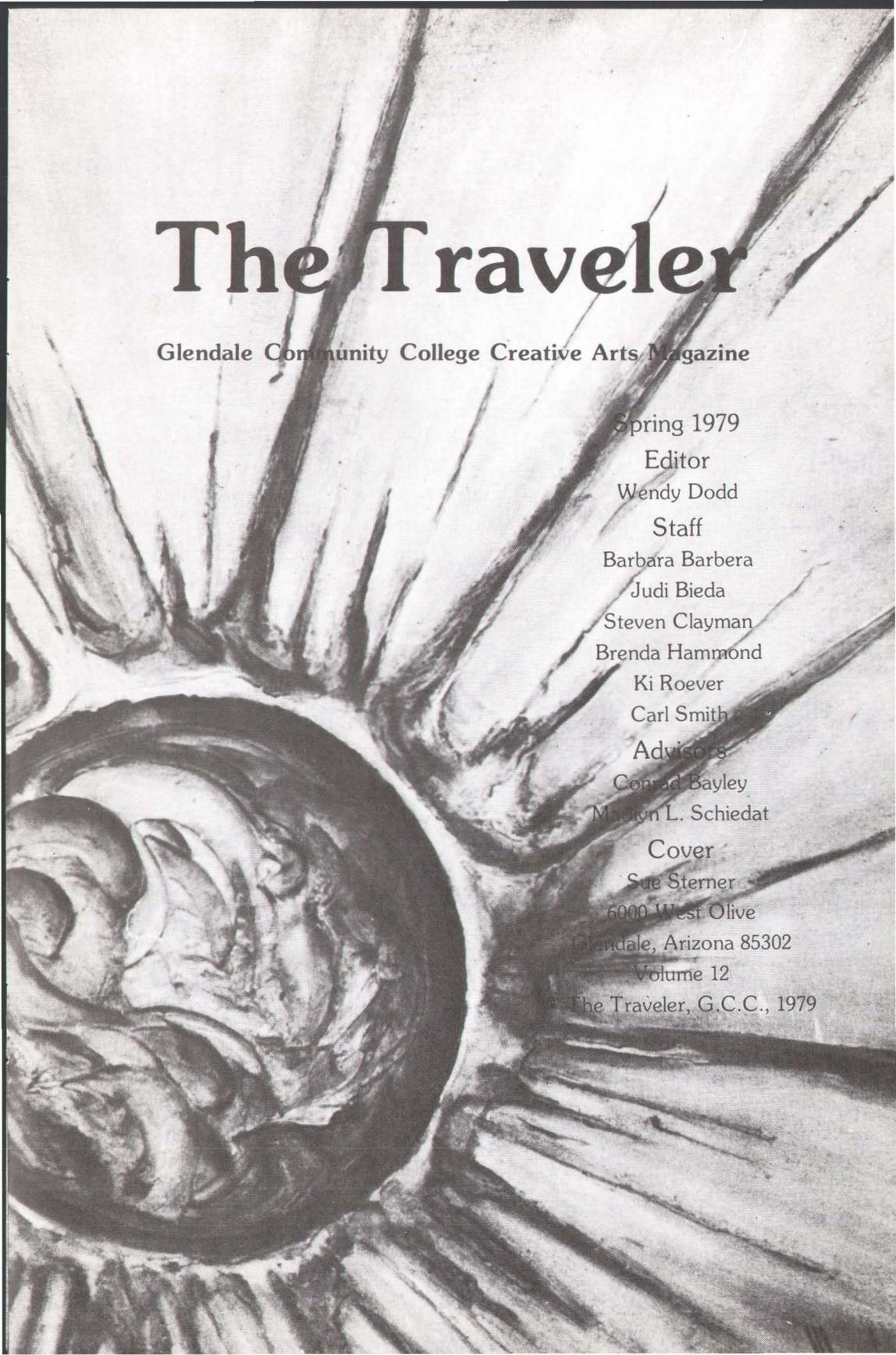


1979

The Traveler

A Creative Arts Magazine / Spring 1979





The Traveler

Glendale Community College Creative Arts Magazine

Spring 1979

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Volume 12

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Prize Winners

Photography

Stars by Bob Zitlau, Jr.	First Prize
Riverbottom by Carl Smith	Second Prize

Prose

"Matty" by M. J. Green	First Prize
"Catharsis" by Kohanna Miller	Second Prize
"Cindy at 15" by Jeanne Tretta	Third Prize
"A Brief Glossary . . ." by Steve Clayman	Third Prize

Art

Anita Steele	First Prize
Laurel Cohen	Second Prize
Mary Jane Spence	Third Prize

Cover

Sue Sterner	First Prize
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Poetry

Helen Erhlich	First Prize
Brenda Bailey	Second Prize
Susan Landerman	Third Prize

It is a part
of my being —
this corner of
the world.
It belongs to my heart
and yet it can never
be mine.

I have seen the moods
of my canyon —
stormy, dark clouds
descending formidably
upon the red cliffs
driving sheets of rain
down their crevices —
charging down the washes,
tearing off slices of sandstone.

I have seen the valley
sing with the wind that
only lives here —
rising tones seeking out
echoing hallways and
young pinion pine crowns.

I have seen the snows
wrap misty fingers around
Sentinel Rock and roll
clouds gently down her
neighbors caressing the
brushy slopes.

I have greeted many
a bright morning of serenity —
shared only by visiting
hummingbirds and chipmunks;
Sat alone in the sleeping cabin
grateful for this magical place.

And now I have only this poem and
pictures and bittersweet
memories of a home
that was mine for a
moment in time and
I now know the
sorrow behind the coyote's song.

Stardust Wine

Dreaming was Forever
In the sunshine of our days,
Searching for an answer
In the sapphire rays.
And worlds were turning onward,
Leaving us behind,
But each had the other
So neither one could mind.

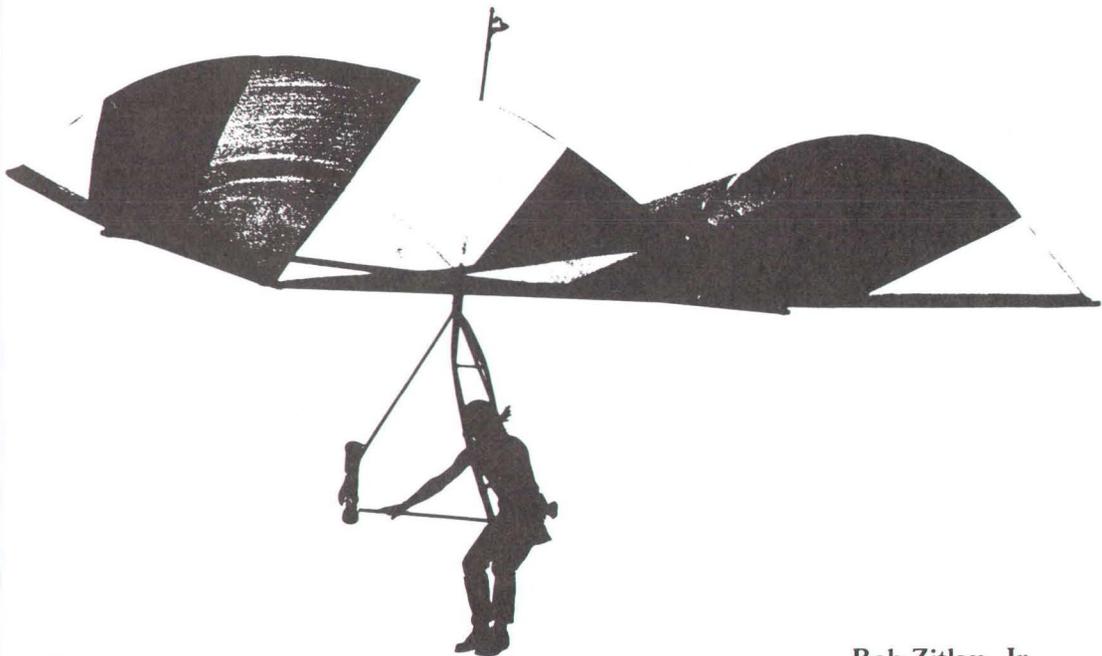
And we soared in the goldgreens
Of a million afternoons
Watching silver darting
Around imagined moons.
But now the dreaming's ending
With a parting shine,
A glimmer in the golden
Of stardust wine.

Violet songs for singing
And stones to clasp and feel,
Sliding into sunset
Of sky and steel.
And finding all the old ways
We used to roam
In the private darkness
Of an unknown home.

But now we are apart again
Within the fading sun,
And all the colored memories
Make two where there was one.
And so I sit alone tonight
Wishing for what was mine —
And I find the taste of sadness
In my glass of stardust wine.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

Susan Landerman



See his wings caress the sun,
as he soars,
high above the mountain.
I wish he could teach me too —
— to fly (but my feet
are set firmly on the ground —
though I don't know why.)

Look at him dance
in the sky
to the delight of the child.
I think that I too —
should like to dance (but my feet —
are set firmly on the ground —
though I don't know why.)

As he fades away,
I must realize
that the things we see with morning eyes
Are not always real.

Brenda Hammond

Bob Zitlau, Jr.

Dream Bird

Dream bird of darkest night
take me on your endless flight,
show me things yet to be
and I will then let you fly free.

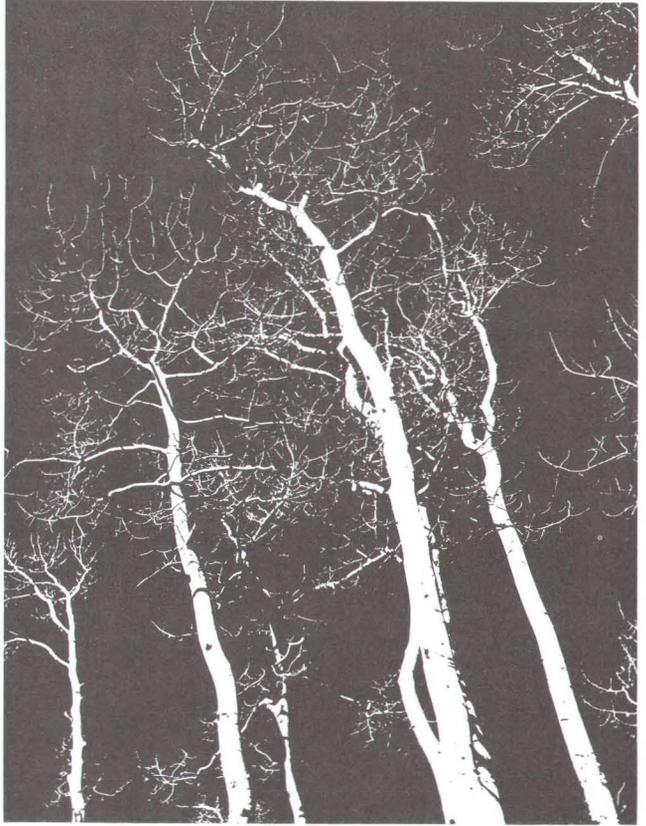
Dream bird of a nether world
let your wings from sleep uncurl
and carry you to a distant void
where all man's dreams and hopes are joined.

Dream bird who shuns the day
you look at tomorrow to find the way
and put your faith in stars above
so you can hope and wait for love.

Dream bird whom sorrow knows
but to it no debt you owe
take your tears and let them flow
and fall on rocks and men below.

Dream bird always fly
for without dreams men would die
and the lonely hand of death would sweep along
while lonely men sang death's sad song.

Mike Maulfair



The Tiniest Leaf

Bob Zitlau, Jr.

He was the tiniest leaf on the tree, the weakest
From the moment his trembling bud appeared.
He left his shelter reluctantly, timid and
Afraid to greet the light his brothers devoured.
Strong, exultant, they lifted their veined arms
Upward towards the globe of life and drank
To excess its potent brew. He hid beneath
Their shadows, barely able to cling to the bough
That mothered him. Now, loosening
from the branch,
He tears, then flutters helpless to the ground,
Where, broken, dry, and crushed, he
returns almost
At once to dust, to sink and meld again
Into the womb of earth, nourishing there
The very tree that gave him birth.
Unchosen, not called upon to serve,
This tiny leaf becomes life's reservoir.

Helen Ehrlich

I Love . . .

Children playing and people laughing,
Sandy beaches and pine wood burning;
The scented smell of hidden antiques,
Glass like water from a pair of skis;
Marshmallows roasting, the smell of rain,
A roaring ocean, looking back once again;
The free expression from a sad-happy clown,
All within a puddle, the world up-side-down;
Big wool sweaters, giving hugs,
Sipping hot chocolate from a brown warm mug;
The hum of talk in a spicy warm kitchen,
Keeping secrets but someone to listen;
Drawing pictures in cotton clouds, spirit
Of circuses and cheering crowds;
Cookies baking, a shady swing,
Sad quiet music and comforting things;
Rocking chairs, someone to tell you good night,
Fresh cut flowers arranged just right;
The purr of a kitten with spring on the way,
A taste of salt along the bay;
Afternoon showers, being able to cry,
Drifting fog and seagulls in flight;
Ribbons that curl and boxes with lace,
Wrapped in a quilt in your favorite place;
Walking on sidewalks just after it rains,
A hand to hold to erase all the pain;
Big dogs running over fields of green;
Christmas caroling, friends you haven't seen;
Finding time to daydream, a place to sit,
People smiling and really meaning it;
Hiking in hills, no direction to follow,
A family to love you for today and tomorrow;
These are the things I truly love, but you too
Are here, you're in all the above.

Lisa Williams

I took a walk
the other day
passed my soul
along the way
first sight
was strange
as never seen
or heard before

Alice Lademan

Hobbit-Time

O little round man, with furry brown feet,
Everywhere I go I meet
You,

Sitting on my doorstep,
Peering in my window.
 Beckoning

You walk with me through the hours
And chide me when we pass the flowers
If I do not stop to admire their tints
Or breathe awhile their delicate scents.

You scold me, too, when a bird sings
And I listen instead to my own thoughts
 (Dull, plodding things),
While his music soars by on wings,
 As he does.

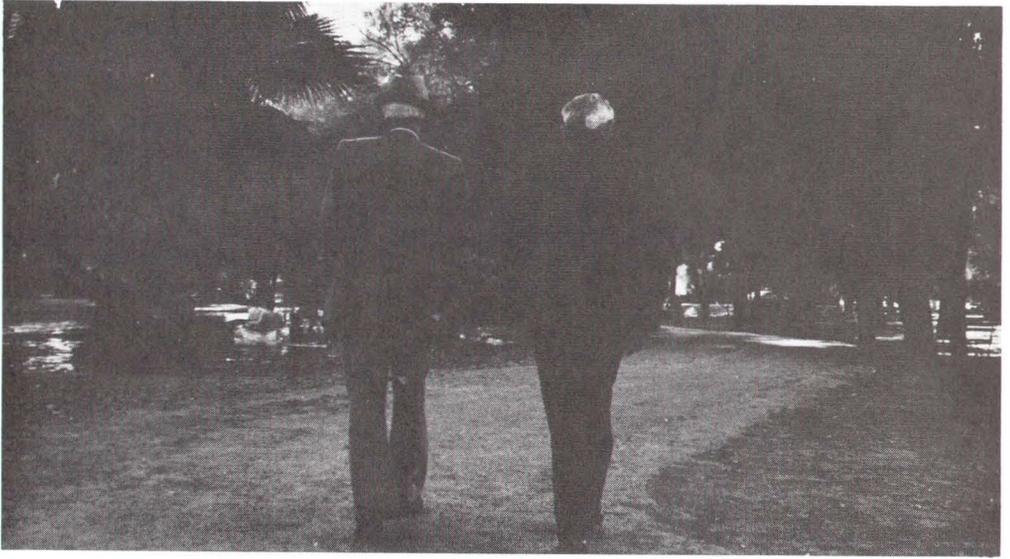
And if I do not fix a lovely cloud in the sky
With an attentive eye,
Why, you positively storm and frown
That I should look not up, but down.

