"

Jerry Sieve

Monopoly

Geraldean Benninger

I'm not sure on the details of everything that built up to what happened on Monday but I know what really happened that day. The newspaper only got half the story and most of that was wrong. Let me tell you what Miss Parker actually did in class that day.

I was sitting there reading **The Origin of Life**, a chapter about DNA, how it unzips and collects new nucleotides from surrounding molecules in the cell to form a new, complete replica. I've got everything ready for doing Stanley Miller's experiment except that I need to be in high school for the lab facilities so I can change the hydrogen, ammonia and methane liquids Daddy got for me into gases and for setting up the glass bowl.

I sit at my desk reading mostly and wishing my Mom would let the school officials put me into high school like they, and I, want. You can't believe what a bore sixth grade is and the kids don't understand things. Angie Yazzie, she's my best friend in this whole world, thinks the school board is the paddle they make in high school shop so that the teachers can scare kids who don't behave just right or whack them. I tried to explain about it being a joke among the teachers to call the paddle that, a pun on the real elected school board but she couldn't see it no matter how hard I tried.

"Paula," my Mom says to me, "don't explain things to the other kids but just be friends because what you feel is as much a part of being a person as what you know. Intellect and education aren't everything," she says. That's why she won't let me go on to high school. At least here the kids are my same age. Mom thinks that's better than being where I'd have nothing at all in common with the other students. If there were a special program for advanced sixth graders I could go but this is the only school and there's no kind of program like that. I want to be with grown-ups though, because they'd understand better and be more interesting than just Angie Yazzie and her brother Joe and the rest of the kids.

Mom says don't ever talk like that. Learning easily is a gift but so is being a twelve-year-old girl and doesn't Angie always beat me in footracing and Kick-the-Can and doesn't she always pick me on her team when the others won't because I'm the only white eyes and they're jealous because school is easy for me? And didn't Joe teach me how to ride horses and make moccasins when the Yazzies invited me to stay last year at their Grandma's summer hogan?

I know she's right but lately the kids, especially Joe, have been teasing me about being teacher's pet. He pulls my hair and makes fun in Navajo because Miss Parker's hair is the same color red. I don't speak Navajo very well but Angie tells me. She thinks my hair is really darker, more brown than old ugly White Bear's. That's what everybody calls Miss Parker, shash igai, because she's close to three hundred pounds and her skin is clear, drained out white like a corpse in the movies. Angie says Joe just likes me. That's why he lets only me use his beading loom and that's why he teases me, too.

Angie knows my secret crush on her brother but she'd never tell. I've liked Joe a long time. He's almost fifteen, taller and cuter than the other boys. He started school late and then got held back in fourth grade and

again in fifth because his English isn't very good. I used to help him, and with math, but Miss Parker doesn't let me this year. After school, if the weather isn't nice, Joe only wants to learn how to win at Monopoly so I'm helping him with that game now.

Anyway, I'm sitting there reading while Miss Parker is squeezing in and out behind her desk, then hurrying sideways up and down the rows to the closet at the back of the room. She's always looking for some important something she can't ever find but can't go on teaching without. The lessons are pretty boring, but they're usually better than watching her hunt around the room like a very fat rat caught in a very small maze. The book isn't boring at all and I'm concentrating when something catches the corner of my ear.

"Angela Yazzie, get up here this minute," Miss Parker screams and I know Angie is in for another spanking. She's scared because Miss Parker hit her good and hard last time. The whole room is extra quiet. Waiting. Angie just stands by her desk. Then as her eyes pass around the room searching for some way out, she gives the secret signal meaning I should go along with whatever she says. She whips her long, long black hair over one shoulder but doesn't move toward the front of the room.

"You wouldn't have to be spanked anymore if you'd do as I say."

"But I was doing what you said, Miss Parker."

"No, Miss Yazzie, you were not minding me. You were giggling behind your hand. A reading of history isn't usually worthy of giggles."

"My brother burped."

The whole class laughs and Miss Parker bangs on her desk with the school board. "All right. All right," she hollers. "Let's have it quiet! Angela, come here! Now!"

"Look at Paula," Angie hollers, pointing across the room at me. "She don't have to mind you. She can read what she wants to. She's teacher's little pet. She never gets a beating like me and the others. You only hit us. Never her!"

Miss Parker freezes dead still. Her neck fills up with red as she moves, then her whole face reddens as if all the blood is rushing upward out of the bloated yellow dress.

"That's not true!" she can hardly talk. "Why would you say a thing like that? You've got a dirty little mouth! A dirty mind, too. You're always saying things in Navajo. Dirty mind and rummage sale clothes. Secondhand. You're a dirty, secondhand Indian, Angela Yazzie. You'll never be any better than you are right now! You're . . ."

"I am reading another book, Miss Parker," I said and held it up.

She spun around and marched over to my desk. I wanted to run. This didn't seem much like getting around Angie's Mom and Dad or mine. She snatched my book away and read the title, maybe more than once. "This isn't a sixth grade book. You think you're that smart? You think you're smart enough to fool **me**? This is science. You're just trying to help her. You can't possibly read this. Even I couldn't read it!"

Angie was grinning, so was Joe. Most of the kids still thought it was funny until Miss Parker jerked me out of the desk, making it fall with a loud bang. She kicked at the desk, scattered paper and books as she hauled me to the front of the room and pushed at me.

"Bend over and hold your ankles. You want me to beat on Paula?" she yelled. "Is that what you people need to make you happy? Angela? The leader of the redman wants to see this quiet white child broken. All right. You'll have what you so dearly want. I came here to help you people get what you wanted. This is it. Right? All right. I'll break her for you!"

She hit me a hard dust-beating swing and I almost fell on my face. The next whack came before I got braced again. It caught me low with a real sting on my right leg. I could hear Angie crying and some of the others, too. "She's bleeding," someone said. "Her leg is bleeding." A strong hand closed around my arm, pulled me out of the way. It was Joe. "You can't hit her anymore," he said. "That's enough. You're not beating her anymore."

"Beating?" Miss Parker's voice was vague and she looked at Joe like he was somebody who was in a place she had never expected anybody to be in.

"I wanted to help you. Indians don't have to be dumb, don't you see that? Why can't you see how much you need me? I'm a teacher." Her voice began to get louder. "I'm a teacher! I thought I could make things better by teaching here. But you won't change. You just won't see how important education is." Joe said something gently in Navajo and held out his hand to her. She hit him. "Don't talk to me like that! You hate me. I wanted to help but you hate me! You hate me. You hate me." She kept saying it over and over and she hit Joe every time. He put his arms up to protect his head and stepped back from her. "You don't want to be able to think like a white man. You're a dumb savage and you're making me force you to learn. Pound it into you against your will as if education weren't good for you. It is good! It is! You just hate me. You hate me." She hit him hard on the shoulder and kept right on swinging. That's when Joe pushed her over backwards and ran out of the room.

The newspaper made it a racial thing. They said this big Indian boy attacked Miss Parker because she had to correct him. They made a lot of his size and of his being a poor student too big for sixth grade. It seemed like none of the adults except my parents and the Yazzies wanted to hear the truth. Daddy wanted to sue but the lawyer said it probably wouldn't be worth the long drawn-out ordeal and expense it would take. The school would fight to defend its reputation. We shouldn't hurt the school, he said. It's the only one we have. Miss Parker didn't really beat me and Joe wasn't hurt either. The school allows moderate corporeal punishment. A court probably wouldn't credit hysterical twelve-year-old kids as being reliable witnesses. There'd have to be some better proof that Miss Parker wasn't moderate and there wasn't any proof. No one was really hurt. He made me mad and I yelled at him until my Mom made me quit.

So that was it. Joe got expelled from school forever. The Yazzies aren't ever going to let Angie go back. She won't go to school anymore either, because this is the only one for them. They're going to live with Grandma Yazzie and not get caught for keeping Angie out. I'm going away to school next year.