And then there are times
When I'm sure I hear
You whispering softly in my ear
Tales of far-flung adventures
We two might share,
 If I would but dare.

O little round man; with furry brown feet,
I promise you, someday we'll meet
And walk about, your hand in mine.
Someday, someday.

(When I have time.)

Helen Ehrlich



Judi Bieda

Amigos?

Amistad; Que palabra tan bella
que sonido tan hermoso
que cuerpo menos voluptuoso
no baila al compás de ella

Que roca por ser mas dura
no pudiera desmoronarse
tan sólo por ser madura
con sólo poder nombrarse

Amistad yo le llamo
al único sentimiento puro
que muchos dicen, lo amo
y luego se muestran duros

Amigo brinda tu mano
no guardes nunca rencores
no seas tan inhumano
y sé fiel en los amores.

Felix Juarez

Cat

black, white, tiger, gray,
tall, furry, fat.

ball, yarn, string, play,
purr, meow, scat!

Leslie Jenkins

A Lonely Place

To march alone
 When all else dance;
To hear your drummer
 When all else can't.
To feel the discord
 When all else rhyme,
To be off beat
 When all keep time.
To struggle on
 When all seems lost;
To try and try
 Whate'er the cost.
To make it count
 When no one's there;
To do your best
 Because you care.
To be alone
 To wish, to share;
To reach to touch
 And no one's there.
To hear the beat
 To march along,
And at long last —
 To share your song!
To know the joy
 Though brief it be;
To march together
 Just you and me.

Pauline Mounsey

A Rock and a Hard Place

Steve Clayman

As I remember it, my childhood was blissfully happy. I was a carefree lad whose boundless afternoons were spent frolicking gaily among the sterile, landscaped plots of my suburban neighborhood. Countless sweaty games of kickball were played out in those cold asphalt lanes, when we could find a suitable place between oil slicks. I remember looking at the oil slicks after a rain and seeing the splashes of color there, mutilated rainbows, and thinking how pretty they were. I guess we all thought that way then; we always managed to find beauty in decadence.

One day shortly after I turned 17, after a typical dinner with my family in which my younger brother would upset Mom by bringing up the most incredibly gross subjects he could think of, and I would upset Mom by forgetting the salad spoon when I set the table, and Mom would upset Dad by forgetting to put radishes in the salad, and Dad would upset everyone with audible and olfactory manifestations of his digestive difficulties; after all that, we went into the living room to watch the six o'clock news. A man with ironed hair and a jazzy tie came on, and sounding awed with his own voice, announced the major headlines: riot, war, cult murders, corruption, inflation, recession, famine, terrorism, pollution, new carcinogenic substances, and a little lost doggie. That was just during the opening credits, the "For these stories, and more . . ." part. Then came four commercials (three national, one local), a station break, a "technical difficulties — please stand by," and a test of the Emergency Broadcast System, during which we were repeatedly assured that it was only a test. (I always wondered what they would tell us if it were an actual nuclear holocaust — to take out our umbrellas? To take out more insurance, maybe? To pray?) After the Moog synthesizer theme song, which sounded exactly like a spastic rubber band, old ironed-hair came back on and dove right into the tragedies, sounding as awed as ever.

When he moved from international to national calamities, however, he began to slip. It started slowly, with a rapid blinking and a quivering of his lower lip. Then we watched,

amazed, as he burst out laughing, a maniac uncontrollable sort of laughter. It gradually turned into sobbing, great racking sobs, more like coughs, followed by staccato intakes of air, which sounded absurdly like a kitchen sink unclogging itself. Finally three men came on and carried him offstage, and though he kicked and screamed I noticed that, incredibly, he still had every hair in place.

That's when I decided I would get on the ball.

So I became an idealist, and everything I saw after that disgusted me. I no longer absorbed the television news with my eyes blinking and my mouth slightly ajar — the carp effect — I agonized over it. Now when I walked down the street I saw oil slicks, not rainbows.

Everything seemed so precarious. I kept picturing the whole world of man, that precious, pitifully isolated bubble of life as, of all things, a car. Not just any car, but a car zipping down the highway at a speed definitely not in compliance with the federal limit. The terrifying thing was, the person who should be driving is looking the other way. As a matter of fact, everyone is looking the other way. The car is as free and as uncontrollable as a stone flung casually into some chasm; deep, but most certainly not bottomless.

To help get that car under control, I became an activist. Fired with excitement at the chance to save the world, I began activating right and left. I mean, I got involved all over the place.

Amid the screaming, reflected glare of our formica kitchen table, I wrote letters to the President, my Congressman, and the newspaper. Four weeks later the President sent me an autographed five-by-seven glossy portrait and a tourist map of the White House. My Congressman sent me a three-by-five matte-finished portrait and a card with the official state flower, state bird, state flag, state seal, and state method of execution on it, all printed in the official state ink. The newspaper didn't send me anything, but I did get an unsigned letter from a government agency, the name of which I will not mention — although its initials are C.I.A. — asking about my views on the Free World. Word travels fast.

I tried joining citizen's groups and consumer organizations for a different approach. I thought that might bring the kind of action I was looking for. One afternoon I was assigned to take a telephone survey of opinions regarding the effectiveness of the auto emissions control program. After nine consecutive silences followed by "The what program?" I turned in my Nader button.

Desiring something with more immediate effects, I turned to civil disobedience. I became a devoted protest-marcher and sit-inner. My sitting-in was okay, but my marching needed some work. What I lacked in skill; however, I made up for in high-school cheerleading enthusiasm.

Our leader coached me on some of the fine points of protesting, such as emphatic picket-sign waving, forceful slogan-chanting, and expert gas-mask usage. All three at once can be pretty confusing. I thought I had it all down until the day of the actual march. I guess I just got a little confused. When the crucial moment came, I waved the gas mask and clapped the picket sign to my face. It had to be surgically removed, but while I was under they fixed my nose for free.

For all the good I had done thus far, I felt like a gnat trying to take control of that steering wheel, buzzing aimlessly, tracing tenuous paths randomly around its perimeter.

When my sophomore year at State U. rolled around, I saw that drastic measures would be needed. So I stopped eating. With three-fourths of the world starving, it seemed to be the only thing I could do in good conscience.

My parents' reactions were mixed. It was during our traditional morning breakfast that I told them my decision.

"I don't understand, Mark," Mom said, putting down her cereal spoon. Dad remained buried behind the front page.

"I said I've quit eating to save food for the world food shortage," I replied calmly.

"Here, have a bowl of Crunchy-Sugary-Honey-Os." She held the brightly colored box toward me hopefully.

"I said I've stopped eating, Mom."

"But they're new and improved!" she ob-

jected, pointing indignantly at the large, electric blue letters on the front of the box. She was right; they were new and improved, by George.

"It's a matter of principle. There is a world food shortage, you know," I said, looking at her.

"What business is that of yours? Morris, tell him it's none of his business!" Dad rustled the paper in reply and grunted noncommittally.

"I'm sorry, but my mind's made up." I pushed back my chair and got up to leave. They all continued eating. The crunching was deafening; I almost couldn't concentrate on my plans.

Actually, I didn't have any formal plans. I would just stop eating. The decision caused considerable discussion among the group of friends I ate lunch with at the local hamburger joint. They noticed my empty place setting as we sat down, and Howard was the first to speak.

"What's up, Mark, you going on a hunger strike?"

"In a way, yes. I've decided to stop eating to aid the world food shortage."

There was this big, long silence after that. Then Joe cleared his throat and said, "Excuse me, but have you gone completely out of your mind?"

His girlfriend, Joanne, smiled and said, "Oh, come on, Joey, he's only joking." She laughed appreciatively, and then stopped. "Aren't you?"

"I'm serious. You guys go ahead and eat, though. Don't mind me. I'll just watch." I stared at the table expectantly.

Howard had been eating all along, but he stopped long enough to say, "Just what good do you think this is going to do?"

"I don't know. Maybe none at all. It's just something I have to do." I looked at the burger in his right hand. It dripped on the waxed paper. "I just hope you can live with yourself that's all." He took another enormous bite with a flourish, then chewed with gusto to spite me. He was a business major.

The next few weeks were rough. I only drank liquids, figuring that the poor people of the world were dying of hunger, not thirst. Poundage slid off my body like hot fudge off a

sundae. The hunger pains were excruciating; I was content spiritually, though.

One sunny day I passed the hall mirror, and I had to look quite closely before I found myself in the glass. But find myself I did, and was shocked at the picture; I looked like a handful of broken matchsticks. I realized right then and there that the only reason I was unhappy was because of me. The only danger I faced was from myself.

So I got in my car and headed for the hamburger place. About halfway there, I turned around to get something from the back seat. As I did so, I remember thinking that it was a good thing I came to my senses in time, or I might have really been in trouble.

I continued to rummage in the back seat, and my old car zipped down the highway. □

Why Not GREEN for Go?

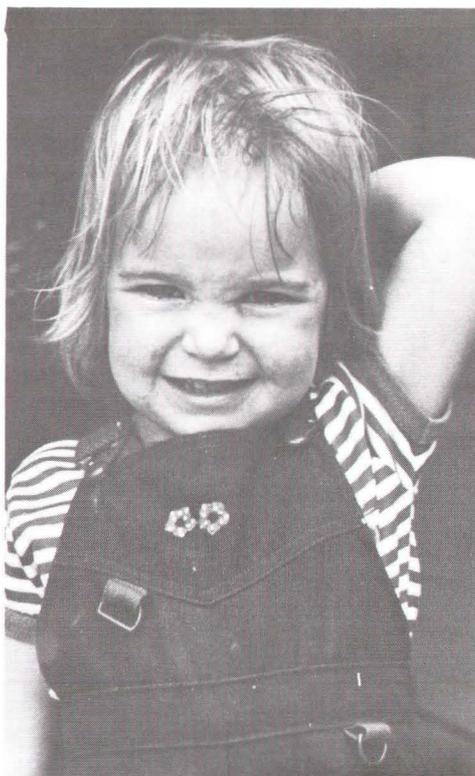
I mailed you a letter this morning.
I put it in the mailbox and
raised the red flag up.
(Why RED for stop —
Why not GREEN for go?)

The calendar says today is
August 18, 1978,
and the clock says it is
9:30 a.m.,
but the date is really
The Year of Our Lord
and the Time is Now.

This is a ponderous
tick tick tick,
this clock whose
hands sweep infinity,
but it is not a clock
I'd wish to stop,
the ride is so much fun.

And besides,
when you get your mail,
the red flag will be down.

Helen Ehrlich



Deborah Jonas

The Answer for Everything

The sky is dark and black
The sea is cold and slow
The trees are dead and brown

The artist is out of paint
The writer is out of ink
The child is out of love

Spring lightens the sea
Until it is warm and blue
And the waves can move fast

Spring lightens the trees
It makes them every color
Of green and makes them grow

God gives the artist paint
God gives the writer ink,
And the child all his love.

Deborah Jonas

The City

The hard cement.
The cold faces
walking by,
as if in a hurry
to get someplace,
nowhere really,
just away
from other glancing eyes.

The trash scattered.
The children tease,
not knowing
the meaning of their words
and the anguish
they cause their "friend"
just to be
one on the winning team.

The traffic moves.
The poor man begs,
without doubt
there's any other way
to live his life,
to earn his bread,
just to beg,
and hope for someone kind.

Debbie Jonas

Mt. Sisyphus Lane

I wish I didn't have to clean my house,
so I could think on grander things,
like the way the stars
swing through the skies
or the way Heaven smiles
in a child's eyes.

But the days of slaves are gone,
and if I don't clean my house,
who is going to do it for me?

And so I go about,
furiously mopping up the place,
mocked by dirt with a satyr's face.

And there are my books,
my beautiful books,
leaning out of their sterile case,
trying to catch my eye
as I rush by,
yearing for me to release their shine.

But house-shine prevails.
My house must be put in order,
even the Bible tells me so,
(and Jesus loves me, this I know).

I beg your pardon? My address?
Just a stone's throw
from you, really —
7734 Mt. Sisyphus Lane —
look me up anytime,
you'll find things much the same.

This is the way I clean my house,
clean my
clean

this is the way

Helen Ehrlich

Just a Thought after Saying Goodbye

You said,
"It's guys like you
That makes me wish
I wasn't leaving."
Perhaps just a passing phrase,
But,
When I wake up in the
Morning
I think of you
and see the sunrise,
and watch the birds
and the flowers
and trees
and bees
and I know that God made
All this beauty for a reason.

Bye girl, Paul is sad.

Paul Maxson

Hello

Hello Lord! What do you do in your
Spare time? How about a coffee break
And listen to some troubles of mine.
I promise not to keep you, Lord, just
A minute or two; you surely have so
Many things that you have yet to do.
So, c'mon, Lord and take a break; maybe
I too can help to lessen your own
Tremendous ache.
Hope that you can hear me, Lord; my
Voice is moderately small, so leave
A sign to let me know if you have
Heard at all.
If you are much too busy, Lord, I
Won't mind to wait. Just please try
To remember me next time you need
A break!

Joan Rice

Fields of Time

Do you ever run away in your mind?
Let your thoughts drift through space and time?
You can go anywhere or do anything
Be who you want, even a king.

Somedays I run through fields of time
Remembering silly rhymes,
And nights as sweet as cherry wine,
I held you close, were you mine?

There'll come a day when I won't dream
I'll run for real! in that far field,
I'll twirl and dance and sing and shout,
Will you be there when I get out?

Brenda Bailey

College is can withn't "T"
The matchless wonder of smoke.

Darn my soul damn it.

Untie you Do Knot
Amazmatize, Wisdomwize.

The afterwhat rebuttle
Beforewhich remained an apple entire,
a pizza without cheese.

Wayne Bruno



Carl Smith

West Fork

Liquid silver
swirling around
granite gems that
lie mosaic on
the sandy floor.

Dancing around
mossy trunks
that challenge the
surging currents.

Coppery glints from
backs of quick darting
trout-dashing
under smooth
sandstone ledges.

Bright bits like
diamond chips
bounce off rushing rapids
up towards
the autumn sky.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

Death's Reprieve

With my undiagnosed illness
I sit in the stillness
Of my Doctor's waiting room.
There are germs all around me
(Hypochondriacs surround me!)
As I anticipate my final doom.
For what seems like hours
I think of the flowers
That will decorate my burial tomb.
Then finally it's my turn
To see the doctor and I learn
Exactly what malady I hold.
It seems that my wheezing,
Coughing, aching and sneezing
Is only a common cold.

Flo Antinoro

Timeless canyon . . .
tell me a story
about the years you've worn.

. . . the gritty winds that have
swept your soul,
digging deep within.

. . . the rhythmic waves
of ancient seas that have
battered your sandy shores.

. . . the golden stretches
of drifting dunes that have
rippled across your face.