My parents tried to explain everything to me, but I just learned how Angie must feel when I try to talk about math or cosmology or something. I couldn't understand. My dad said I was seeing what happened to Miss Parker and what came afterwards through the eyes of a child. That's why I couldn't understand why the school officials didn't take Joe's side and mine and Angie's. Mom started to cry then. "You're right, Paula. You're absolutely right. It can't make any sense this way. The child's eyes see the only true picture. You see it that way forever. You see it that way forever. Don't ever grow up. Not if you have to see it this way. Don't ever grow up!"

"Go on out and play, Paula," my Dad told me. My Mom is still crying and he's holding her in his arms.

I learn school work easily, but in real life things seem harder to learn. It hurts people more, too. Maybe I don't much want to be where the grown-ups are anymore. I don't want to play Monopoly anymore either. Not if Joe Yazzie can't win sometimes, too.

Endings

In the early morning hour
of empty disbelief,
as light invades the hiding
in our souls;
Our pointless conversations
become a solid wall,
our words becoming brick
our feelings turned to stone;
Higher and higher
goes the wall.

Michael C. Bebb

It Is Known

It is known, followed and said
"An eye for an eye and a tooth
for a tooth"
So if a rival slaps your face
Do not hesitate to slap him back
also seek revenges in same degrees,
which were also applied to you.
Never forgive and forget
Always resent and remember.

Hate the country that hates you
Only help countries that help you
And especially remember
Do un-to others as you would have
them do un-to you.
But if they do it to you first . . .
get even!

If this goes on much longer and
this rule is known, followed and said,
"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a
tooth" the world will soon be blind
and toothless.

Jerry Byrn

Moose Marsh

A marsh where a moose can be a moose
Is a marsh where fireflies are loose
And the only canoe is a crisp autumn
leaf
Spun on silvery swishes
Past milkweed pod docks
And turtle track wishes.
Water bug wakes coming back going forth
Leave lasting impressions on a marsh in the
north.

David Bauer

The Honeysuckle Vine

I remember things from the past
Like pickled melon rind
Homemade ice cream and lemon pie
And the honeysuckle vine

The old house with stairs and picket fence
And elm trees all around
A cool breeze in the summer
With blossoms on the ground

I loved the misty autumns
And how the sun would shine
But most of all I still recall
The honeysuckle vine

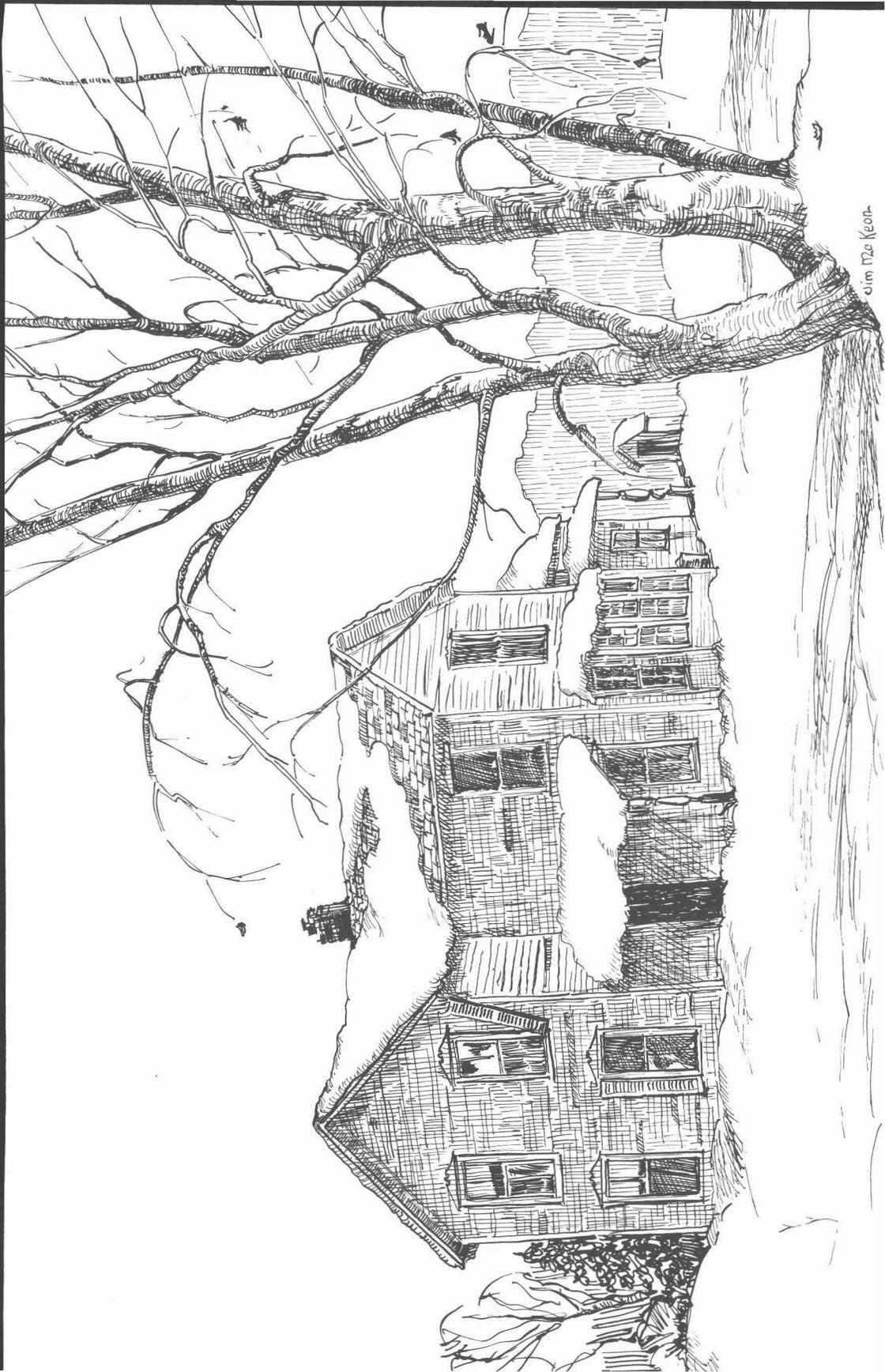
When winter came my hands grew numb
As I dug a path to our door
The snow was fun but then again
It could be quite a chore

With the spring came the birth
Of the fruits that made the wine
The air would fill with that certain thrill
Of the honeysuckle vine

And so the years hurried by
To make room for the new
But my heart longed for just one place
Where the honeysuckle grew

Again I look across the years
To all that has been mine
And smell once more what I adore
The honeysuckle vine

Susan Block



Jim McKeon

Frank Capra

you made us smile
with hands that clipped
and pieced together again
the magic
that was to show us
the world
and the world, us

And they hailed you
great men known for
their deeds
asked you to make
magic for them

But the common man too
he knew you
the fruit farmer's son
who wrote dissertations
on physics
and magic that happened
one night

It was one idea
that put it through
from reel to reel
to the screen of
the mind
It was Capra's name above
the title
and they grew
to know the power
of your ideas

And they took it away
from you
didn't they
they took it away
because film can
be controlled
but
they can't.

Twyla Mason

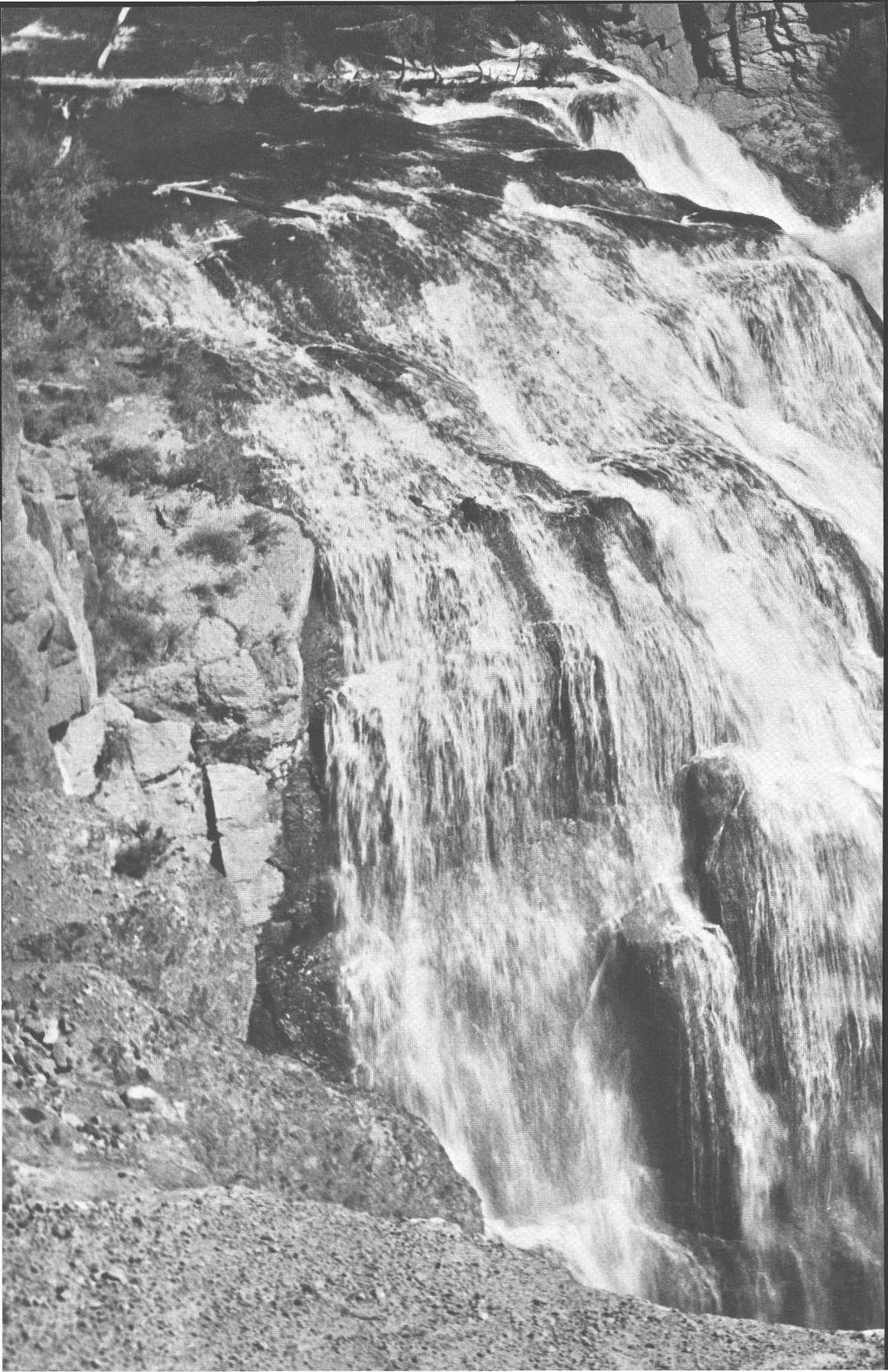
Softly falling
silent clinging
frosted branches
trembling gently
in the iced wind.
Glittering bits
upon wavy drifts . . .
catching star-light
and holding it
in a clenched white fist.
Slowly unfolding
icy fingers
releasing frolicking
swirls of soft winter flakes.
Hushed whispers
as trees brush
snowy crowns
and furry white rabbits
huddle in last spring's cubbyholes.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

The Ghost

In the mist of the first dawn
I was born.
Till the end of it all
then must I fall.
I haunt your every footstep and
you dare make no decision without consulting me.
Like an omnipotent god I am everywhere but
unlike God I do not care
to make judgments upon you
who are just passing through
a miniscule portion of my existence.
I was there at your first breath of life
And all your joys and strife
Go by me, all, unnoticed.
And one day you will die
Wondering why
there is an accountant who must balance all books.
It is I, time.

Michael Lee





Jerry Sieve

The human mind
is like the horizon
of the ocean;
never reaching
its destiny.

Priscilla Sosa

You are like the wind
of the seasons.
Sometimes gusty,
sometimes gentle;
And the image that
you express
reflects on me.

Priscilla Sosa

The Balanced Chase

If silence were golden
Millionaire he would be
For each time he's hunted
he cries out a plea
To his eyes which are straining
to find the right place
So the policeman that passes
will find not a trace
Of a shade blue of levi
or a white fringe of shoe
The flashlight now hits him
what will he do?
Will he look like a trashcan
will he look like a wall
It's too late — he's now running
he hears the cop call!
He hates with a passion
for the cop with the gun
The bullet is fired . . . Its job is well done
The police walks to the body,
his conscience is bugged
But he then thinks of the poor child
whose mother was mugged.

Jerry Byrn

May 26 South Rim

The day is ending.
The canyon is
surrendering to the
peacefulness of night.

Violet shadows
drift across the
mesas like waves
upon the sea
moving slowly
towards twilight.

The wind is
skipping across
spiraling towers of rock,
tumbling over
timbered slopes
and singing through
narrow hallways
of stone.

The symphonic music
of the mountains
joined with the raging
red of a dying sky,
pays tribute to a
sun-blessed
summer day of
the canyon.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

The Visitor

I'll return this dark evening
the solitary guest
My view 'tween the clouds
is surely the best
And if stillness the pond
will ask that I stay
My reflection on the water
a shimmerin' gray
Where I'll linger till morning
escorts me away.

David Bauer

Pest Control

Mike Lee

Commander Wassellbone, the hereditary leader of the Quaff Confederation Galactic Pest Control Expedition, stared down at the Z-bomb on the table. The bomb was a beautiful crystal structure and radiated appeal on all of the seventeen known sense channels. It was guaranteed to attract any creature of sentience, and, once attracted, the creature was sure to commit the fatal act that would set the bomb off. Z-bombs were so dangerous that an expedition never carried more than one, lest they should ever fall into the hands of one of the lesser intelligent crew members or slaves, who would immediately (though accidentally, to be sure) eliminate a large sector of the Expedition's space-time continuum.

Wassellbone secretly felt that it would be so much easier to just fly over the planet to be eliminated and drop the bomb and be done with it. The trouble was that the Quaff had been civilized for so many thousands of years that the ability to kill directly had been completely bred out of the race. The Z-bombs were old museum pieces left over from the pre-enlightened years, when extreme anti-social behavior was the norm. Why, some of the races even used to eat each other. Horrible thoughts like that made Wassellbone's three stomachs contract and attempt to spill out the morning's synto-gruel. No, there could be no bombing by the Quaff. They could provide the means of planetary suicide, but a cooperative member of the race to be eliminated must do the actual button-pushing. Thanks to psychological appeal the bombs created, every Pest Elimination Expedition had been successful within days, and the Commander and crew would return home to Quaff for a few more centuries of peaceful rest.

Twenty-six races had been discovered by the Quaff. Twenty-six races had been judged as exhibiting un-Quaff-like behavior and, as such, could not be considered for entrance to the Confederation. Twenty-six "barbaric" planets were successfully wiped out, and after 23,000 years the Quaff Confederation still consisted of the one original member — Quaff. No one else worthy of membership had been found. The commander twitched his tentacles regretfully, picked up the one-and-only Z-bomb, got his two most trusted aides, and headed down in the scoutship for the planet.

Tim Conroy staggered down Houston Street after the 3 a.m. closing of O'Brian's bar and grill. It had become almost a ritual. At four in the afternoon, Tim would arrive at O'Brian's and drink steadily until closing, when Bill O'Brian himself would personally escort Tim to the door. Bill never forgot the Saturday night they had missed Tim, who had fallen asleep and slipped under a table. By the time they opened up Monday afternoon, old Conroy had drunk up a week's profits. Anyway, once the door was safely reached, it was up to Tim to find his own way home.