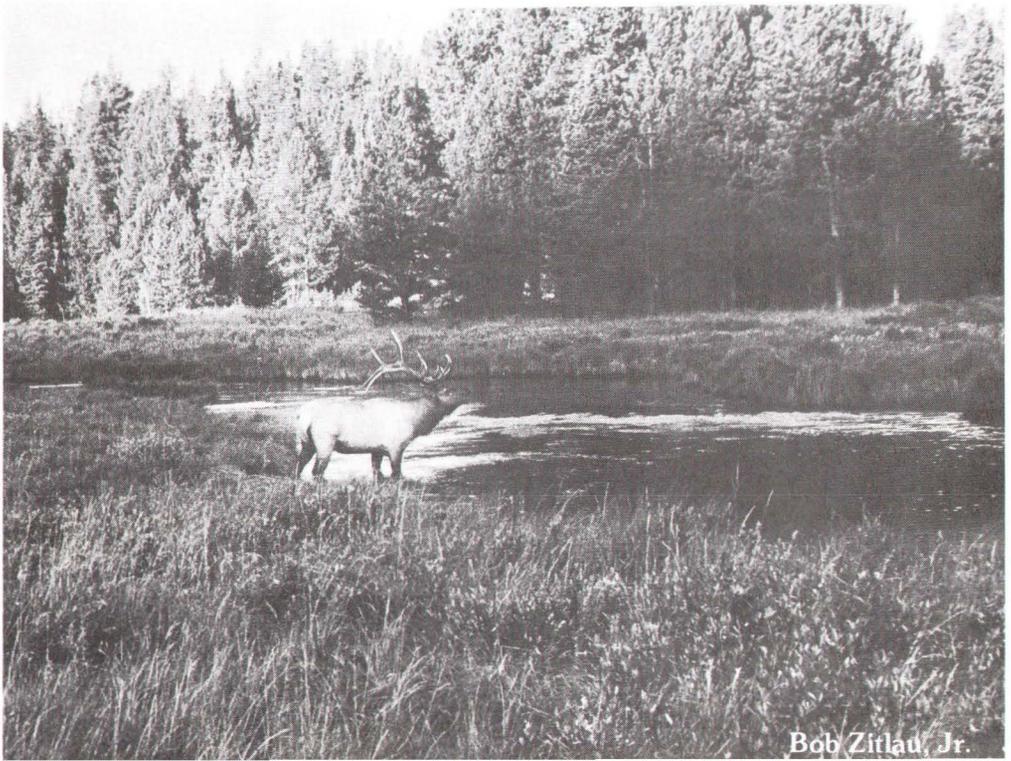
Tell me about
the rains that came,
tell me of their fury
as they pounded down
into your narrow hallways
of stone.

Tell me about all these . . .
the secrets of your past
that make you what I see,
timeless canyon.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

Broken homes,
Growing brush
covering the streets
once covered by feet.
Feet walking,
And climbing
the stone covered steps
carrying the gold.
The gold rock,
Town's treasure
it built Jerome
and others like it.
Towns that lived
Till empty
then faded away
leaving memories.

Debbie Jonas



Bob Zitelau, Jr.

Bryce

Fiery colors
radiate from
pinnacles
that wind into
a canyon of
sunlit colors.

Eerie shapes
twisted by
ancient winds
and rivers of rain.

Wandering trails
weave across
timbered slopes
and create a
delicate needlework
of color.

Sun rays
pierce the sheer
ridges
seeking discovery
of the cool shadows
hiding at the bottom.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

Full Circle

On our first date
you brought me roses

When we became friends
you gave me daisies.

One very special day - in the woods
you picked wild violets for me.

Now sometimes
you send roses.

Alice Wilkins

Alone

Self by self he lives each day
Amid life's struggle to survive.
He walks alone among the throng
And speaks to no one but himself.
He does not stop to feel the air,
Nor look around at who is there.

He's built a wall around his world,
And wants to share it with himself.
It's fear that makes this man so brave
That he can by himself remain,
To touch no other, speak to none,
And share no feelings, give no love.

He's seen too much, he'll say to you
If you can urge him once to speak.
But do not try to touch his sleeve
Or give him comfort when he's down.
For he may think you like the rest,
Expecting something in return.

He cannot bring himself to ask
For favors, love, a tear to shed.
He's much too proud to owe a debt,
And would not offer on his own
To give what he has not to lend,
Nor want to share what he has left.

He's made his world a safe fortress
Where he can hide himself away.
It's cold and lonely, but he reasons
He can provide all he may need.
And when his day on earth is done,
He'll owe no man, no man need weep.

If he was half the man he thought,
He'd look anew upon each day.
He'd take the goodness with the bad.
He'd share a smile, a thought, a frown,
And know that we are all the same —
Each needing what the other gives.

Man was not meant to build such walls,
To hide his feelings deep inside.
He must be willing, wanting, needing,
To share himself, his heart, his love.
For then he'll walk no more alone.
He'll own what he could never buy.

Sherry Murphy

Enchantress

Your pale blond body excites me.
I long to touch and caress you,
but that might break this mystical spell.

The dark blue velvet around you
only seems to make you shine more,
to give you warmth.

The pull you have on me
makes me yearn to hold you
and give my love to you.

But that would be foolish,
for you are the moon
enchantress for centuries
and I only mortal.

Nancey Mercer

Lover of the Morning

The alarm's gone off
Dawn touches the corners of my room
He slips thru the doorway
Quiet, stealthy, sure.

Every muscle ripples in strength
Certain of his every move
I yawn and roll over
Feigning sleep — just to see.

He slips across my bed
Touching my ankle, then knee
In silent greeting
He slides across my body — facing me.

Except for the love so clear in his eyes
His body is tense with joy
He pats me on the nose and
At last, asks the question . . .

Meow?

Alice Wilkins

A Shadow of Myself

I dreamed a song the other day,
It slipped my mind and flew away
And no one will hear its flying notes.
I saw a song far overhead,
It wasn't mine and yet it led
Me far from here.

A shadow of myself has disappeared,
Has flown to a place of nowhere near;
I've lost the song that led to Forever,
I follow a new song with a tear.

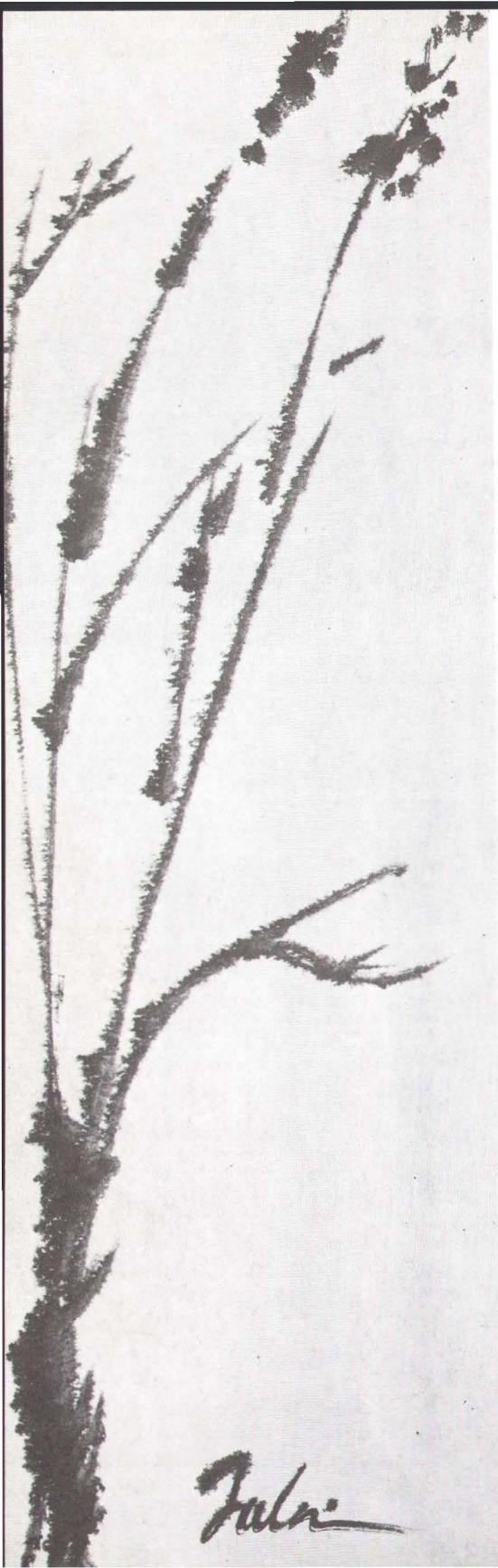
I thought a tale the other day,
But it ran off the other way
And no one will read its running words.
I found a story on the floor,
It wasn't mine but let me soar
Far worlds from here.

A shadow of myself has disappeared,
Has flown to a place of nowhere near;
I've lost the song that led to Forever,
I follow a new song with a tear.

I knew Shareen the other day,
But she was free and went away
And never will she return again.
I thought I saw her over there,
Was someone else with ebon hair,
Not she I knew.

A shadow of myself has disappeared,
Has flown to a place of nowhere near;
I've lost the song that led to Forever,
I follow a new song with a tear.

Susan Landerman



Snowflakes and Daffodils

Snowflakes
fall softly,
where long,
green grass
and gentle,
laughing streams
did flow.

Slowly,
oh so slowly,
the drifting,
soft, white snow
vanishes
and sunny daffodils
peek out.

Soon
they too
whisper good-bye
and everything
becomes juicy,
rosy,
and ripe.

So ripe
it soon
fades away.
Leaves of
red, yellow,
orange, and brown
flutter softly to the ground.

Silently,
the feathery,
white snowflakes
reign once more
until
the daffodils
peek out.

Lesley Jenkins

Julia

Catharsis

Kohanna Miller

I was eight years old — a skinny, scabby-kneed little twig of a girl, with a Shirley-Temple head of sandy curls and large hazel eyes that overwhelmed my thin face. I spoke with a lisp, and there was a gap in my smile where my left front tooth had not yet come in. I loved climbing the big mimosa tree in our front yard, and doing cartwheels and headstands and somersaults, and playing with my orange and white-striped cat. But most of all, I loved my father.

Every evening when he returned from his law office in the city, I would run to greet him as he strode up the sidewalk, tall and slender and handsome in his pin-striped suit and gray homburg. I would hurl myself into his arms and give him an eager hug and a loud kiss on the cheek as I inhaled the familiar sweetness of his tobacco-and-Yardley cologne scent. He would always groan and make some joke about how heavy I was getting, and then would put me down gently so that I could carry his pigskin briefcase, swinging it jauntily as I skipped along.

Before dinner, he always changed into his favorite slacks and plaid flannel shirt and settled into his big green easy chair to read the evening paper and relax with a cigarette. As soon as I had set the table I would join him, perching on the arm of his chair, trying unsuccessfully not to fidget, while he finished what he was reading. At last he would turn to the comics section and, starting with Li'l Abner, would read all my favorites to me. He created a different voice to characterize each personality, from the lazy drawls of Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae to the clipped Brooklyn accent of Dick Tracy, bringing the characters in the little squares to life.

At night, scrubbed and combed and smelling of toothpaste and Sweetheart soap, I would climb into his lap and snuggle blissfully. With my head resting on his chest, I would listen to the strong, comforting thump of his heartbeat, feeling the warmth of his body through the softness of his shirt and watching the thin white strand of smoke rise like a magic Hindu rope from the cigarette in his hand. Eventually my mother would come to collect me, and I would put my arms around his neck, kiss him goodnight, and nuzzle him one last time before I took her hand and was led off to bed.

He was killed that spring in a grinding automobile accident, and the suddenness of his death was too much for my stunned young mind to comprehend. Numb with disbelief, my heart became a cold stone in my chest, and I could not grieve. All through the funeral I was silent as a shadow, a mechanical doll with huge, vacant, tearless eyes.

For days after that I stayed in my room as much as possible, listening to records, coloring, playing with my cat — unconsciously avoiding the desolation on the other side of the bedroom door.

Then, one afternoon almost a week after the funeral, I had just finished coloring a picture and was looking all over my room for my blunt-nosed scissors. Unable to find them, I remembered the scissors that my mother kept in her sewing basket in her room. I would have called her to bring them to me, but I could hear the muted roar of the vacuum in the distance, and I knew that she wouldn't hear me. So I ventured from my room down the narrow hall to her bedroom.

The door was open just a crack, and as I pushed it wide, my eyes were inexorably drawn to a large, silver-framed photograph of my father which rested on Mother's dresser. He was sitting behind his big desk at his office, under a backdrop of certificates and diplomas, and he was looking right at me, smiling that wonderful smile of his — as if he had been expecting me. I could smell his tobacco-and-cologne scent, and his presence enveloped me like a tender embrace.

I took the picture from the dresser and put it in my lap as I sank down on the edge of the bed, my eyes brimming. All at once a flood of hot tears streamed down my cheeks, plopping onto the glass-covered photo as the anguish and outrage that had been welling up inside me pushed up into my throat. Great tortured sobs racked my thin body again and again. After what seemed like an eternity, the turmoil within me slowly subsided.

Sometime during my catharsis, Mother came to me, and as my torrent of tears abated I became aware of her sitting next to me on the bed, her arm encircling my shoulders. I look-

ed up into her face, and saw in her eyes and her tender smile the relief she felt for me. Her gentle words of consolation and encouragement soothed my aching heart, and her sweet softness was a balm to my exhausted spirit. Having accepted at last the painful reality of my father's death, I drifted off to sleep in her arms. □

The Quest

In my solitude —
searching to know who I was,
There could be seen a mask
of falseness and pretense.

Hesitantly probing —
deep; deeper.
Pain gushes forth —
The knife of detection has nicked
the artery to my soul.

Fear rules, Withdrawal becomes
a temporary bandage.
Attempting to pry again — slowly, gently.
Courage or moron simplicity?

Mesmerized
the pain numbs my mind
Can I ever run away again?
from the worst within?
Or ever know the best?
Being what I SHOULD be —
not what I COULD be?

Festering wounds uncovered —
to air, light, sun and self.
The bandage of pretense —
no longer necessary.

The cleansing wave of knowledge —
what I was
 what I am
 what I could be.

My humanness —
leaves me humble.

Helen Baldwin

Song of the Ending

Dreaming ruins and ruined dreams;
Stone spires crumbling from the sky
To fall from other times and days,
And tumble to the future-lair
Of regretful dreams who cannot fly.

Circling songs and singing circles;
Amber callers raise one voice
Past sky and black between the worlds,
And wonder what it would be like
If they had flown up to take a choice.

Dreams and songs to hail Azure,
Turned to grey in memories past;
And the dark to new horizons,
Each world claiming to be last.

Winging silent and silent wings;
The only sounds are those of Night
For all is stilled in Death but one,
The Ruiner of the Azure Kingdom —
And none are left in gold to take flight.

Dreams and songs to hail Azure,
Clear blue memory of the past;
Soon there will be no new horizons —
What world will finally be the last?

Susan Landerman

Housewife's Summer Lament # 1

I could really enjoy
my summer vacation
if it weren't for wall-to-wall kids
for three month's duration.

Flo Antinoro

Loneliness

Loneliness falls like raindrops
On the petals of happiness
And closes the blossom with sadness.

Loneliness hovers like clouds
Above the mountains of inner sunshine
And darkens the peaks with sadness.

Loneliness drifts like fog
Across the forests of hope
And blurs the picture with sadness.

Loneliness strikes like lightning
Into the shroud of serenity
And pierces the curtain with sadness.

And loneliness blankets like snow
Upon the river of love
Freezing the streams with sadness.

But loneliness passes like the wind
Through the field of sadness
And the wilted blossom is nourished into
 a beautiful rose
Which explodes into colorful splendor
And warms the garden with its radiance.

Julie Martin

Othello: A Jumping-Rope Chant

Three lovely bodies on a great big bed
Everyone of them quite quite dead
While Uncle Gratiano is money ahead

Cry Desdemona cry out in your sleep
Iago has Othello and his soul will keep

Pretty Michael Cassio rocking in his chair
The magic napkin in his golden hair
Good honest Iago put it there

Cry out Emilia in your sleep
Your husband's gone acourtin' for
 his soul to keep

The crown and cloth round our
 hearts are curled
Armies stand ready with their flags unfurled
It's Cyprus today but tomorrow the world

Cry our Citizens if your souls you'd keep
Iago will get you if you go to sleep

Helen Ehrlich



Wallace Stevens — Roll Over

The bum hugged his guitar.
He was a man of sorts. The day was smoke.

You spent your life hiding behind
that cracked old guitar.

You never could face up to your
problems as they are.

How sad — people can grow old,
but never grow up.

When I see you doing whatever
it is you say you do

All I want to do is throw up.

Your reply that the world has more
than one drum beat

And the way that you march when you heed it
Leaves my eyes dry, I don't even sigh

When you beg for a crumb 'cause "you need it."

You grope through life without any spark,
you're less than a burned out comet.

In the species of man, you're a parasite,
As welcome as a pile of vomit.

You sit and cry "But play I must,
I do my thing, to me it's just
Because I don't like things as they are
That's why I crawl into my old guitar."

The bum then yelled:

"Hold it right there, great crusader —
it's my turn to speak.

Now let me ask, just who is right

In this cockamamie world

Some fag waving a lace hanky

Or those heroes on crutches with their
banners unfurled."

I may strum a tune beyond me, yet myself —
But I'm not alone way up on a shelf.

The contempt for me that you
class as "UTTER"

Excites me as much as when I spit in the gutter.

Ah, those of us who live this way
Do you think us the "poor huddled masses?"
Well, we love to do daily battle with the
like of you self-appointed,
godlike smart asses.

I'll continue to stroll my wandering path,
Just as happy as a lark,
I'm not here to impress you or anyone else
I don't whistle 'cause I'm scared of the dark.

Because I don't like the status quo,
For you, dummy, that's the
goddam way things are
Just call this a simple symphony
On my broken down guitar."

Hal Kaplan

The Poet's Words

Where do the words come from
that flow from the poet's pen?
Words that speak of forgotten love
and sad farewells to friends.

Where do the words come from
unbidden in the night?
Words that speak of baby smiles
and seaguls high in flight.

Where do the words come from
that reveal the inner self?
Words that speak of tenderness
and hearts upon the shelf.

Where do the words come from
joyful yet incomplete?
Words that speak of bleeding wounds
and victory so bittersweet.

Where do the words come from
that flow from the poet's mind?
Words that speak of falling tears
and lonely helpless years.

Mike Maulfair

Tumblers

I went to quiet my roaring city rhythms
Down to peaceful small town speeds
Where the only sidewalk litter is
Golden leaves or clean melting snow.

He was the one thing that didn't feel just perfect
To me. I waved everyday,
He sat on his shaded porch swinging
And, like a city dweller, he never waved back.

Tumblers was the nickname the town
gave him. I thought
After the tall glass always
In the same hand, forever full,
Filled with dark and autumn amber deep
A drink of bitter into sweet, sweet sleep.

He died and only we two came to pray over his
New ground, Miss Maybelle and I.
"Couldn't abeen called a real good man,"
My landlady said, "but didn't live
drunk and alone

Afore he lost all of those rare pretty pigeons.
They was his hobby after
Day's work was over. He kept their cages
Real clean. Folks came from far away

Wanting to see that special breed of bird fly up,
Up just so high. Then they'd fold
Their wings, dive, roll over and over,
Falling 'til inches from the ground when
Something inside said to fly up again."

"What happened," I said to her,
"He didn't have birds
Anymore." It seemed awkward to
Think he'd ever left that porch to work
With people, to take care of birds.

"Some friends celebrated his retirement,"
she said,
"Shared booze with his live hobby.
Funny. Seemed funny watching
drunken pigeons
Walk and fly and drink and fall all crookedy

'Til the first lost its inner direction and crashed.
Couldn't fly up that last second.
He couldn't save none. Not one.
Tumblers, them birds was called. He
Weren't never the same after that party."

Small town rhythms, roaring city speeds,
each tumblers
Filled dark and autumn amber deep
A brief drink of bittersweet
If heart and mind fly up from sleep.

Geraldean Benninger

Morning Glory

The celebration of my soul
is the joy of the sun's return
every morning.
No matter that the day before
I was irritable
and scornful of his warmth and love,
or that he, cross with me,
hid in a sulk of gray clouds.

We retreat each night
into our own privacy
to gather our thoughts
fold them, and store them neatly.
Then wait eagerly for the dawn
to bring our next meeting.

And when the sun's first rays wake me
I stretch and ready myself
for another day with the
greens and blues of myself.
For I am nature and the sun
my constant companion.

Nancey Mercer

Song of Patchy

Leaves of green
Have golden sheen
From sun and time together;
A patchwork cat
Sits furry-fat,
In chilly autumn weather.

The green eyes blink
And seem to wink
In knowledge of his coming.
But does she know
She soon must go,
And tell with purring humming?

Until he comes again;
He always was my friend.
And now that he who left returns,
Our times, Patchy, must end.

A breeze is blowing
And sun is glowing
As day begins to end.
And like that day
She'll go her way;
I'll lose a feline friend.

A touch of fur
Can reassure
Me of the love I seek;
The trees all crowned
With green and brown
Proclaim the passing weeks . . .

Until he comes again;
He always was my friend.
And now that he who left returns,
Our times, Patchy, must end.

Susan Landerman

Close Your Eyes

Close your eyes little one
and dream tonight,
of candy bars
and the seabird's flight

Close your eyes little one
and set your spirit free
to dance in the sun
and live in the sea

Close your eyes little one
and think not of tomorrow
but drift to a land
where there is no sorrow

Close your eyes little one
and fly free today
thinking of smiles
and Christmas Day

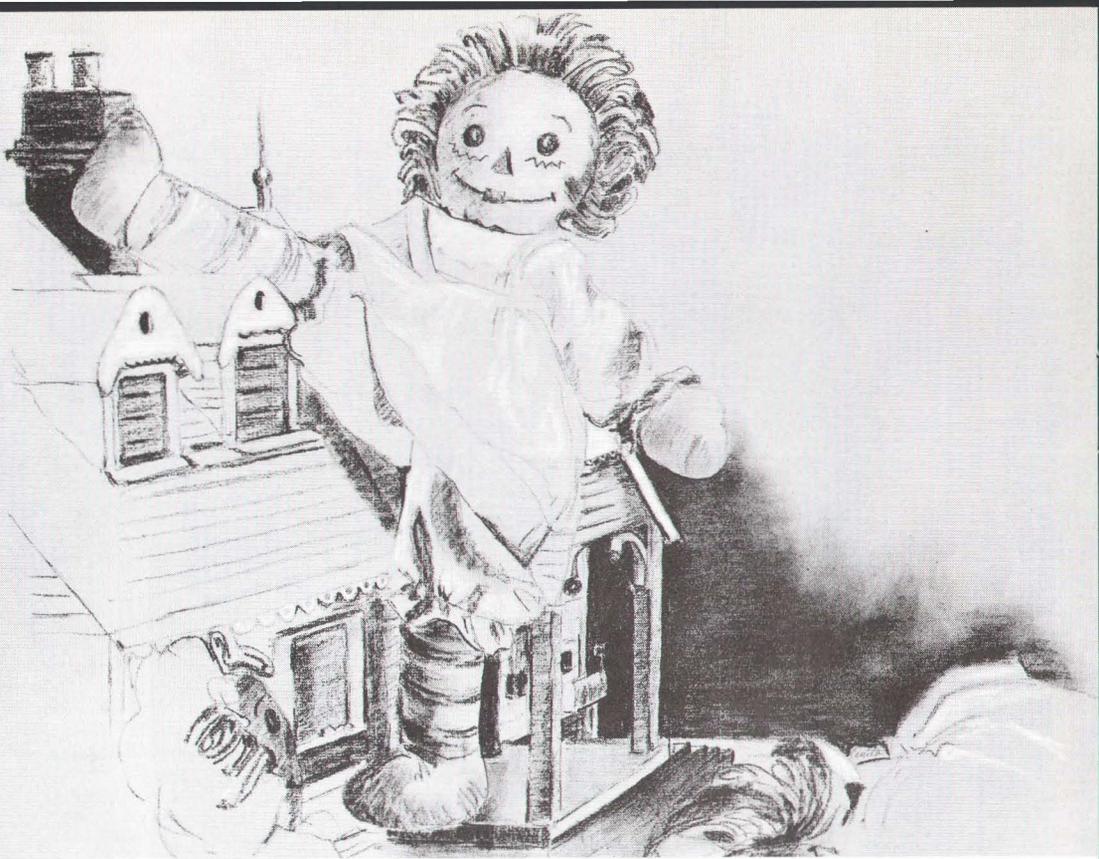
Close your eyes little one
and look up above
to see life's greatest pleasures
and soar in its love

Michael D. Maulfair

Pattern

The wind doth blow and fast she blends
The seeds of weed and flower, creating
Patterns of the earth upon each virgin
Tower. She does not linger on her way,
To choose one favorite place, her care-
free flow of devilish travel she does
With utmost grace. She looks not back
Upon the land, nor doth she even care
For silently she'll fade away as though
She was not there. Come again she surely
Will and then repeat her game, then '
Laughingly go on her way o'er the mountains
And o'er plains.

Joan Rice



Anita Steele

I packed away my toys today,
a kiss to each I gave myself away.

“It isn’t nice or ladylike for
grownup girls to ride a bike”

I washed my hands and came inside,
and beyond the glass, my world passed by.

I wore a dress and curled my hair,
I sat up straight and tried to care.

I’m supposed to be all grown today,
and speak and act like an adult
they say.

“Give up all your childish ways,
open your books you’ll be quite amazed”

I looked in on my toys today,
a tear stained bear and games I’ve
played:
a kiss to each, nothing does last,
my toys I found are a thing of
the past.

Lisa G. Williams

Seal Beach

Rainbow sails
drift across white lined ridges
weaving in and out . . .
slashing the hazy sky.

Eager waves
race
toward shore . . .
then pull
away
laughing
in dissolving foam.

The sands dry up
in an effort to
tag the waves
and in a final farewell
sprinkle silver dust
upon their face.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

Mother E.

A noble old lady encrusted with years
crying dark tears
sits alone tonight,
still and calm in purple robes
of kings (and queens!)
and a mantelet of forest green.
Though her skin is cracked
(with age), she is beautiful
because her bones are still good.
Her eyes are soft . . .
bewildered and kind.

She took a naked land
and clothed it richly in
the soft earth hues:
blue satin (smooth as glass),
bittersweet and fine green velvets,
batistes of marigold, ice blue,
(and lavender!), deep purple,
rich brown velveteens, green brocades,
ivory lace, and a rainbow of
homespun, linen, and chambray.

Now she sits alone,
old, useless,
worn beyond time.
She will sleep deeply
and dream . . .
of wearing diamonds to your breakfast table,
and robes of iridescent silk
(lovely)
but you will pull the blinds
(how bright the sun is!)
and shut her out with your trifles,
leaving her alone,
musing . . .

"Loneliness is light,
light blue,
(lighter than the sky)
pale as the blossomed morning glory
that gently fades and dies . . .
a flower no one picks
a story no one tells
a path that no one walks
a sheep that's ne'er been belled . . .
blue as a shasta daisy
newly-sprung in June,
pale as the bluest raindrop,
a sailing lost balloon . . .
a leaf looking for a tree
a star that needs the sky
the house that isn't home
the bow that isn't tied.

Loneliness is useless,
shunned, scorned,
defiled, disgraced,
unwanted, unloved
(such an apathetic human race)"
Loneliness, a silent tear.

Breakfast over
we are told
HANDLE WITH CARE
(nobody is there),
but she is
(and nobody cares)
nobody dares because
they see themselves
but they don't see the tears.

A noble old lady encrusted with years
Sheds silent tears.