So it was at the corner of Third and Broadway that Tim, having an animated conversation with New York's finest (one of those battered silver trash cans that are ignored on every street corner), was approached by the Quaffian delegation.

"Observe," said Wassellbone to his aides, "one of the sorry specimens of this decadent civilization. Notice this degenerate being is barely able to provide its own locomotion — and no tentacles. How barbaric. Think not of

the benefits to Quaff, but rather how we must put these poor creatures out of their misery."

Tim wobbled unsteadily as the three nightmares approached, and he executed a wild-west draw that placed the emergency bottle of "Ol' Polecat" genuine Georgia rotgut to his lips in point seven tenths of a second. As the bottle met his lips, his legs met the trash barrel, and Tim executed an unwieldy ass-over-tea kettle, ending up in a sitting position against the curb. Miraculously, and in a move born of long practice, the neck of the bottle never pointed downward—in the complete tumble not a drop of precious amber fluid was lost.

"Notice his futile efforts to escape. Why, a tadpole right from the egg is more graceful!" observed one of the aides.

"Yes," Wassellbone decided. "The only good earthie was a dead one, and even then they might smell bad. Definitely no place for them in the Confederation."

Tim downed the bottle in a chug and decided that maybe the green beasties weren't so bad anyway. In fact, they probably weren't even there. The decision on whether they existed or not ended in a "hung jury" which called for the singing of a few verses of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

The two aides held Tim while the Z-bomb was slowly held in front of his face for the psychological lock to take place. When Tim stopped singing, Wassellbone set the bomb on the curb, and he and the two aides transmitted back to the spaceship, which immediately headed out to Pluto to await the inevitable explosion of Earth that would spell the successful conclusion of their mission.

Tim sat on the curb and stared wonderingly at the crystal. Why, old Kaufman at the pawn shop would probably give him twenty dollars for it. Maybe even \$22.50 if he said it was his last family heirloom, given him by his dying grandma. Something was written on the jewel. Tim blurrily read, "for your every wish, push this button." Staring with difficulty, he saw a button. No, it was three buttons. Or was it two? They didn't seem to sit still. Stabbing a finger wildly at what he thought was the button, Tim missed the crystal completely and fell forward on his face. His elbow knocked the bomb off the curb, where it rolled down into a city sewer. Tim sat up, looked for the jewel, and found it gone. Probably wasn't really there anyway, he decided, just like them little green fellas who gave it to me. Sure, it's just the DT's.

The next day at 4 p.m., Tim was in O'Brian's, the incident of the night before completely forgotten. Meanwhile, out beyond Pluto, the Quaff waited for the explosion. And they waited, and waited, and waited. . . .



Love

Love can be silent.
A silence that grows
Into sound,
That arouses the unspoken wisdom
Growing peacefully within.

Love is many colors,
Like the rainbow of life.

It darts in many directions
And shades our lives.

Love assures me.
I have no doubt.
I need not pretend
What love is all about.

Sylvia Trotter

I'm Looking For Someone Who Smiles

They are yelling
That they are dying
The whole damn world
Is crying
Save my soul
And make me whole
I'm looking for someone who smiles

Hurt is often spoken
With depression as my token
Reach out to me
Set happiness free
I'm looking for someone who smiles

But happiness only grows
And is nourished by those
Who find joy from within

Then it can be found
In the rest of us around
So the someone I'm seeking is me

I'm looking for someone who smiles

Susan Block

Our friendship is like
the inspiration of a
running stream.
Its content binds the
sentiment of past memories
and future moments in
A constant flow of
never-ending experiences.

Priscilla Sosa

To understand you I must
try to understand what you are
not saying, what you perhaps
will never be able to say.

Debby Szeredy

If Only

If love could only sing,
we would produce the supreme song that ever filled the Earth.
If love could only bring
the rains down, we would cause a forty-one day flood.
If love could only write,
we would be the theme of the most beautiful love poem.
If our love could only right
all wrongs, no apologies would ever have to be made.
If love could chase away the blues,
we would be the happiest of all couples.
If love was always true,
I could be loving you now, instead of writing this poem.

Daniel G. Fink

Restless Night

Cold, still, black night is restless.
Taking life from those who cannot see.
People seeking for a candle,
For a light, in a troubled sea.

In the morning He breaks through the clouds,
All the earth turns to see His Story.
He's not the sun; but the living God,
And the rivers shine forth His Glory.

"Where're my people; where're my children;
Where are they who are mighty and trust.
I've come to gather them,
Who've been strong with a willing must."

The trumpets are shouting;
"Hear the people cry of Glory,
He rises now to warm the dark earth.
Bring full the story!"

As they assembled for the gathering
To make their last stand.
The numbers were uncountable;
Like grains in the sand.

O Lord, I've walked high on your glorious clouds,
But my wings were too weak to keep me there.
Judge me not now I pray,
It just isn't fair.

Seats are full for judgment,
Tears are shown for joy and sorrow.
The day has arrived for all to see,
Many thought would be tomorrow.

Life is too short
to be endless.
We have all heard the call,
"Life does have a true fullness."
(consider it all)

"Where're my people; where're my children;
Where are they who are mighty and trust.
I've come to gather them,
Who've been strong with a willing must."

Now that the Judgment Seat
Is called up for all,
None can escape.
Rich, poor, short, nor the tall.

O Lord, I've walked high on your glorious clouds,
But my wings were too weak to keep me there.
Judge me not now I pray,
It just isn't fair.

As the bridge of eternity breaks,
Mourning is heard from all.
Even from those who've witnessed the full story,
Starting from Lucifer's fall.

Heads are moved all about.
There's no hope for deeds gone;
As fires rage, mixed with God's praise,
For now endless days are drawn.

Warm, moving, bright days are calm,
Giving life to those who can see.
People that find a candle;
On a ship found at sea.

Jerry Perlman

I Made The World

I made the world
 With all the land
 and all its mountains
 and all its valleys
 and all its vast minerals.
 With all the water
 and all its oceans
 and all its rivers
 and all its springs.
 With all the air
 and all its wind
 and all its breeze
 and all its weather.
I alone, fashioned this world
long — long ago.
I am the Triune God of Heaven
And you . . . are loved . . . by Me.

Anonymous

Storm

Kathy Briant

A flame sputtered pathetically in the pouring rain. I nurtured it with the last of the wet wood and searched the sky for some sign of a let-up. It had only grown darker.

The two other girls remaining at camp trudged back with armloads of rainsoaked wood. I fed the fire; it responded little. These efforts were small comfort in the fierce mountain storm.

"They were fools," I said to myself, "to ever hike out into this weather."

The others stared with vapid expressions into the fire. Finally, Ann broke the silence.

"It's snowing up on the mountain . . . and they're not back yet."

"They must be caught up there . . .," my voice trailed off and stuck in my throat. The awful predicament came down on me. Thunder pealed, the rain came down harder.

The mountain peak above us was shrouded in clouds. Only that morning it had seemed innocent in the clear sky, and now it glowered at us, and rolled with thunder. I shivered uncontrollably as the rain soaked my windbreaker. I began to pray as the rain came down harder; insistently the icy daggers pierced my skin. We pleaded with the sky to stop the relentless deluge, but no, the only answer was the incessant torrent of rain. We struggled to keep the fire alive.

"You realize, don't you, that we are not prepared for snow?" Kim raised her voice above the wind.

"Yeh," I offered emptily.

As if in scorn, the wind rose and our fire, our warmth, our hope was suddenly extinguished.

"The fire!" I panicked. "Kim — Ann, what'll we do?"

Inside the light tent, we huddled together for the only warmth available. I hardly dared think of the rest of the group. The others were silent, blankly staring. I opened my mouth to speak, and could not. Numbness crept over me. Instinctively I moved to ward off the feeling. My limbs responded sluggishly, but my thoughts raced in frantic confusion. . . .