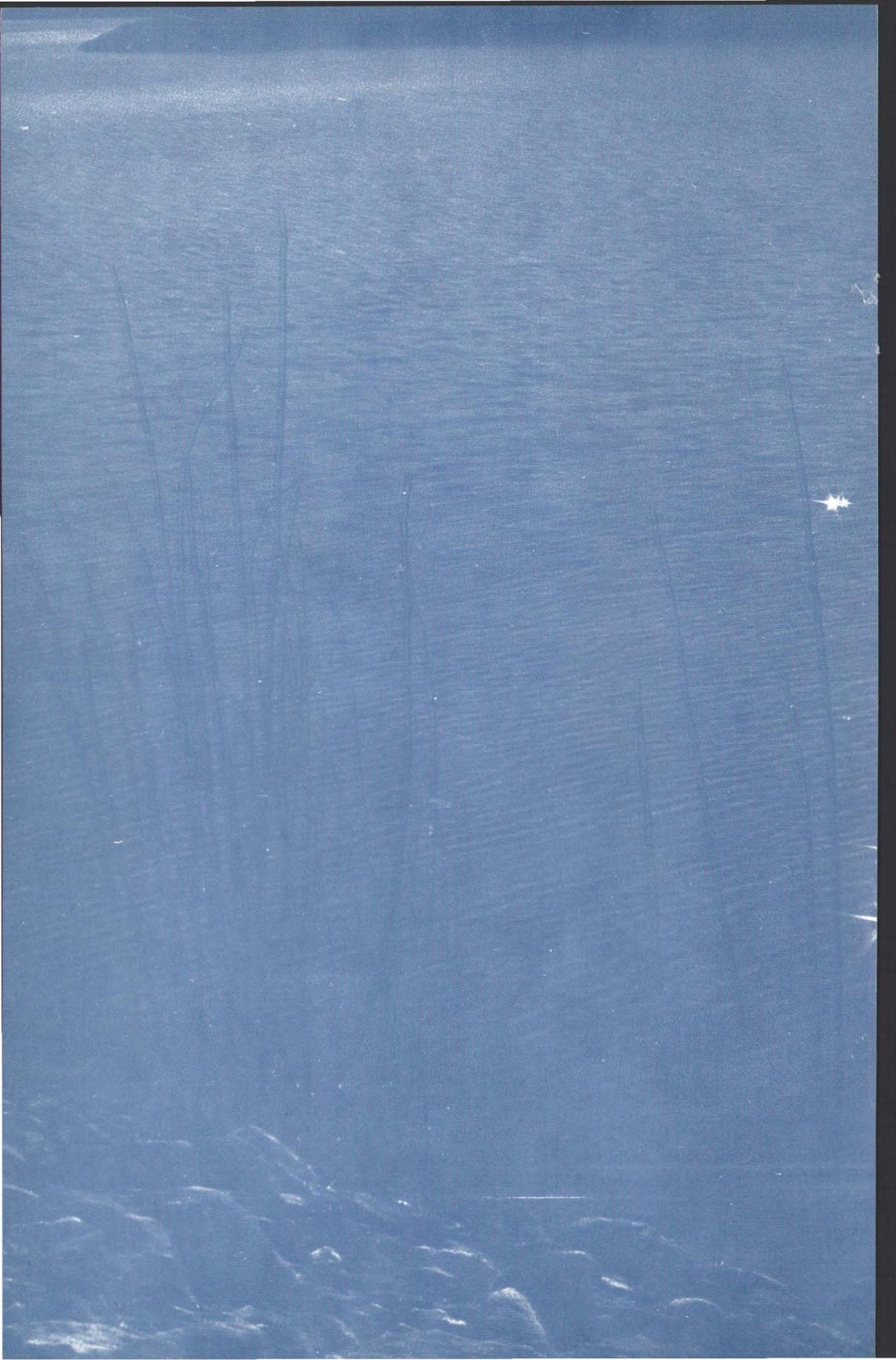
Lesley Jenkins

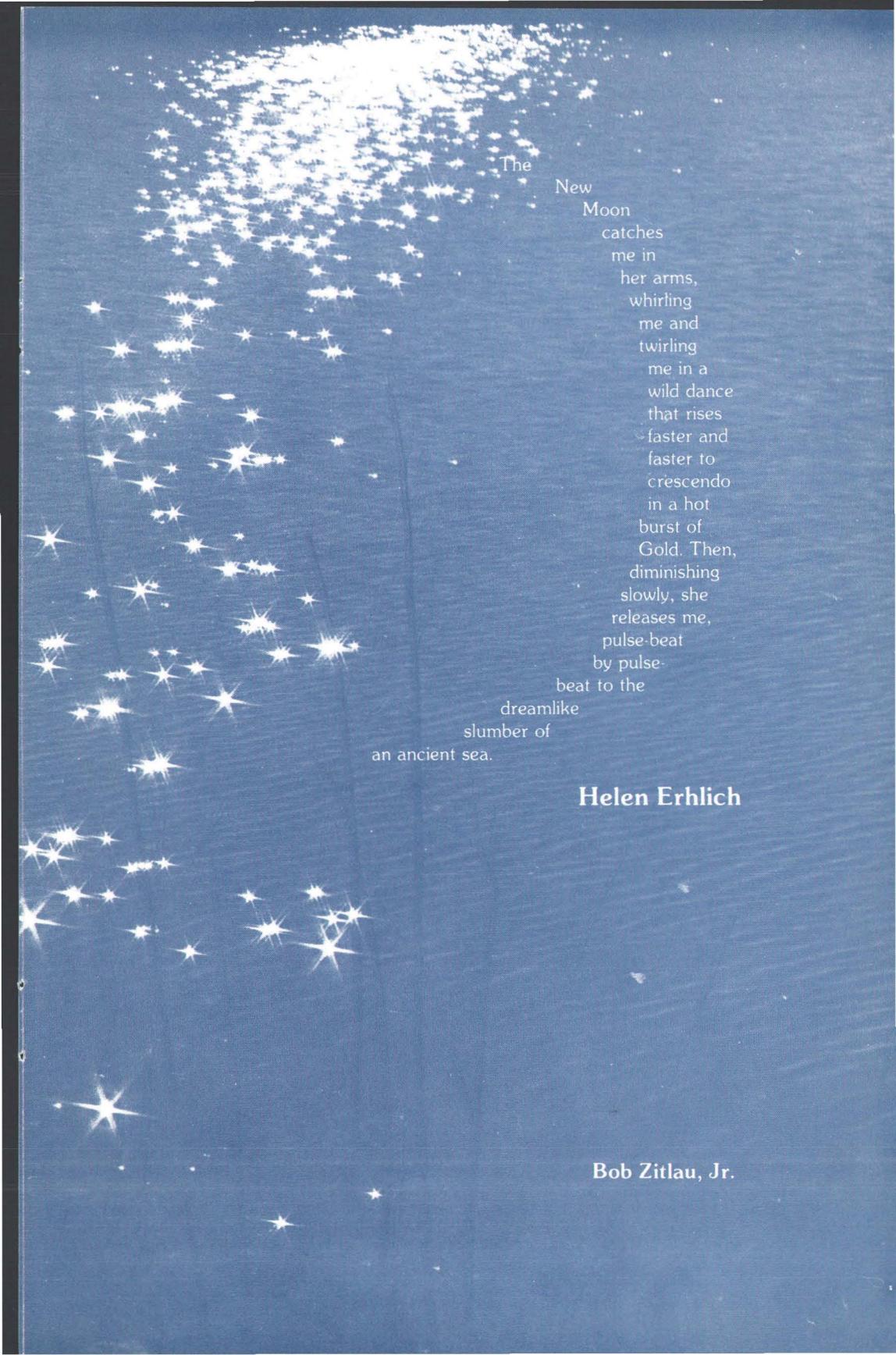
Tears

Slamming doors
Peals of laughter
Angry shouts
No time to think —
Tears.

A lonely room
A rocking chair
A window pane
Time to think —
Tears.

Helen Ehrlich





The
New
Moon
catches
me in
her arms,
whirling
me and
twirling
me in a
wild dance
that rises
faster and
faster to
crescendo
in a hot
burst of
Gold. Then,
diminishing
slowly, she
releases me,
pulse-beat
by pulse-
beat to the
dreamlike
slumber of
an ancient sea.

Helen Erlich

Bob Zitlau, Jr.



Carl Smith

Sea

The sea pulls back from the shore
as from a lover's arms.
Not quite ready to accept
this lover full time.
Skittish and coy,
running back time and again
to embrace the warm sand,
then retreating to the privacy of herself.
Knowing that should she rest too long
on the shoulders of the shore,
her love would try to hold her forever,
and even love must be free.

Nancey Mercer

Smile

He came and shared my life one day
and stayed for just awhile
We talked and laughed and played around
and then we shared a smile.

A smile is just a little thing
so simple, free to give
But it makes life so easy
it makes you want to live.

We touched our fingers lightly
as tho that we might burn
Then we held each other tightly
we had so much to learn.

And learn we did a life that day
of pleasures great and small
It started with a smile you see
a little thing, that's all.

Brenda Bailey

Alone on the Mountain

In the surrounding darkness,
I stand solitarily.
Enveloped in a periphery of gray.
Dressed all in black,
awaiting the lurking doom.

The clouds left far behind,
are part of me, distant though they may be.
The floating ships of silver and purple
were never substantially real.

In the bleakness of the endless tunnel,
I close my eyes and I close my heart,
leaving me feeling cold to the marrow,
and I feel like a wounded sparrow.

With the horizon — in the west,
my mind reaches out to distant corners.
The brightness of yellow images,
in my mind,
make me smile, then — laugh outloud.

Once I reached out for something golden
in the darkness.
But my hand came back empty . . .

Brenda Hammond

Visions

Visions are the thoughts of my soul
skipping lightly through my mind,
dancing among my steadily marching thoughts.

I try to separate them
but the visions are elusive,
granting me only a glimpse
of things that have been or could be.

Could I but hold a vision
I would know the truth.

Nancey Mercer

On Being Lost In A Cloud Patch

The billowy, willowy cumulous
Surrounds me like a shroud,
Forbidding and yet welcoming,
And daring me to think out loud.
It tugs most gently at my sleeve,
And asks me where I'm bound.
It speaks of lands where clouds can go,
Where fantasies and dreams are found.

I'm lost, I say, and with a grin
The cumulous still beckons me
To leave my cares and worries here
And take a journey 'cross the sea—
Forget where I have been before
And what I've left behind.
Think only of my hopes and dreams,
Let fantasies invade my mind.

Now stop, I say to cumulous,
I'm lost and nothing more.
I must come back to earth again,
Please bring my feet down on the shore.
I'm homeward bound, so do not tempt.
Don't lure me with your tale
Of dreams that never will come true.
Dream worlds are much too frail.

The cumulous smiles down at me,
And whispers soft and slow,
You're laible to be sorry, child,
You did not say you'd go.
You'll never know what you have missed,
And with a sidelong glance,
I smile and whisper just as soft,
Dear cumulous, I'll take that chance.

Now I'm no longer lost, you see;
My path is firm and straight.
I've left the cloud patch far behind
To drift and dissipate.
I still have dreams and fantasies,
But I'll not be enticed
Into a Pollyanna world
Where truth is sacrificed.

Sherry Murphy

Matty

M. J. Green

Matty staggered and then swayed as he pointed his feet in the direction of his favorite sycamore tree, its broad leaves spreading an indolent pattern of shade over the cool, inviting grass in Stengle Park.

Although he had just left Casey's Pub, the coolness of the cave-like atmosphere he enjoyed all morning was quickly dissipating. The noon-day heat, moist and heavy, caused beads of sweat to form rivulets on his wrinkled brow and course down his sunken cheeks. His tattered shirt, which showed signs of attempted mending at one time, clung to his frail frame.

"Just a lil' bit further now," he muttered to himself as he rolled the morning paper tightly under his arm. "Jus' a lil' bit further."

The cries and squeals of children at play on swings and see-saws filled his ears as he approached the familiar park with its graceful elms and emerald green lawns sprinkled with benches.

He nodded his head and uttered a perfunctory greeting to Jake, one of his contemporary friends who was seated on a nearby bench busily reading a paperback. Jake, annoyed by the slight disturbance, hunched his back and shoulders into a shell to form a barrier against intruders. "Hello," he grunted, keeping his eyes on the book.

"Wasn't going to stop anyhow, I know he likesta' read. Can't think why he likes those westerns."

The fluttering leaves of the old sycamore tree whispered a silent greeting to an old familiar companion. Matty stopped. Slowly he eased down on the grass and began his everyday ritual of bunching up the morning paper, stretching out lengthwise, then resting his head on the bunched paper.

Watching the shimmering leaves above him made him drowsy and his eyelids, heavily laden with weariness, dropped. Soon he was drawn into the familiar depths of sleep which took away the pain of everyday living, of being alone, of being worthless.

Suddenly Matty started — a deep piercing pain vibrated in his leg. "Boze Moiya . . ." bubbled to the surface of his throat. Instinct told him to move his body, but a great weight press-

ed him down. Quickly it began to squirm and lift, and he found himself staring into the wide, bewildered eyes of Sonny, the tow-headed, freckled-faced boy who lived in the brownstone, three-decker tenement down the street. The new speedster he was trying out lay in a heap beside Matty, the front wheel still spinning.

"I'm sorry I hit ya, but you were in the way," Sonny whined as he pulled the racer right side up.

"What do you mean I was in the way? Been sleepin' and mindin' my own darn business."

"I said I wez sorry. I didn't do it on purpose."

"You younguns don't have respect for no one. No sir, you hoodlums just go where you please and do what you want," Matty snorted.

"Oh yeah? Well, my mum says you're nothing but an ole drunk."

"Now see here," Matty growled, "you just git out of here or I'll call the police."

"Well, you just go ahead and see if I care. I didn't do it on purpose, and anyways you don't own the park," Sonny sneered as he started to wheel off.

Quietly, Matty picked up the bunched newspaper and began to meticulously lay and press each piece flat on the grass until the paper became whole again. Then he folded and rolled it up under his arm and began the long, lonely walk home.

Even though his leg was still throbbing, his mind began to wander and digress until he envisioned little Timmy. The pain receded as his thoughts turned to his own son who was so totally different from Sonny. Tim always said, "Good morning, Mr. Popovich," and respected his elders. Why, he even had a paper route when he was this young whippersnapper's age. Pulled his papers in a homemade wagon and saved all his pennies, too. Me and Molly sure did a fine job, Matty thought as a smile radiated over the macerated crevices of his face.

Together they walked along the cracked pavement, Timmy running and skipping to miss the cracks, a breeze lifting the straight, wheat-colored hair out of his eyes. Matty strided along side strong, rock-ribbed, and forcible, gripping

his large metal lunch pail he carried to work that morning. Matty chuckled as he envisioned Timmy pausing to hitch up the pants covering his scrawny, jointed limbs.

After a few minutes, Sonny stopped wheeling and turned to watch the seemingly regal patriarch amble down the street. His eyes narrowed into steel points and a smile curled on his lips as he observed the old man reaching down to rub his leg.

"Haw, serves him right," he chortled. "Gonna call the police, ole man? Well, we'll see," he jeered as he guided his bike to a pair of steps leading down to Mrs. Russo's basement entry. The wheels vibrated and bobbed as he pulled the bike to the bottom of the stairwell and pushed it behind a mass of garbage barrels. When he was sure it was concealed, he proceeded in Matty's wake. Matty's eyes, once like dark piercing lamps, were now fawn-colored with only a flame flickering as they scanned the row of dirty sandstone houses looming over the sidewalk he was now approaching.

As he neared the end of the street, he hobbled onto the porch of a brown frame house as worn and weathered as he. He was home.

Sonny darted into the small alley that separated the deteriorating frame from an adjacent house and slammed the hanging gate behind him. Down the dark alley he crept. Quietly he inched his way along until he reached a first floor window in the structure.

Must be the kitchen, he surmised, as he tugged an old barrel on which to raise himself so he could peek in. His eyes surveyed a small, paper-faded room containing an old wooden table with stacks of yellowed newspapers covering one side. Two stiff chairs, their seats worn down to the wood grain, were tucked in. A solitary light hung above the table, its glass shade laced with cobwebs.

Matty was busy at the stove frying eggs, shoving the brittle shells off to the side where they automatically fell down into a brown makeshift garbage bag. Grease spattered over the black surface of the antiquated gas range, as flames greedily licked the bottom of the pan. Matty shifted it to another burner.

After the colorless liquid turned milky and enveloped the yellow embryos, Matty wiped the egg mucous that clung to his fingers on

the back of his loosely draped pants and slid the eggs onto a cracked plate. Then dragging his injured leg which was starting to swell, he shuffled to the table where he sat the greasy platter on the worn surface. After seating himself, he reached for a plastic bag, unknotted the end and pulled out a slice of bread. He pinched off a grey furry corner, folded the remaining portion in half and began to dip it into the eggs, his gnarled waxen hand trembling, causing the liquid yolk to drip down his shirt. He wiped it off with his handkerchief.

"**W**hew! he's a crazy ole man," Sonny exclaimed as he shook his head. "Nuts, that's what he is. Wait til I tell Mum." He was about to go when he saw Matty get up and reach for a tin box placed on the mantle above the stove. Matty hugged it to his chest until he reached the table where he placed it reverently.

His dark, rapt eyes became transported with emotion as he opened the lid. Sonny wasn't sure what was in the box as the old man changed positions and had his back to him, but it must be valuable, of that he was sure. Why else did he hold the box so close and why did the expression on his face change? Why, that ole man is hoarding money. Maybe enough for that pocket computer I been wanting. Well, we'll see who's so almighty tomorra, ole man. I'm gonna get that box. I know when you sleep in the park and ain't home so it's gonna be real easy.

"Where're you going without your bike, Sonny?" Mrs. Russo, who lived in the same tenement, queried as she swung a broom back and forth on the sidewalk causing clouds of dust to swirl. The sun was just starting to spread its rays over the sleepy city, and Mrs. Russo was trying to get her chores done before the noonday heat arrived.

Sonny shrugged his shoulders and avoided her dark, beady eyes as he mumbled, "Nowhere'n particular, just walkin'."

Mrs. Russo paused to tuck a damp strand of grey hair into the knot she always wore at the nape of her fat-layered neck. Now, he's sure acting strange, going out so early in the morning. "Sonny," she called after him, "want to earn a quarter? All you have to do is move the rubbish outta the basement entry to the sidewalk."

"Naw, I'm too busy right now, don't have time," he called over his shoulder as he broke into a run.

While Sonny hurried, Matty sat perched on his stool at Casey's slowly sipping his usual warm, flat beer, listening to the idle chatter of the millworkers who had just gotten off the 12-8 shift. It was good to hear voices and be amongst people, he thought. As Matty sipped his beer, Sonny reached the old frame house and retraced his steps of the day before, making sure he slipped the rusty bolt on the gate. Wait a minute, he thought, the window's probably locked. I need a brick — a big one. He sat a new-found brick on the window ledge as he elevated himself on the same barrel he used before. When he was sure he was steady and surefooted, he gripped the brick in both hands, slowly moved his arms above his head, sucked in his breath and closed his eyes. He swung.

The glass shattered and fell away from the frame. Sonny winced as the large fragments fell to the ground and reshattered. Silence followed. He waited a few minutes and then reached in and twisted the double lock on the sash. "Yikes," he howled as he grazed his wrist on a jagged piece of glass. Crimson blood oozed from the torn pink flesh. He rubbed his wrist down the thigh of his jeans, the blood turning the fabric a deep purple. Cursing his luck, he pushed up the lower part of the window, poked one foot in, then the other, then dropped his body into the room.

Must and stale grease filled his nostrils as he crept across the floor. His eyes quickly scanned the room until they rested on the box. I'll wrap my jacket around it so that nebbly ole women won't see it. Quickly he wrapped the box, then scrambled for the broken window where he perched before jumping and breaking into a run.

I'll just whistle and take my time, he planned as he reached the tenement. As soon as the coast's clear, I'll sneak down the basement steps.

After he was sure he was alone in the cellar, he opened the box and reached for the money. Why, you somna bitch . . . you bitchen ole man. It ain't money! Nothing but lousy pictures. His fingers balled up and clenched as his face clouded into darkness, anger seeping into



every fiber of his body. "No money at all," he cried as he kicked the box into a corner. That drunken ole man. Well, I'll still fix 'em, he thought. I'll just stash this junk in the rafter. You'll never get it back, ole man, so don't hold your breath.

Mrs. Russo, her florid face and neck glistening with sweat, was dragging the trash laden barrels up the basement steps when Sonny vanked open the heavy garbage streaked door.

"Why, Sonny, you're just in time to help," she exclaimed as she paused to rub a pudgy hand across her damp forehead.

"Yeah, I guess so," he mumbled, focusing his eyes on her dark stockings which were rolled into the shape of donuts encircling her ankles. He reached for a barrel.

"My God, what on earth happen'd to you hand? What've you been doing to hurt yourself," she cried. "Did you do it in the basement?"

"S'nothing, Mrs. Russo. I just scraped it in the park. It's fine. Let's get the stupid barrels out, I've gotta go an' eat lunch."

Several months melted away before Sonny noticed the old man missing from under the shade of the sycamore tree, its broad leaves now turning and falling, spreading a golden blanket on the grass.