"Listen," the old bearded man on the trail said to us, "I've heard of many a tough young man freezin' to death up here. Don't need to be too cold. All ya' gotta do is get wet. Yep, that's all it takes."

Ann's head dropped to her chest. She toppled over weakly. Kim and I shook her with what strength we had, but there was nothing we could do. One by one we each succumbed to the stiff numb darkness that overcame consciousness. . . .

When I woke, my ears buzzed and I was nauseous. I saw a confused blur of color, and a faraway voice told me I had been fortunate and to close my eyes. I drifted off and came back again, and this time everything was much clearer. My body was stiff within layers of wrappings, and with each slow breath I could smell the damp wool.

As I lay on the ground, trying to focus, I could make out the fire ring close by and the huddled figures bent over it. I knew then the others had returned, but I tried not to think of it; I tried not to remember. I closed my eyes to the brightness of the clear blue sky and slept.

Darkened Pride

Within our minds dark clouds exist,
where fear, and gloom, and threat abide.

Lost . . . is the power to resist,
foolish acts of senseless pride.

The cloud is dense with vanity,
that may fall freely from below.

Sprinkling thoughts of little sanity,
dousing that which we should know.

Many people never hide,
the JOY of fame and feeling proud.

For if there were not such a pride,
we wouldn't have our darkened clouds.

David A. Devine

I have experienced
the ultimate
in living.

Flight.
A journey of the
physical being
and the soul.

A journey out and beyond
the realm of reality
to become a part of
the primitive heartbeat
of the earth.

A sense of identity —
one of true being.
Finding your basic self —
then losing it in the beauty
and flow of each flight.

Seeing with new awareness
the details that create the
beautiful scenery that
speeds by below you.

The ultimate experience of life — flight.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

My Crying Will Never Cease

Jerry Byrn

A white dove lay in my hand. I caress its wings with my fingers. I rub my cheek on its luxurious soft coat of down. It feels warm as it melts in my hand. In the dove I see all of God's creatures. The dove pleases me. The dove is my soul.

I kneel in a thick pasture of green moist grass. It is content with the hand of the wind as it sways as if alive. And it is content as I kneel to observe the blueness of the river flowing next to it. The river's silence and pureness amazes me. My hands break its surface and I feel it try to escape as I hold it to my face and mouth. I receive it to my skin with a gasp, for it is cold. The river pleases me. The river is my essence.

In great awe and wonder I gaze at the blue sky. It is forever with me. I stand and gaze upward. The beauty of the clouds is beholding. Never has there been such a white! . . . Never has there been such a blue! I extend my arms and hands to the sky. I try to touch it as if it were a river with a covey of white doves taking rest upon it. I have failed to touch it with my hands, but I can still touch it with my mind. The sky pleases me. The sky is my life.

My crying will never cease, for time and man have done me wrong! In my hand lies a cold dove! An oil-stained dove! A silent dove. At my feet there is no grass, only concrete! My river . . . Oh God my river is nevermore blue and pure! In my eyes is a gray sky full of man's progress! In my eyes there are no clouds! In my eyes is a tear. Where is my Soul? Where is my essence? Where is my life? I am displeased. The things I love are my death.

The Last Dream

Once there was a dream,
Big, white, and soft as a cloud.
It floated from a land of clear skies
and shining promises.
The dream made its way from the sky
down to the soul of its creation,
the earth.
And as the dream was about to become real,
it was touched by man's hand,
and became forever stained.

Michael C. Bebb



Bob Zitlau, Jr.

The Last Date

Daniel G. Fink

"I don't think you can get your part any straighter," Mrs. Selfworth said as she looked into John's room.

"What was that you said?" John quickly turned his head towards her.

"Oh, nothing. . . . But you had better hurry up. You don't want to be late."

"Don't worry. I'm almost ready. I sure hope Christine likes me." John thought aloud as he put on some cologne.

Mrs. Selfworth hated it when John degraded himself. "Why shouldn't she like you? You should have more self-confidence."

"I'll say I need more self-confidence. It took me four months to build up the courage to ask Christine out," John related as he turned out the light in his room.

"Good-bye, Mom."

"Mother, does this purse look all right?" Christine asked as she held a purse up to her dress.

"Yes, that does match quite well," Mrs. Value said as she put down her knitting.

"I wasn't sure of which purse to bring."

"What did you say this boy was named?" Mrs. Value asked.

"His name is John and he's really super!" Christine dreamed aloud.

"This John really must be something special. I can tell that from the sparkle in your eyes," Mrs. Value smiled.

"Oh, Mom." Christine blushed a little bit.

"You also seem to be quite nervous."

"Why shouldn't I be? John is so neat and I'm so ordinary. I wonder if he'll like me. I sure do like him."

Buzzzz.

Christine's eyes opened wide, "That's probably him now."

"Well, why don't you answer the door?" Mrs. Value asked as she got up so she could greet John.

"Hello, John."

"Hi, Christine. It's nice to see you again. I hope I'm not late." John's knees were shaking, but Christine didn't notice since hers were also.

"No, you're not late." Christine looked at her watch. He was only ten minutes early, but Christine did not mention anything. "Oh, John, this is my mother."

"It's nice I met her. I mean, I'm glad to meet you." John stepped forward to shake Mrs. Value's hand and messed up the throw rug.

"It's nice to meet you, John. You two have a good time and, please, be careful." Mrs. Value sensed that John was nervous and figured they had better be going.

"Good-bye, Mom."

John went to open the door a little bit more and got his arm in Christine's way as she was starting to walk out.

"Excuse me," John said embarrassedly. "Good-bye, Mrs. Value."

They walked out to the car and it only took him 10 minutes to find the right key. He opened her door, then went around and got in on his side. They were on their way.

John held both hands on the wheel firmly. "You really look great tonight," he said, as he thought she must not like him since she sat so far on the other side of the car.

"Thank you, you look nice also," Christine replied as she wondered why John didn't ask her if she wanted to sit closer to him. Maybe he did not really like her, she thought.

How he wanted to ask her if she wanted to sit by him but he was afraid she would not want to and would feel embarrassed. They did not talk much on the ride to the bowling alley.

As John helped Christine out of the car, he put his hand on her back, but then quickly withdrew it. He thought she might think he was a little forward.

"I really enjoy bowling," Christine said. But she wasn't really thinking about bowling. She was wondering why John had moved his hand off her back so quickly.

"This is really a nice bowling alley. Last time I was here I bowled a 197," John said.

As they walked toward the alley, the conversation continued about bowling.

They got lane number 24, the last lane.

They went to the desk to pick up their shoes and John asked for an eleven even though he only wore a ten. Christine got a size seven shoe but she normally wore a size eight. She felt the discomfort would be better than for John to think she had big feet.

They went down to their lane and put their shoes on.

"Well, are you ready to look for a ball?" John asked after he finished tying his shoes.

"Yea, as soon as I set the score sheet on the table." Christine hurried and set the score sheet down on the desk. "There, I'm ready to find my lucky ball."

"Oh yes, the good ole lucky ball." John did a quick imitation of W. C. Fields.

"Hey, that's pretty good. Groucho Marx, isn't it?"

"Oh . . . yea, thanks." John smiled as Christine looked at him, then frowned after she turned her back.

"Here's a pretty good ball." Christine turned to show it to John.

"As Groucho Marx would say, 'Oh yes, the lucky one.'" John still couldn't figure out why Christine thought his impression was of Groucho Marx instead of W. C. Fields. "It usually is so hard to find a good ball. I'll be back in a minute."

"I'll put my ball up in the ball return." Christine walked away to put her ball up. John went on down the aisle to look for the right ball.

He was testing the thumb sizes on the balls, when one slipped and fell on the floor making a loud noise. Luckily, Christine was in the lower section and would not see the ball he dropped. He looked at Christine and saw that she was looking in his direction, wondering what the noise was. So he quickly turned and looked down the aisle as if he was trying to find

out what made the noise, also. After Christine had turned around, he quickly reached down and picked the ball up. He went on down testing the balls, this time being more careful, until he finally found one that had the right holes. He brought the ball and set it on the ball return.

"Did you find a good one?" Christine asked.

"Yea, I should be able to bowl at least a fifty with this one."

"Oh, so high," Christine laughed.

"I sure feel lucky tonight." John wasn't sure if it was luck he felt, but he knew he felt great being with Christine. "Do you want to go first or would you like me to go first?"

"Why don't you go first?" Christine wrote his name down first, then her own.

"The first one will be practice, unless I get a strike." John walked up and got his ball ready.

"That sounds fair enough." Christine watched him.

John took his four steps and let the ball roll. It looked pretty good. It hit hard but left three pins up.

"That was pretty good, for openers." Christine looked at him as he walked back.

"I think the ball went in too straight. It sure is going to be hard to get all three of these."

"Good luck."

John aimed his ball. It went right at the two pins on the right, knocked them both down and left the last one up.

"I'm lucky this is practice," John said as he walked back and sat in the chair next to Christine.

"Well, here goes nothing." Christine lifted her ball and stood on the floor looking at the pins.

John wondered why Christine had gotten up so quickly when he sat down next to her. Then he realized it was probably because she had to bowl then and not that she didn't like him. He looked at her as she got ready to roll the ball. Her blond hair looked so beautiful, flowing down her neck and resting on her shoulders and back. John felt like jumping up and holding her and running his fingers through it. Her golden hair was just a springboard for her shining brown eyes. If ever John was in love he knew it was now and that it was with Christine, the girl he noticed four months ago. He liked her then and as he talked to her at school and got to know her, he even liked her better. Once he found out she worked at The Hamburger Palace, he made it his favorite place to eat.

"Look at that, I got eight."

"Hey," John woke up out of his daydream, "that's pretty good. Let's see if you can't get both the others down with this throw."

"I hope I can." Christine walked up to the dots on the floor. She thought about how much she cared for John. Then she really did not care about getting the last two pins down. In fact, it would probably be better to make sure she missed, she thought. So she rolled the ball to the right of the two pins, a shot which might otherwise be easy.

"Ah, shucks, I missed." Christine looked upset as she walked back to the scoring table.

"You came pretty close, actually it might have been ugly close."

"What was that?"

"Oh, nothing. Just another bad joke."

"Are you sure it was not funny?" Christine asked, kind of upset that she didn't hear it.

"I'm sure. It wasn't funny." John walked past her as he got up to take his turn.

As Christine got ready to write down the score, she thought about John and how he was the type of boy she always dreamed of. With his long brown hair and neatly trimmed moustache, he looked the way she liked for a man to look. He was smart, yet he was athletic, also. His good sense of humor made him really popular with all the girls. She enjoyed it so much when he would talk to her at school or at her work. She thought he probably just heard that she wanted to go out with him so he asked her out in order not to hurt her feelings. Of course, she could never tell him how much she thought she loved him. But at least she got one date, she thought.

"Look at that, a strike on my first ball." John walked back, all smiles.

"Wow, that's great." Christine clapped for a little while.

They both went up and down, up and down, taking turns bowling. Before they knew it, they had bowled three games. John won all three games.

"Anywhere special you would like to eat?" John asked.

"Anywhere will be fine." Christine didn't really want to suggest a place. She wanted John to pick.

"Are you sure there's no place special?"

"Really, any place you want to go."

"How about Junior's Country Barn? They have pretty good food."

"That sounds great."

They placed their shoes on the counter, paid, and headed out to the car.

It was a short drive to Junior's. Once they got in, it was not very crowded. They got a corner table, right away.

After they had ordered their food and gotten comfortable, John reached over and gently clasped her hand. She looked over at him and gave a cute smile as only a beautiful blond can. John stared at her brown eyes.

Christine felt so warm inside, just as if it was a cold wintery night and she was sitting in front of a fireplace. She wondered if maybe John did like her but yet he did not say anything.

John enjoyed embracing Christine's warm hand. He wondered why Christine did not move closer to him on the seat. He felt that maybe she did not enjoy being with him. John felt he had to tell her how he felt, even if he looked like a fool. He bent his head over to whisper to her.

"Sir, your food is ready." The waitress put the plates down in front of them.

John let go of Christine's hand. "Thank you," he said. "It sure looks good," John commented as he looked over at Christine. How he wished he would have told her how he felt, or at least had kissed her.

The meal was good. As they walked toward the car, John tried to walk closer to Christine. This time she got in on his side and sat next to him. He thought she was sitting next to him so as to not hurt his feelings after he had held her hand. So he didn't reach over to grasp her hand. How Christine wished he would have. She felt good after he had held her hand in the restaurant, but now she thought maybe he only did it to make her feel at ease.

John drove up to her house and turned the car off.

"I really enjoyed being out with you," John said as he looked over at Christine.

"I had a great time." Christine looked deep into his blue eyes.

John wanted to put his arms around her and kiss her good night, but since he thought she really did not like him, he felt he better not.

"I guess I had better walk you to the door." John opened his door. Then he helped her out. They walked to the door. Then Christine leaned against the wall. John put his hand on the wall above her shoulder.

"Well, I'll see you in school, Monday." John could not think of anything else to say.

"Yea, make sure you talk to me."

"Oh, I will." John wanted to kiss her the way a good-bye kiss ought to be given, but he still was afraid she didn't like him. So he leaned over and lightly kissed her lips.

"Good night," John said.

"Good night," Christine said.

Christine went inside and after she had closed the door, went to the window and looked out as John walked toward his car. She thought of how much she loved him and how she would have to keep that feeling inside her since he didn't like her the same way she liked him. She knew there would not be another date.

John got in his car.

"What a girl," he said to himself. "If only she liked me half as much as I love her." He really enjoyed this date but was sorry she didn't like him. He knew this was their first and last date.

Wind-Winged Time

Indians once lived off the land here
under fresh blue skies.

Mountains once extended endlessly
near brisk flowing waters.

Animals once roamed freely
in spacious valleys.

Life once lingered freely on sweeping
wisps of wind.

But time caught the wind.

Indians were killed. Skies are stale.