Wonder what happened to the ole devil, Sonny thought. Could be he moved or some-

thin'.

Sonny could see Mrs. Russo's heavy body collapsed on the grey stoop leading to their brownstone as she sat airing herself, her head cocked to one side like a giant bird, intent on the sounds around it as he sauntered up the street. Think I'll ask Russo where he is, she's such a nebbly ole woman, I'll bet she knows.

"Hi, Mrs. Russo, how you feeling?"

"Just fine, Sonny, just fine."

"Remember that ole man Maw said was nothin' but a drunk? Slept in the park every day?"

"Yes, I remember him. The poor old man."

"Well, I ain't seen him round so I wez wondering where he went. Do ya know?"

"Yes, he's around, pour soul, picking and prodding through garbage cans everyday."

"What fer?" he asked, puzzled.

"Seems someone broke into his house this past summer and stole some kind of box. He called the police and all, but they never did find out who did it. None of his neighbors seen or heard a thing that day. Seein' he was so hysterical and babbling in broken English and his leg was so badly swollen, they took him to the free clinic. He kept crying for his wife and children, but everybody knows that Molly's been dead for the past five years, and the children are all gone for themselves. Uses a cane now . . . Emily said he keeps saying a boy hit him and that's why he limps."

"You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?"

Heat started to surge within Sonny, bringing a deep flush to his face.

"Naw, I don't," he stammered.

"Sonny, how did you cut your hand that day you helped me move the trash? You never did say."

"I don't remember," he faltered, trying to force back salty tears which sprang to his eyes and stung.

"Sonny, if you did somethin', tell me, I promise to fix it all up if I can . . ."

"Well, if you don't tell my maw. She's so mean since Dad left."

"Sonny . . . if the welfare workers . . . reform school . . ."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I took the box outta his kitchen, but it didn't have money, just a bunch

of ole pictures. Weren't worth a thing so I put it in the rafter. I didn't want the ole man to have them cause he was going to make trouble for me and Maw."

"Why, Sonny, why did you have to do it? Matty always minded his business. Never hurt anybody."

Sonny nervously shifted from one foot to the other, then blurted out the rest of the story.

"I wez trying out my new bike in the park, and I kinda went too fast and ran into him. He wez so mad, he said he wez goin' to call the police. So I got mad and wanted to fix him back. I tried to tell him it was an accident, but he just wouldn't listen."

"Sonny, get the box. We'll take it over to Matty right now. I'll pay him for the window and you work for me."

Together they went to the old house and knocked on the door. No one answered. As they turned to leave, they saw Matty hobbling down the walk, his cane probing in front of him. The hair framing his face was completely ashen, his frail, wasted body weighed heavily on the cane. His soft frosted eyes that usually has a flame flickering appeared to be extinguishing.

Sonny, frightened of retribution, hid behind Mrs. Russo's ample torso, as she greeted Matty.

"Matty, I found your box for you. Sonny took it, but he's real sorry."

"What's that you say," Matty muttered. "Box . . . yes, my box . . . it's gone . . . my pictures are all gone . . . Molly is gone. I have nothing, nothing, nothing."

"No, Matty, here are all the pictures. Some were ripped, but I fixed them for you. You have them all back."

"No . . . my Molly and children are gone . . . I will watch the sun go up and come down until no more." He shuffled past them and went into the dank house.

Sonny started to cry, the tears pouring forth. "I didn't mean to hurt no one like that, Mrs. Russo, honest. What can I do?"

Mrs. Russo looked down on the small boy who had suddenly become so docile and contrite. "Not a damn thing, just go on home and leave him alone," she said as she slowly started to waddle down the street. □

D to D (and Back Again)

*Through the years . . . we've grown.
As two vines along a garden wall,
intertwining with the honey blossoms.
Hurting as the thorny stems.*

**silenced ghettos, wincing alone —
hands clinging tight, we've flown
to misted moors beyond our moon
bathing in each other's light.**

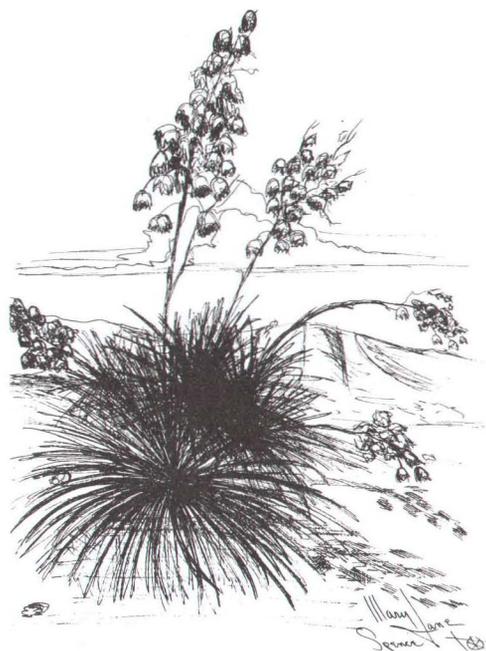
*Weathering the seasons as they come and go,
chilled words of icy winters —
radiating looks that melt
with summer's joy.*

**simultaneous-traveling, our courses
bumped like stars
you the soft and glowing one
stepped across the universe to me.**

*And as the moments speed through
our shared years — we cling as
fragile children to bittersweet memories
of that far-away and distant meeting
and give love to strengthen tomorrow's tasks.*

**So when the lone, last shadows glance
To miss the Earth's wide curve
The stars shall see another meeting
Behind the silver clouds
Of those who once again shall share
Eternal seasons joy.**

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer



Mary Jane Spence

My little girl
has
honest, dark eyes
(a night full of enchantment)
her skin
soft tanned
like the fisherman's skin
from my land
man of many seas
(of so many hopes).

My little boy
has
an expression of splendor
in blue
so refreshing!
and the two of them
have such
beauty
so much complexity and happiness
that
they
are
my most tender world of today.

Maria Rebeca Bannister

Beyond The Dream

The aura of light that encircles your face
dances upon the stars with grace and shimmering beauty.

The fantasies of yesterday venture to the edges of the universe only to be lost in the vacuum of time.

The reality of today slithers like a snake through the sea of darkness.
And behind it, the dawn.

Reach toward the Heavens and drift in the tranquility of the unearthly terrain.

Let loose your limbs and fly with the sun to a new dimension.

Slip through the translucent lining of your dream.
And follow the luminous etchings of your mind

Let yourself be swallowed by the serenity of your innermost feelings.

Soar with your illusions to the depth of your being,

And behold infinity.

Travel to the corners of your imagination and look beyond the dream . . .

Peace cascades over my total existence into a deep pool of sunlight,
For I have looked beyond the dream . . .

And found you.

Julie Martin

Stumble, Stumble

Stumble, stumble,
Bump and bumble,
Getting out of bed.

Fumble, fumble,
Trip and tumble —
Wake up, Sleepyhead!

Helen Ehrlich

If we are to teach our children
Don't we need to let them grow
And let them find out themselves
Their limitations, their boundaries
And what they have to surpass us
Their imaginations, talents?
By their creativity
They will revive our examples.

Deborah Jonas

The Old Man

There is an old man who walks by the sea,
You can see him anyday you go by,
I say hello, but he just stares at me,
Then looks away like he's about to cry,
He walks up and down the street very slow,
And moves his lips and mumbles to himself,
Once he asked me how hard the
wind would blow,
I thought he was dumb and laughed to myself,
He must have known what I had been thinking,
For he turned and started to walk away,
Then he came running back and was laughing,
I was afraid when he told me to stay,
But I did, and we talked about his life,
He said he had friends buried by the sea,
I know now that one of them is his wife,
Another of them will soon be me.

Deborah Jonas

Cindy At Fifteen

Jeanne Tretta

By the time a daughter reaches five years of age, her parents may believe that certain moral, ethical, and logical traits that form her personality have already been set. This may be true of some; however, my daughter Cindy at age five was the complete opposite of now at age fifteen. The contrast is amazing.

At five years of age Cindy had the maturity level of a ninety-three-year-old woman. I often had the impression that she was raising me. She would sit in her rocking chair and expound knowledge that usually comes only with age. She had a way of actually sounding gray. Her younger sister and baby brother thought of her as the guru of the nursery set, always knowing the right answers. My opinions were the only ones, other than her own, that held any validity for her. She treated me as her equal — a pal whose opinions were truly valued.

She became the conscience for the whole neighborhood, and her sense of right and wrong could rival that of a Southern Baptist Minister. "Death before dishonor" was the code she lived by.

In kindergarten, she was "teacher's pet." She loved to learn and was proud of the fact that she could already read books. She spent many hours reading stories to other children. By this time I, of course, was convinced that I was raising a genius — a magnificent product of Dr. Spock's child raising techniques.

She was very petite in stature, feminine in nature, and impeccable in dress. Long blond hair was curled nightly and fluffy, frilly, dresses were her trademark. Her hair was never out of place, and neither were toys. Her room was arranged to her very strict standards. I had to be very careful not to upset the order of this arrangement.

Poor Cindy was usually dismayed at her sister's behavior. Theresa always leaned toward the wild side; eating snails and running out the front door stark naked were two of her favorite ways to shock Cindy. Naked bodies and underwear were things that could only be discussed in whispers.

Now, picture in your mind a big, disjointed lunk sprawled sideways in a chair, who has to make a big effort to grunt a "hello." She's wearing her boyfriend's dirty cut-off levi's and a hal-

ter top five sizes too small. This is Cindy at fifteen. She now has the maturity of a fetus in the womb whose world consists of itself and nothingness.

Her younger sister and two younger brothers try to pretend that she doesn't live here, but that's practically impossible since she has become a permanent fixture in the bathroom in front of the mirror with the telephone receiver stuck to her ear and the stereo knob glued to her finger.

My opinions are still important to her. She uses them as a guide to her behavior. Whatever my opinion is, she does the opposite. She feels that in the past ten years I've become increasingly stupid and am no longer capable of decisions such as: what her bedtime should be, where she goes, and when she should be back. When we go shopping, she walks ten paces ahead of me so that no one will know she's with me.

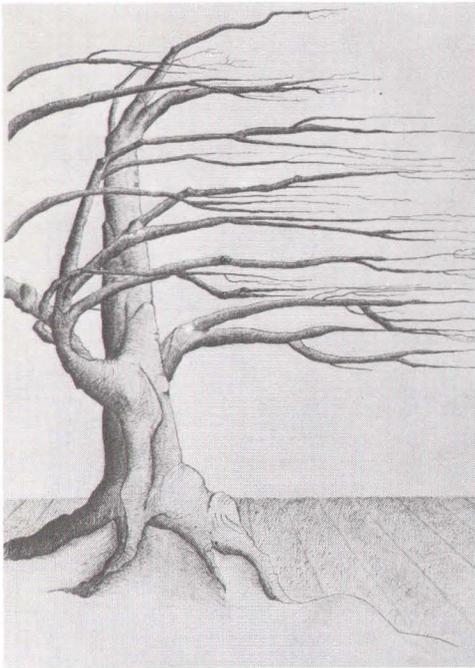
Her sense of right and wrong have turned into a big gray area, where half-truth will get you by and if you don't get caught doing something wrong, you've come out ahead. I've burned Dr. Spock in effigy several times and tried to sue for malpractice for warping my child's mind.

I keep getting these notes from her teachers telling me that she's verging on fail. Well, that's no surprise, really, since she's acquired an aversion to books. The only book reports she's turned in in several years were *Jaws* and *The Deep*; she also saw both movies.

She spends a fortune on Goodwill rejects that she passes off for clothes. Her clothes blend with her environment, although, for the past year I've been afraid to enter her room. I keep imagining big hairy things growing under all the piles of clothes, souvenirs, posters, records, shoes, and stuffed animals.

I no longer have to worry about her sister's shocking her. If she had classes on sex, she'd be an honor student. Now the only naked body running out the front door is her own.

Instead of trying to convince myself that someone switched children when I wasn't looking, I've decided that the cycle will continue, and that in ten more years she will be the opposite again — if I can just live long enough. □



Steve Clayman

Fly free
and let
your spirit
lasso the wind.
Soar smoothly
and give yourself
to the sky.
Merging
together as one
living force.
Glide gracefully
arching and dipping
on gentle wisps
of warm thermals.
Let go of all
worldly cares and
lose yourself
in the thrill
of a magical
flight of freedom.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

Goodbye

You said goodbye so silently
You never said a word.
Is this your way so tenderly
So you're never even heard?

Tho my ears heard not a word you thought
My heart was listening strong.
It told my ears to listen
For soon you would be gone.

You don't know me at all my friend
Or you'd know that I had heard
The thoughts that swirled within your head
Flying wildly like a bird.

I knew I'd never hold you;
You're like the wind, so free —
For I'd never want to trap the wind,
It's such a part of me.

Brenda Bailey

Growing

Freeing my spirit, using my mind
Opening my eyes, no longer blind
Savoring my talents, accepting defeat
Living each moment, enjoying each week.
Loving myself as I've never done
Sorry for moments already gone.
Gazing at sunsets, up with the dawn
Free from the game; no longer a pawn.
Happy with people, serene when alone
Tranquil to know that inside I've grown.
Accepting reality, yet still chasing dreams
Knowing that most things are not
what they seem.
Loving a man who doesn't exist
Yet sure that his love is all that I've missed.
The nights will be lonely, as time passes slow
But the pain will subside as inside I grow.

Ann Murphy

Golden Going, Eternal Flow

Dreams are following me
Through the popcorn fields,
Soaring from darkness into light,
And turquoise horses prance
Through areas of destiny
Waiting until they can take flight.
My future and my dreams
Come to protect me,
With the songs of others yet unseen,
And so we fly away
From the ancient worlds,
The lands of crimson and green.

Droning voice,
Assaults of Reality;
Calls of Falsehood
Flying in the night.
But I am away,
Finding worlds of Everfree
And calling my own way
In the place of Goldensight.

Dreams held me firmly
Until I learned to soar
On winds where mental eagles cry;
Now I turn away again
But memories eternal
Guide me through a living lie.
The ancients come about,
Protection of the mind
But freedom in a burst of blue;
I always go where
The violet Stone will lead,
But now I'll leave behind another few.

Devil-calls,
Red and black to find;
Ancient prison bars
Become the yielding light.
Soar into the years
Of the reaching mind,
Into day of Coming
From the Youth of Night.

Susan Landerman

Cloning

There is an advantage
to being a clone,
you'll always have someone
to call your own.

Flo Antinoro

Know Me

If you really want to know me
Come inside my head
I'll take you on a journey
Through all the books I've read

If you really want to touch me
Reach out and take my hand
I'll lead you to a sunny path
Where we'll walk and understand

If you really want to hear me
Please listen while I tell
Of all the many feelings
Some you may have as well

And if you want to love me
Please allow me only this
Love me for the whole of me
Not only for my kiss

There's times I'm not so pretty
Like I'd like to be for you
But you must know the real me
And I the real you

So now we'll both be honest
That's the only way to be
And if this love is real
It will also make us free

This love could last forever
Or maybe just a day
But through it all we've come to know
It's helped us grow in our own way

Dianne D. Martin



Mary Jane Spence

Wondering Of God

Everyone is talking about power,
and the conversation is our heritage,
it is our history and our civilization;
power to live, and power to die,
power to know, and power to act.
We have discussed it endlessly, and
we are finally beginning to understand
that posing some meaningful questions
is a task so awesome that even the best of us
must approach it with the greatest humility.

Joseph Feldman

3½ Years Later

The years between us vanished
And we'd never been apart.
Old dreams and old memories
Were only yesterday.

The love and longing
Long hidden, emerged
Fuller and richer for time
Spent growing.

Reaching, touching, feeling -
Knowing words are unneeded.
Love without guilt —
You taught me more.

Thank you for words unsaid
And love explored.
For strengths revealed
And dreams released.

Wanda Lea Fowler



Facing Tomorrow

I'm afraid to face tomorrow
When today just struggles by;
Facing a world that's full of sorrow
It's hard even to try.
But wandering through my memories
I see a light from behind;
I know that God once entered my heart
And I never need to be blind.