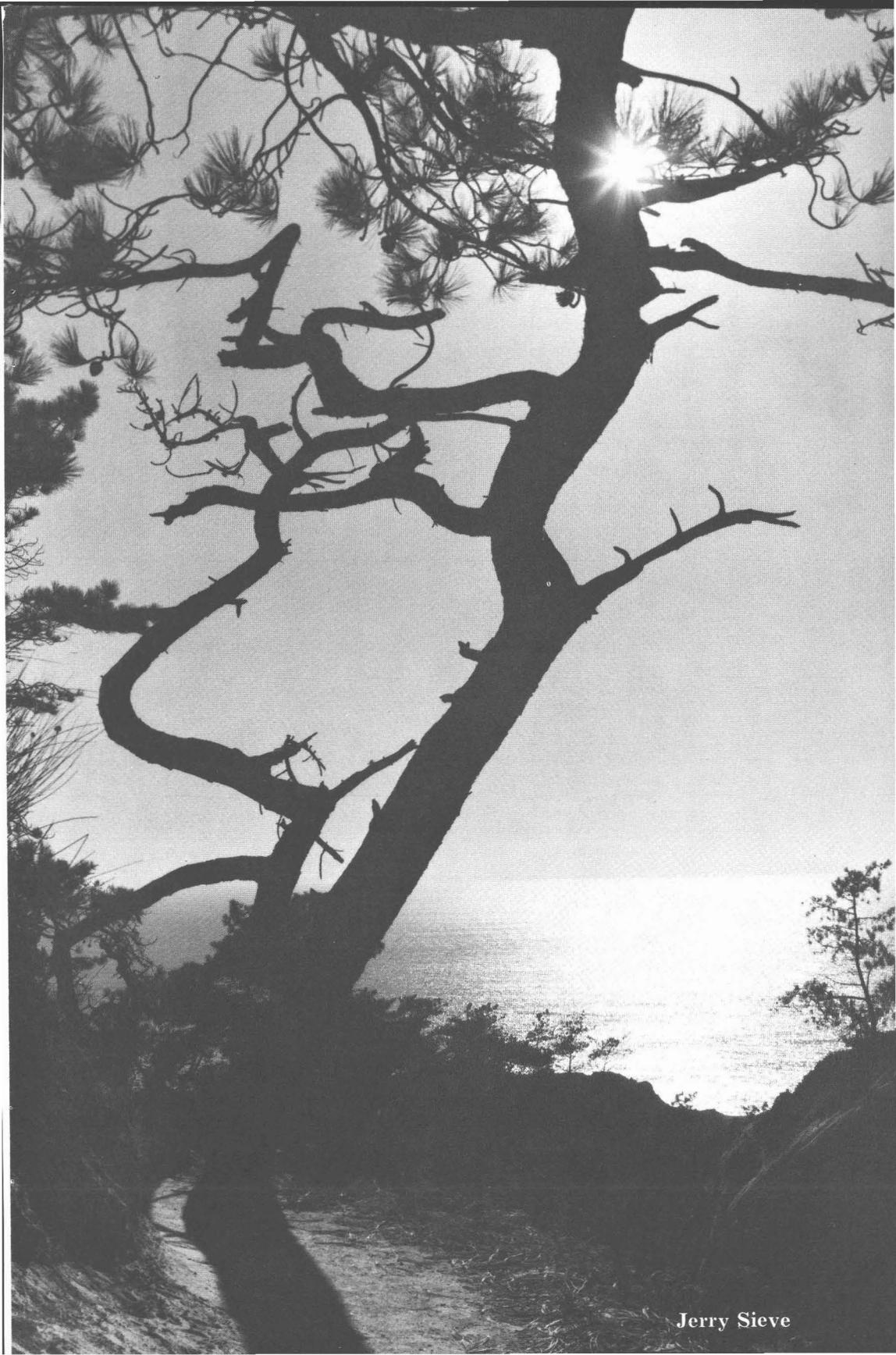
Mountains were cut. Rivers are dead.

Animals were caged. Valleys are buried.

Life moves fast and cluttered on
sweeping wisps of wind.

Time has captured the wind.

David Bauer



Jerry Sieve

Fire burning by my side
Shining through my eyes
Teach me your ways of
Bringing warmth and show me
How to keep someone's heart lit.

Debby Szeredy

My Undecided Space

I hate the slaughter
But I eat the meat.

I like driving a car
But I see the pollution.

Is it my need or
Is it my greed?

My space and place
are confused.

Am I good or
Bad for wanting
nice things?

Lonnie Lane

The Mortar Gunner

The jungle is dark, no stars are out.
The wind is a roar, around me men shout.
My rockets sing their message of death to the sky.
Some of us are wounded, many will die.
Now machine guns clatter, tracers rip through the night.
And overhead flares sketch a life and death fight.
Around me everywhere, enemy shells start to fall,
The soft whisper of death has become a loud call.

The air is so still now that hell's night has passed,
For the few who remain the memories will last,
And those who have died, have died without cause.
For on marches death without any pause,
And the world finds no gain from their great sacrifice.
Though history's voice carries, futures heed no advice.

Mike Lee

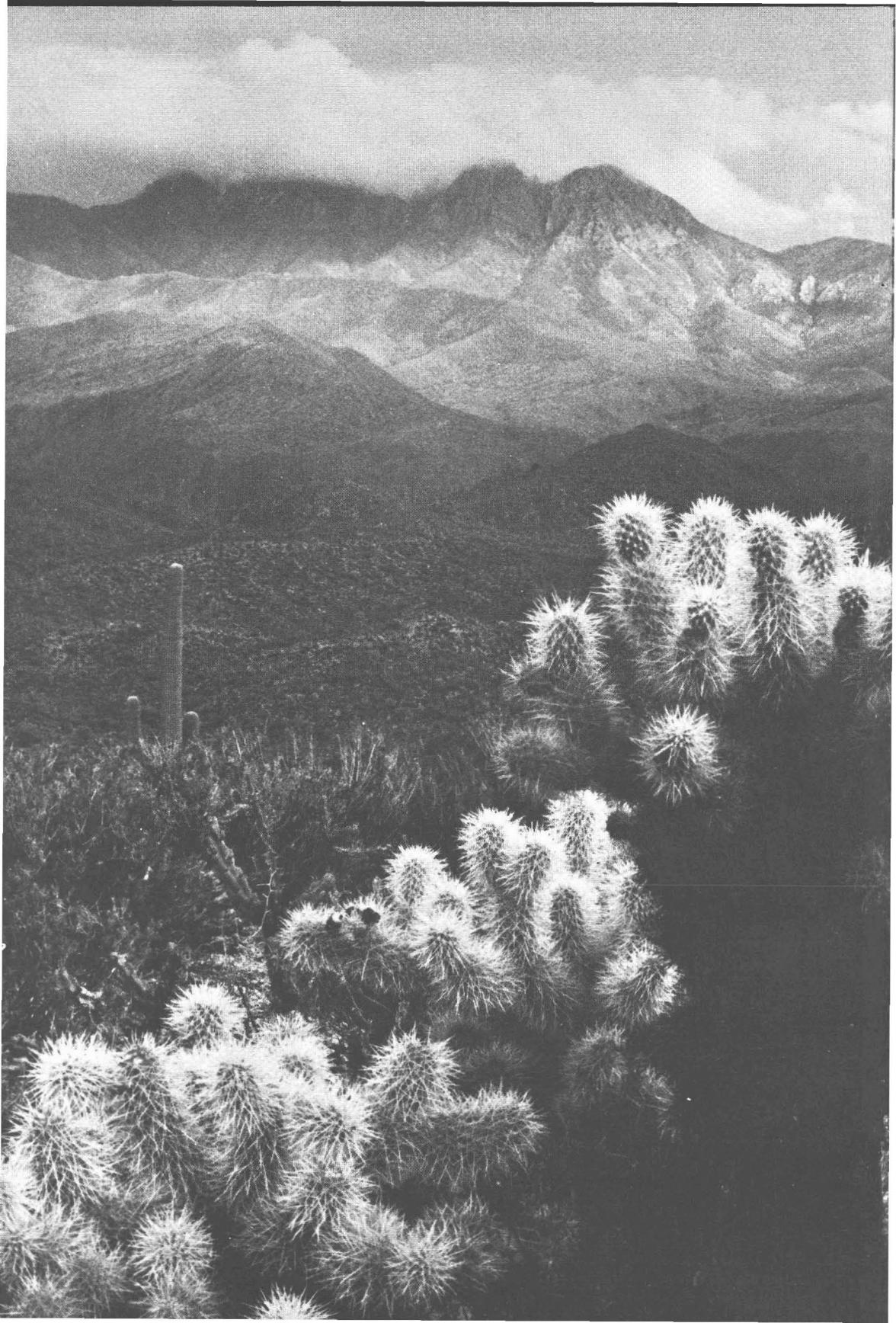
So . . .
We meet once again
as friends.
With a casual greeting
and a warm smile
we use for everyone.
It's been some time
and we stumble
over the silence.
We fill in with nervous laughter —
the void that's grown so wide.
We talk once again
as friends.
With light conversation
and superficial phrases
and we ramble on
in such a perfectly friendly way . . .
my mind begins to wander . . .
my heart to remember . . .
my inner soul to cry . . .
over the fact
that you could
even want
to forget
the time in between.
when we were
lovers
instead of friends.

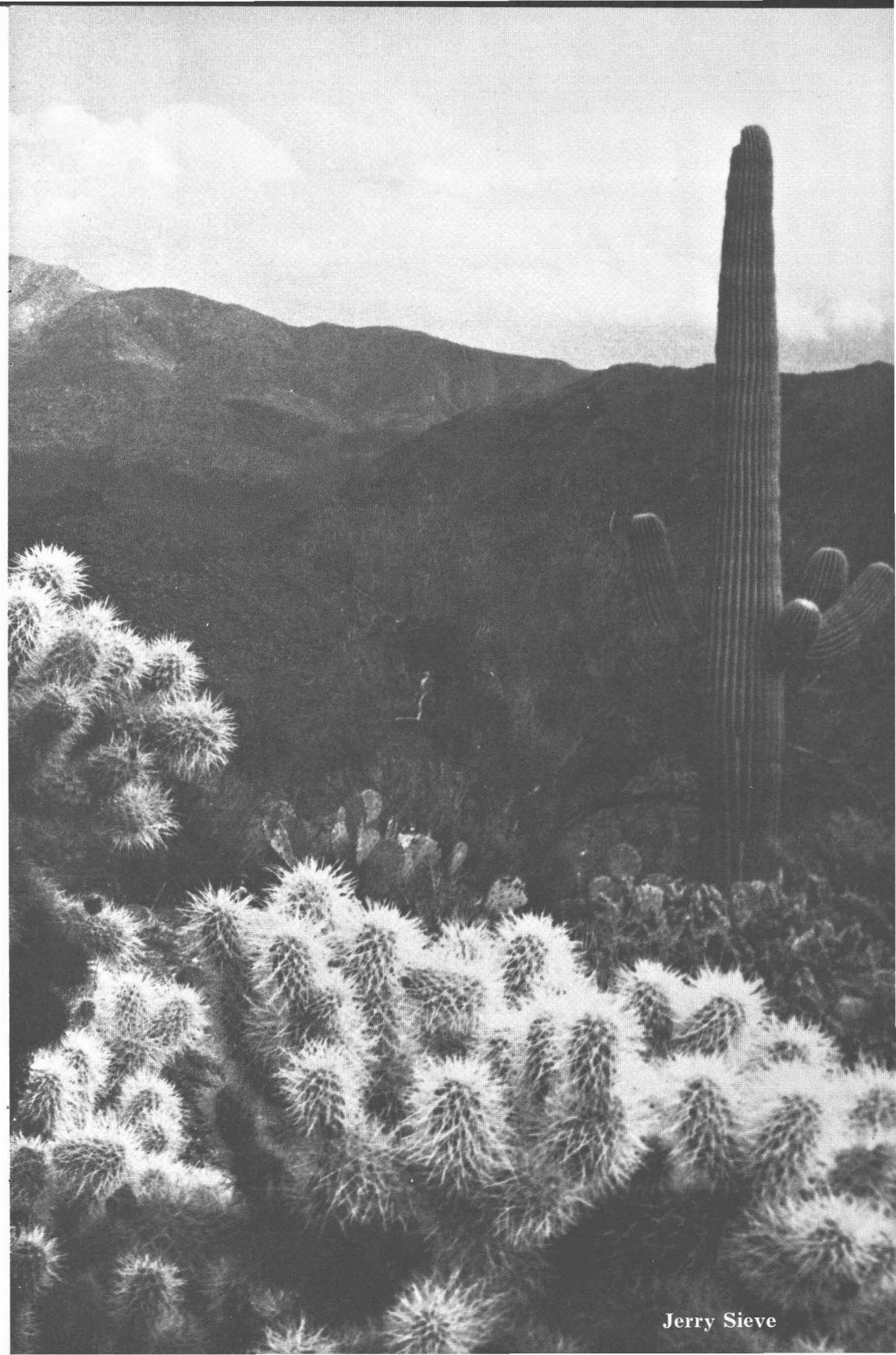
Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

Heather heard me humming

Heather heard me whistling
as I sauntered down the street,
wearing my good soft old jeans,
and walking in bare feet.
Heather wore a frozen smile;
she knew just what to stress —
through her eyes she said to me,
“A LADY wears a dress.”
Shiny shoes and polished nails,
and curls that lie just right:
nylons, earrings, girdles, skirts,
and perfume (**very** light).
Yes, Heather heard me humming
as I wandered down the road;
Heather saw me and I'm glad
she thought I was a toad.

Michelle





Jerry Sieve

I put a penny in the Love Box.
I watched the penny go down
I watched the paper come out
The paper said "Love costs more
than a penny."
So I just walked away.
Isn't there any easier way?

Debbly Szeredy

The Little Child

The little child with the tiny bare feet
Lightly skipped down the road
With the wind in her soft brown hair
It tickled the skin that showed

She wore a lollipop smile, maybe a secret
A thought was on her mind
As she skipped along, she picked a daisy
And left her rose behind

Susan Block

Of Course I'll Cry When You Go

While you are here
rooms are too full for furniture
and walls are too fragile
to hang portraits on.

While you are here
there are voiceless lullabyes
peace that induces sleep
and love that hurries morning.

While you are here
cups fill with coffee,
eyes fill with understanding
and pillows are shared.

While you are here
clocks race past themselves
stealing pleasure, as might an old widow
from a child poaching marigolds.

Linda Kay Oiler

The Battle

Charge On! dawn infantry,
Charge on.
Make silent advances through the
Misty morn.
Stay ever close to the earth, even
To brush the safety of manzanita and
Pinon.
Attack in bands of ever approaching
Warriors.
Now break for the open but beware your
Tall shining helmet plumage.
The element of surprise is necessary.
Not really.

Meadow grass and silent seed don't fear
The coming Quail.

David Bauer

Lost Tune

I think of all the hopelessness,
Of all the things I've lost.
They run thru my mind,
As I wonder around,
Trying to untangle my thoughts of you.

You were just trying to
Make up your mind,
But you couldn't tell me,
While you protected something,
That was shattered years ago.

And I couldn't tell you either,
About the truth I knew,
And ruin your false dreams.
We just tried not to lie
And almost succeeded.

Listening to Neil's lost tune,
As reality fades away,
And tears run into reflecting pools
Of bright dark memories,
That are never washed away.

Tom Byrne

The universe is so vast,
Immeasurable,
My mind cannot comprehend it,
But You made it.
You reached into the sky,
And littered it with stars,
You bound them into galaxies,
And sprinkled them,
Across the heavens.
Each star emits Your message,
Each planet portrays Your majesty,
Each galaxy shines with the presence of God,
And the universe gleams with Your glory.
Ah!
Your presence, God,
It never ends.
Like the universe,
It's infinite,
Its measure is unbounded space,
Oh, how greatly You've illustrated,
Your infinity.

Anna Gaffney

Children Are A Blessing

Children are a blessing
They are jewels in disguise
They are mother nature's daisies
They are their parents' priceless prize

Children are your pass-me-downs
Of you and all you learned
They're made up of all your love
And all of what you earned

Children are imaginative
With dreams beyond all dreams
They're full of curiosity
And lots of foolish schemes

There is not a single word
That so justly can express
Children are what you once were
And now your happiness

Susan Block

The Traveler committee thanks everyone who submitted poetry, prose, photography, music, and artwork for consideration in this year's creative arts magazine.

We greatly appreciate the many pieces submitted, each one a noticeable creative expression in itself. We are very proud of this year's magazine, and feel it is worthy to bear the name of Glendale Community College. It has been a pleasure to work on The Traveler staff, but we never could have produced such a unique magazine without you — the Glendale College students who write, draw, or take photographs to share your deepest emotions with other people.

The Traveler staff, composed of Glendale College students, had to choose from over 300 submitted entries. We hope that each writer and artist — whether published or not — will continue to express ideas on paper and submit more material for next year's issue. We also invite you to be a part of next year's staff.

The Editors

Editors and staff pictured standing are (left to right) Daniel G. Fink and Vivian Baker. Seated (left to right) are Calmen Chu, Karen Melot and Kathy Briant. Not in photo is Richard Miller.

(Photo by Sharon Wertz)