Has your mind ever wandered through
snow-white clouds
And settled in the land of dreams,
Where the world, untouched by human hands
Is exactly as it seems,
No guessing, no crying, no heartache at all,
Just the birds, and the trees, and the sky?
But then you remember it's only your mind
And your heart is flying high.

That's when fear builds for tomorrow
When I realize today's slipping by;
I try avoiding all its sorrow
But I only keep asking why.
So I wander through my memories
And I see a light from behind;
I know God's there to help me through
And I never need to be blind.

Go ahead and dream your trouble away
Let your soul flow in the river of love,
Just you and God in a paradise
And the flight of a peaceful dove.
God can cause the pain to go
Even bring a rainbow or two.
And He'll make the dreamland a part
of your life
And He'll pour all His love on you.

That's when I can face tomorrow
After today drifts safely by;
God helped me face all the sorrow
He made it easy to try.
We wandered through my memories
He was the light from behind;
Together we entered my daydreams
And he told me I needn't be blind.

Julie Martin

Bob Zitlau, Jr.

Love

Invisible,
But so evident.
Ever lasting,
For a while,
At least a lifetime.

So complete,
But dependent.
So peaceful,
And quiet,
Tranquility.

Deborah Jonas

Tomorrow

This poem has no purpose,
It is written for those who listen
And who understand its meaning,
But mainly for tomorrow.

Tomorrow is the answer
For the people who can see the wind
And those who can hear the sunshine,
Because they make tomorrow.

They know yesterday is gone,
And tomorrow will soon be today
And then soon becomes yesterday —
By the time it's born, it dies.

The sun falls into the sea
And then the night darkens the world
And conceives a new chance for life
By bringing another day
To light the world again.

Deborah Jonas

The Perfect Ending To A Perfect Day

I shoulda known it would be a bummer of a day when I put my pantyhose on backwards. I poured the water into the top of the Mr. Coffee as I do every a.m. of my life and went on my destructive way unaware that I hadn't put the pot under the Mr. Coffee and fresh, steaming coffee was bathing my countertop.

Stepping out the door and hoping that a change of environment would alter my course to a more productive day, I was halted by a, "Mom, I don't have any socks."

A late start any day is a bad omen but on a Monday the repercussions can last all week.

Traffic presents many opportunities for put-downs. On a morning like that the other drivers should be considerate enough not to blow horns at me even if I change lanes in front of them.

By 8:00 a.m. I was beginning to wish my mother had had a headache that Christmas night in '37. The day loomed ahead like an obstacle course and I thought of Sandburg's poem, "... I have miles to go before I sleep."

The press release draft was stuck somewhere in the back of my mind, and I couldn't dislodge the words. A call from the client reminded me of a newsletter deadline on Wednesday. An afternoon meeting presented a fine opportunity to study the habits and behavior of the animal I call "bureaucratus rex," normally an amusing diversion for a dull meeting. Impatience spoiled the sport.

I bounced like a ping pong ball from one trauma to another until the work day came to a blessed end. As I punched the button for the elevator, relief cautiously crept into my thoughts. I began to think about the rest of the day — home to make supper for the family, down to the airport to pick up the boss, then off to the Board meeting. "... miles to go before I sleep."

I automatically went to the mail box as I often do on the way to the parking lot, pulled down the door, and deposited my purse. □

Kay Causer

Point of View

You are the most logical and practical person I know,
except when it comes to me.

You alone have no need for material things
except when it comes to me.

You're content with both feet on the ground
and the sun's warmth,
except when it comes to me.

Then you reach for the moon and the stars.
Never realizing that I am content
with both feet on the ground,
and the sun's warmth,
except when it comes to you.

Nancey Mercer

Housewife's Summer Lament # 2

There are camps for children,
YMCA, scouts and others.
What this country needs
Is a good camp for mothers.

Flo Antinoro



L. Hillary

Alarming Bells

The bells clang urgently,
echoing against my caverned soul.
The noise rubs not so gently,
encompassing me as a whole.

Its direction cannot be found.
Not being flung from the sky,
and not emitted from the ground,
the prevalent question is — why?

Sirens scream with beckoning anguish,
yet I hesitate.
Is there a fire to extinguish?
Why do I wait?

Am I waiting for formidable training?
Where should I begin?
Standing here I'm not gaining
This is a sin!

In fact, do these bells ring for me?
Am I alone?
Are they reaching the rest of humanity?
Or is it me they own?

Am I a lone hearer who must wake the town,
warning that a great fire is approaching?
Or are these illusions of solitary sound,
on my mind encroaching?

Why must I have heard these bells?
Why not one who has a plan of action?
He who has an idea that sells,
and is deaf to public reaction.

As I ponder my problem,
my insecurity pops through.
Is it a problem?!

Oh, what am I to do?

Confidence!!
Ha, surely not in myself, or my brother.
Confidence!!
It can only be in Another.

I will be made ready,
if the fire overcomes our guarded security.
And lead with a hand so steady,
to wake people from their drunken immaturity.

We will fight the fire,
that has consumed many a harvestable branch.
With a God given ire,
our skin will not be readily blanched.

Only now I see that others have heard,
and have paced and wrinkled their brow.
Their courage, too, turned to curd;
and could not warn the town,
until the fire lit the orchard,
showing the prime path towards town.

Steve Small

Phoenix July 24

The winds of the
desert storm
push against my door
locking me within
the walls of a prison.

The rain slithering
in sheets across the
street that leads far
away from the heat.

The tormented clouds
wrestle with the sun
in a battle for power.

The winds of the
desert storm
are carrying
away
the dust of the city . . .
and you.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

Souvenirs

Counting the stars above
Catching every other one
Crying, I discover
they never live long enough
to stuff gently into my pocket

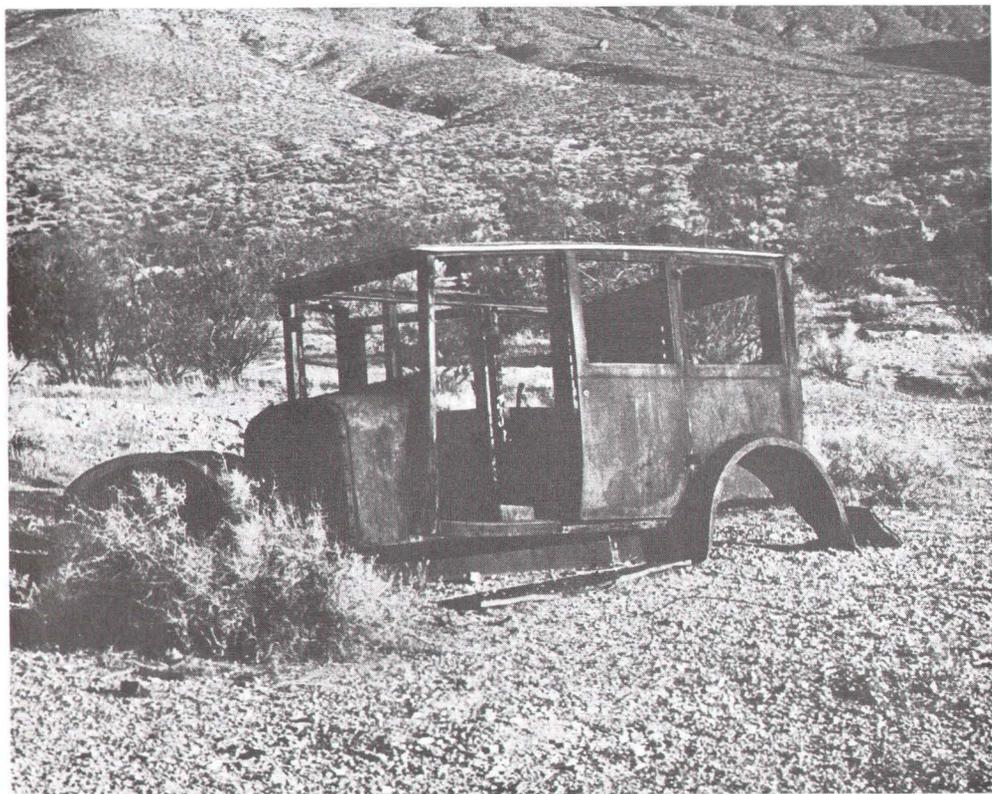
Sharon K. Williams

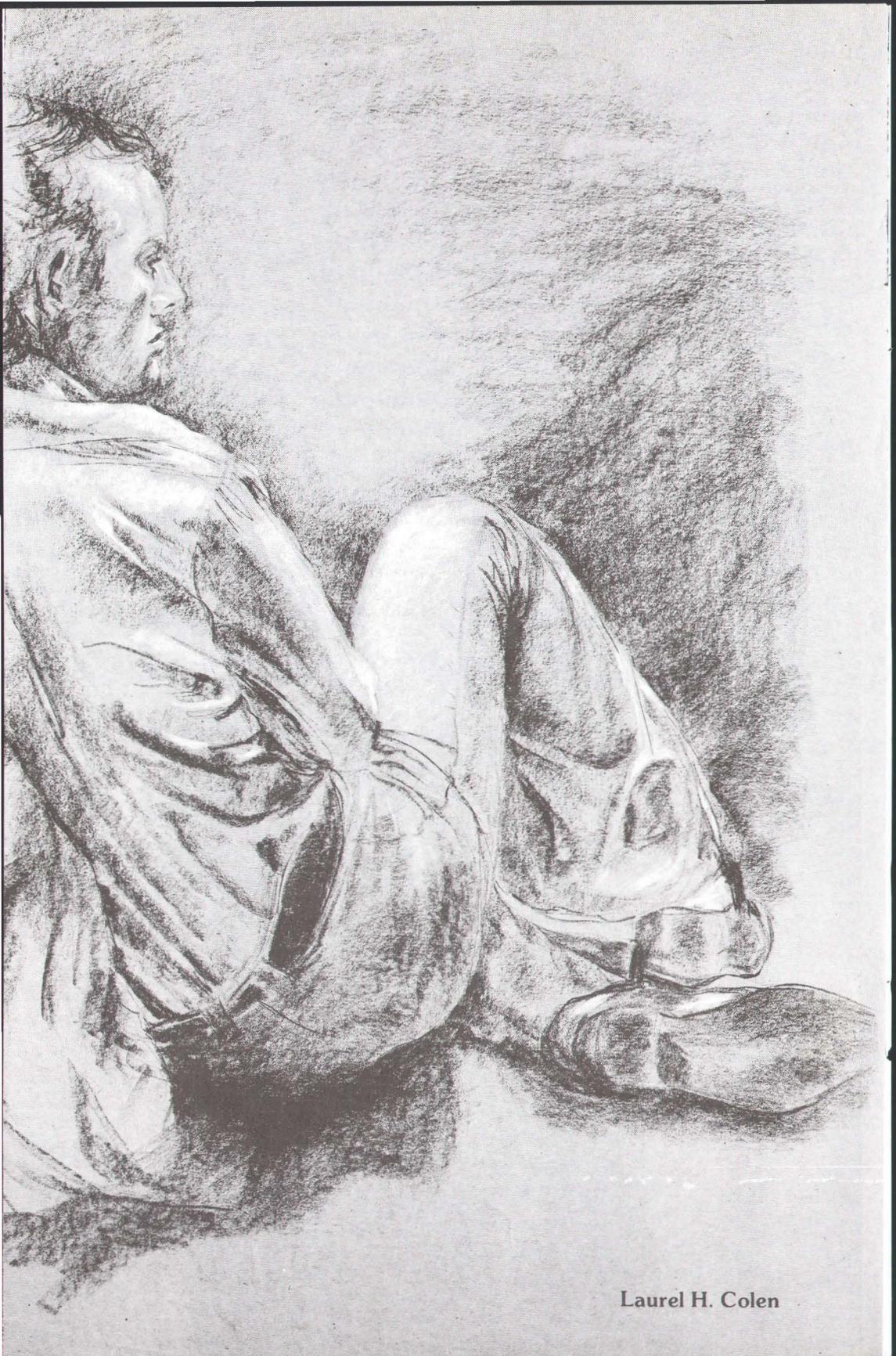
Half a Life

Incomplete
Missing something
Not quite fitting
It once was full
Of love and happiness
But then you left
And here I am alone/

And here I am alone.

Deborah Jonas





Laurel H. Colen

Words

Words to tell of moods
that should be felt,
a precaution to let you know
it's five o'clock
and all's not well.
Your cue . . .
the stage is set.
I, your audience,
await your words.

A counter spell to make the black mood
the depression vanish.
You're as powerful as Merlin
you open your mouth to speak words.

But your lines are wrong.
Merlin don't you know?
You're casting spell on top of spell.
I feel the weight of double sadness
the curtain falling
I feel the weight of words.

I should have known
when I wrote the play
and set the stage
that the show would close
a one nighter
for lack of words.

Nancey Mercer

Visions

My thoughts are drifting
Through seas of fantasy;
They emerge from the clouds of today
And try to touch the sky of tomorrow.
Pale images cascade over dreams
Glittering gold with iridescence
As they absorb the light of my being.
Fragments of lucid memories
Reflect the colors of the rainbow . . .
They run together blending, igniting,
And forming a blazing pool.
From within me swells a sensation
That sets my intrinsic self afire.
I touch — it explodes and I am
Enveloped in a shimmering veil
of illusive flame.
I lie in a field,
a bed of wine-colored roses;
Their perfume lifts my spirit
to be caressed by the wind.
My mind has gone to the depths of infinity
And reality is no more.
It evades my vision for it cannot compete
With the realm of my utopia.
I absorb the rays of tranquility
And I inhale the obscure ecstasy.
I cannot see — I feel.
This world is within my reach
But it is intangible.
So I experience, instead, its sensuality
And I am lost in a vanishing shadow,
The shadow of myself
That had no concreteness but remains
the image of another dimension.
Suddenly, my soul liquidates and flows
into the river of substance.
It meanders, it erodes,
It melts my crystal mirage
And washes me onto the alluvial entity.
I awake and my being is refreshed
For I am saturated with happiness
As I encounter the intense captivity
of your eyes.

Now I don't need my vision
For you are the focal of my domain
And in you, I find love.

Julie Martin

A Brief Glossary of the Terminology of Parapsychology

Steve Clayman

Have you ever thought about the incredible — and as yet untapped — powers of the human mind? Have you wondered how some people have expanded their consciousness to a cosmic level, while others still have trouble holding their own in tic-tac-toe? Well, it's true; there are things in the universe that we cannot understand, even on the second reading.

"Rubbish," you say? "This man ought to be pistol-whipped," you say? "Ha," I say. I'll have you know I have overwhelming evidence to support all the claims made in this glossary, and the guys in my ward will back me up.

Remember, the human brain might very well be the most complex thing in the universe, and it certainly is the ugliest.

Astral Body — a replica of the physical body, but composed entirely of high-frequency modulated electromagnetic energy and Elmer's glue. By himself, the astral body is master of space, time, and dimension, which makes him a barrel of laughs at parties. But he generally leads a pretty quiet life, and is content to stay at home and work on his stamp collection or maybe go out for some Chinese food once a week.

Astral Projection — the separation of the astral body from the physical body. This is very easy to do, as one's astral body usually loves to travel — that's why he took the job. Extreme care should be taken in selecting an astral projector, and you must first determine whether your astral body is a regular 8 or a super 8. Finally, moderation should be used in this practice. After all, you wouldn't want to go around projecting your astral all over the place.

Astrology — the study of the effects celestial bodies have on human behavior. Astrology as a science began when the great Greek philosopher Myron Schwartz found that, every time Venus was in the sky, he had

an uncontrollable urge to play monopoly. When Venus was in the constellation Pegasus, he would insist on being the little doggie; when it was in Lyra, he would spend the entire game in jail and giggle; and when it was in Orion, he would sell everything early, convinced that either a depression was near, or that a Trojan was moving into the neighborhood.

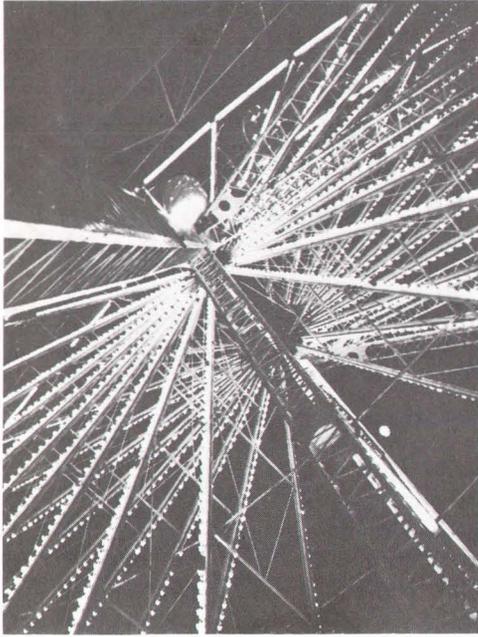
Atlantis — a continent in the Atlantic that sank approximately 10,000 years ago. The exact cause remains a mystery, although scientists have developed a complex theory that uses a perfectly synchronized combination of electromagnetic radiation, sunspots, psychic forces, and rickety lawn chairs to account for the mishap. It's either that or the earthquake.

Clairvoyance — the ability to discern objects not visible to the senses. This is especially useful to girl-watchers, players of hide-and-go-seek, and people who like to close their eyes and run toward brick walls.

Deja Vu — French for either "Buick" or "Linguini," this is the feeling that one has already experienced an event that is unfolding in the present. *Deja vu* has always been extremely common except during the Nixon administration, when most people felt that once was quite enough, thank you.

Extrasensory Perception (ESP) — any knowledge of an external event gained through senses other than the known physical senses. Some radical theorists have tentatively suggested that this power is centered in a certain part of the brain, for when the brain is removed, the power vanishes.

Hypnotism — a state of consciousness exactly like sleep in every way, except that the subject is wide awake. Hypnotism is widely misunderstood; many people confuse it with hypnosis, which is actually a complicated religious tribal custom of eastern New Guinea involving crawdads, pocket calculators, and large amounts of broccoli. An hypnotic state can be induced by simple rhythmic suggestion or by having the subject concentrate on a shiny object. If this doesn't work, a crashing blow to the forehead should do the trick (use a blunt



Leon J. Breshears

instrument, preferably a tuba). While under hypnosis, one is extremely receptive to suggestion. There is one famous incident in which a hypnotized man was told he was a jar of parsley flakes, and to this day he makes a very good living as a garnish.

Levitation — This is the ability to cause one's own body (or any other object) to float around without any visible means of support, a trick many of my relatives have been doing for years. When levitation was first discovered, it was widely publicized as an inexpensive and pollution-free means of transportation, which explains why we haven't heard about it since.

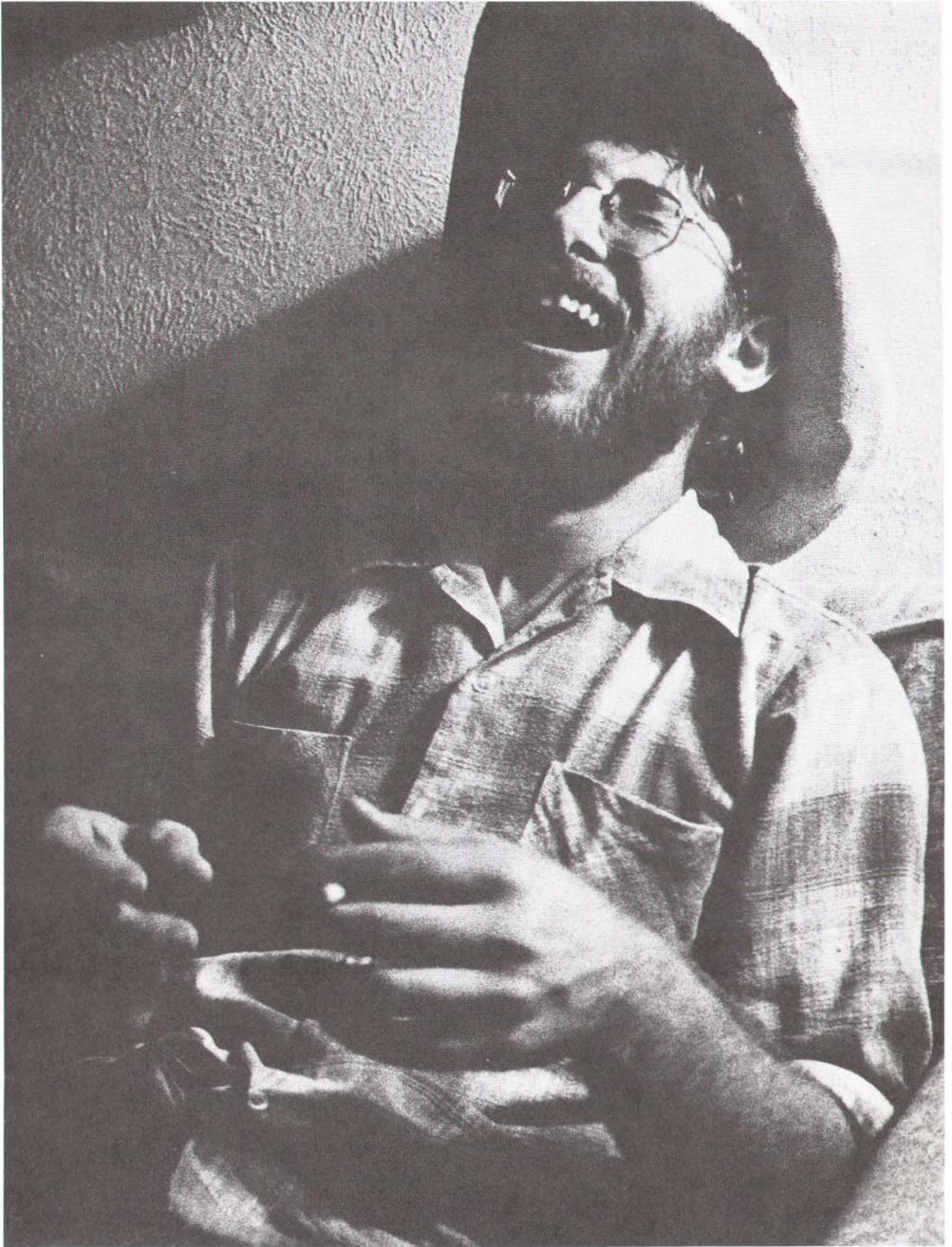
Mysticism — a philosophy aimed at the spiritual union with the Universal Spirit. Spiritual unions have made great strides since their formation a century ago, for every spirit now enjoys adequate pay, good working conditions, and free dental checkups.

Poltergeist — A noisy, rambunctious ghost, the poltergeist delights in harmless mischief such as throwing books, rattling chains, and sending your name in to the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Precognition — knowledge of the future not obtained by the known senses or rational inference. The most accurate exponent of this ability was Lord Duncan Yo-yo of 12th century England. Lord Yo-yo actually predicted the invention of the W-2 form! (True, he also predicted that armies of left-handed oysters would overthrow the Monarchy and dominate the world for all eternity, but let's not be picky.)

Psychic Photography — the ability to use the mind to influence or create an image on a photographic plate. For most psychic photographers, the left and right earlobes control the shutter speed and focus, flaring and contracting the nostrils widens and narrows the lens opening, and a good goosing releases the shutter.

Telepathy — direct transmission of thoughts from one mind to another. Telepathy was first detected by Dr. J. B. Rind of Puke University when he discovered that he could "send" messages or images to his assistant using only thought waves, pure concentration, and very quiet whispering. When his colleagues refused to accept his work, he gelded all their vacuum cleaners in a fit of pique. A broken man, he now lives in Upper Volta where he is doing meticulous research on the powers of levitation in the proud Gnarl-Gnarl jungle tribe. The work is coming along fine, and he says he has enough wire to last for years. □



Bob Zitlau, Jr.

Mother, Woman, Wife

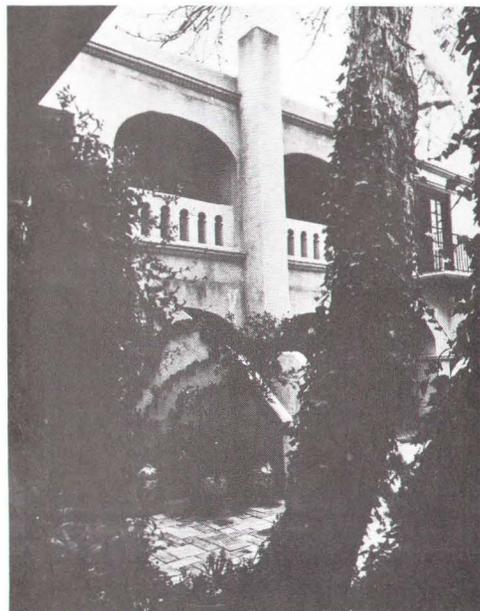
Strangers in bed
Liars in life
He, My husband —
I, his wife.

And in between a child
Unaware of our hypocrisy;
Happy in his world that has
a mon and a dad —
Never seeing the cage
that surrounds us both
like monkeys in a zoo.
Traveling a path whose bumps
he cannot feel. Loving him.

He gives us joy, love, laughter —
Yet the emptiness inside me grows.
The mother in me is complete;
The woman needs so much.

I tried to kill the woman —
But she exists in a dream.
And I can't destroy the dream
without . . .
destroying the mother.
We are one.

Ann Murphy



Bob Zitlau, Jr.

Adolescent Mind

Lost in a crowd of feelings,
Thought weighed down, and hindered,
By tendrils, vines, and creepers
A heavy mist obscuring
Light, from rationality.
Thick, heavy clouds oppressing,
All deep, sweet feelings of joy.
A sense of imperfection
Pervades. Shame in helplessness
Horror concealed; face cast down.
Self is lost, in guilt, and pain.
Crushed by the total horror.
Fleeing freedom, feeling fear,
Wish escape from awareness.
Involve in being-human . . .

N. Genevive

Lying in your arms
quietly . . .
after the storm of passion.
Fingers interlaced
in a minute of
peaceful tenderness.
The room is dark and cool
and envelopes us
in secrecy.
Your eyes looking into mine
perhaps seeking an answer —
a reason for all this.
Your hands running
through my hair
as my fingers trace
the outline of your cheek,
your chin,
your lips that seek
out mine,
shutting out my question
of why.

Debbie Rinaldo-Bauer

A Valentine for Glendale College and AWARE

To have had a chance at life,
when I was drowning.

To have had food and shelter and time
and the emotional space of
breathing free.

To start becoming me.

To wake at night and wonder about
Solar Motion, the Celestial Sphere
and the Pleiades.

To brush my teeth and ponder probability.

To drive to where the center of the world is
where the questions to be asked
are almost within grasp.

where the music to be heard
hangs incessant in the air.

where such marvels wait
for mutual consideration
in such ambient coloration.

The world is new and so am I;

and this . . .

is a state of grace.

Grace Cassidy

The Game

In winning —

Who is to say who won?

Did I?

Because I walked away —

or

Did you?

Pauline Mounsey



Charley Brown

Gone A'Traveling

Where have you been, little one?

Old lady in the mirror —

Child that grew too soon —

Where have you been?

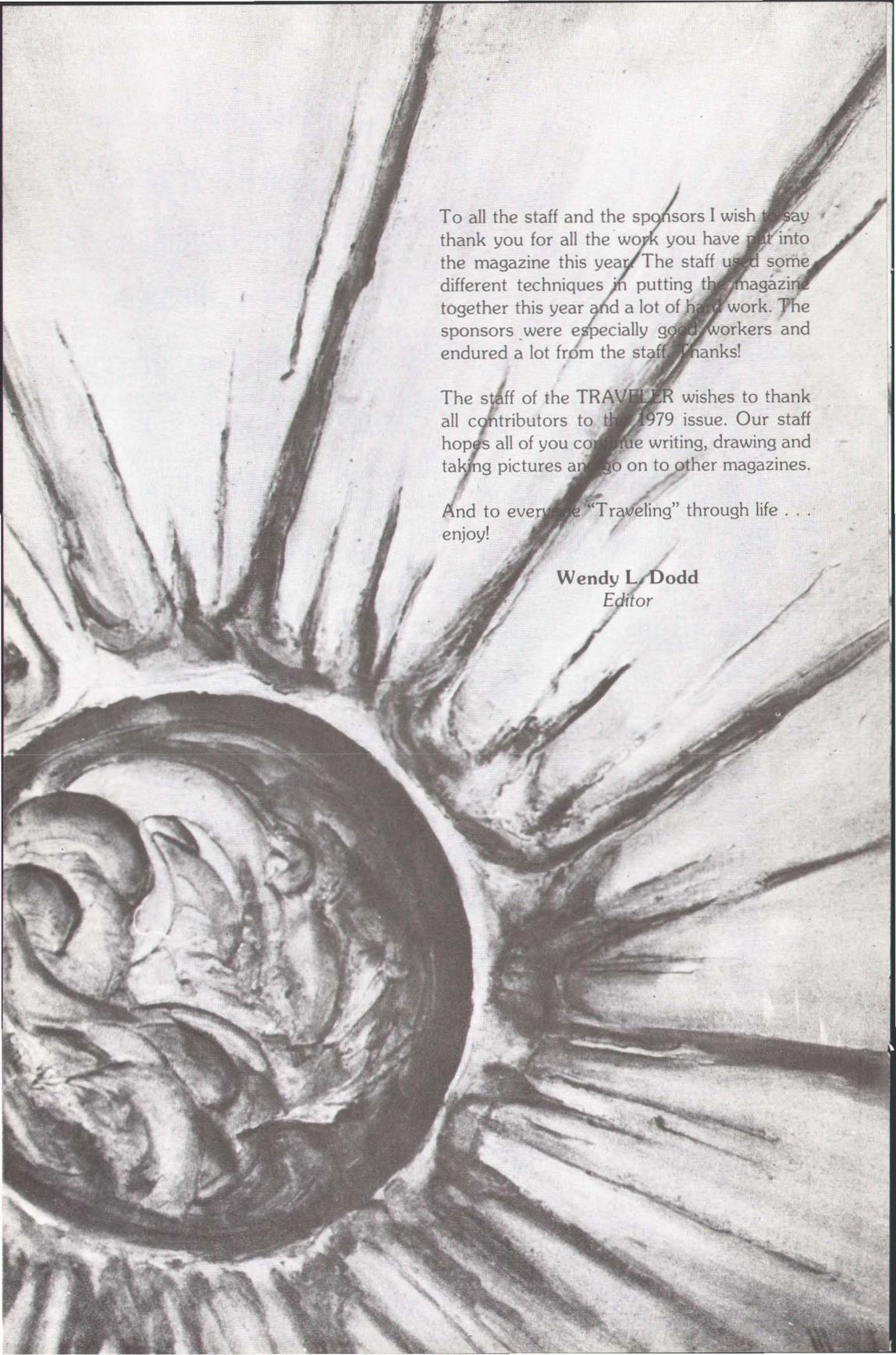
I have sailed uncharted seas

in cardboard boats with paper sails

Soared the skies —

on wings of cellophane.

Helen Baldwin

A black and white abstract drawing. In the lower-left quadrant, there is a circular form containing a stylized, somewhat distorted face or mask. From this central point, numerous dark, expressive lines radiate outwards across the page, creating a sense of movement and depth. The background is a light, textured grey.

To all the staff and the sponsors I wish to say thank you for all the work you have put into the magazine this year. The staff used some different techniques in putting the magazine together this year and a lot of hard work. The sponsors were especially good workers and endured a lot from the staff. Thanks!

The staff of the TRAVELLER wishes to thank all contributors to the 1979 issue. Our staff hopes all of you continue writing, drawing and taking pictures and go on to other magazines.

And to everyone "Traveling" through life . . . enjoy!

Wendy L. Dodd
Editor

