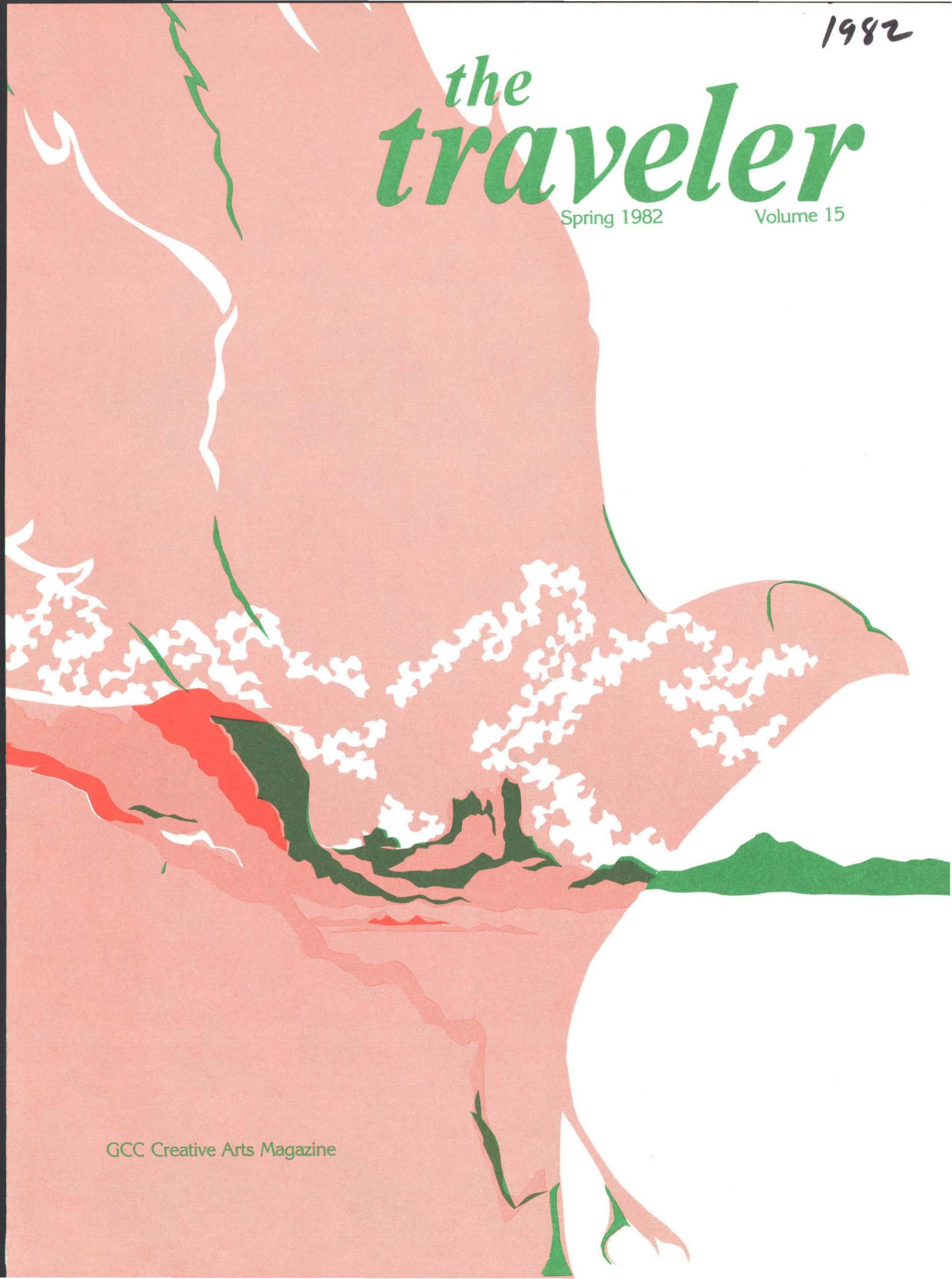


1982

the
traveler

Spring 1982

Volume 15



GCC Creative Arts Magazine

the *traveler*

GCC Creative Arts Magazine

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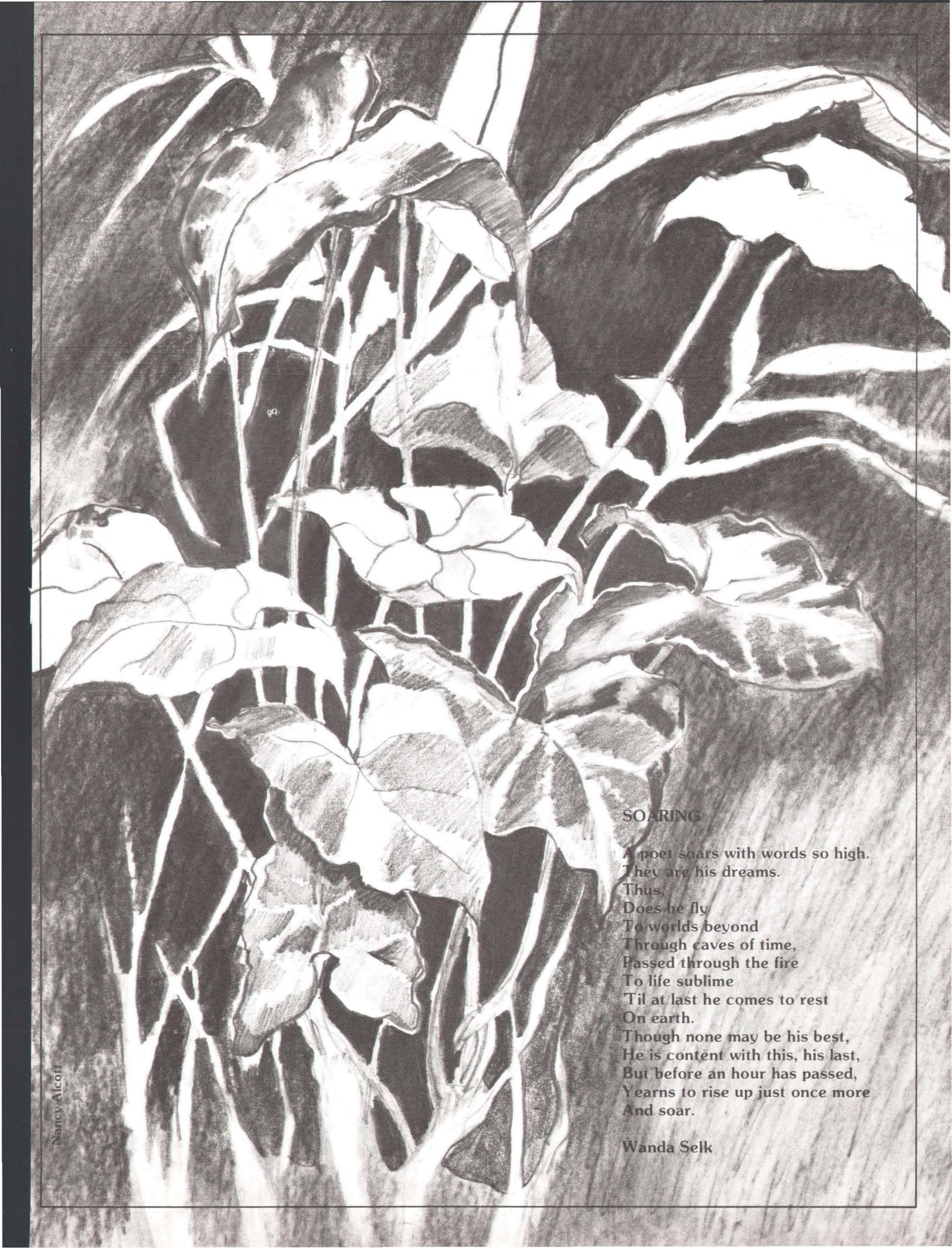
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Cover Design by Carol Paxton



Nancy Alcott

SOARING

A poet soars with words so high.
They are his dreams.
Thus,
Does he fly
To worlds beyond
Through caves of time,
Passed through the fire
To life sublime
Til at last he comes to rest
On earth.
Though none may be his best,
He is content with this, his last,
But before an hour has passed,
Years to rise up just once more
And soar.

Wanda Selk

the traveler

GCC Creative Arts Magazine

Glendale Community College

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The entire staff of the 1982 edition of **The Traveler** worked hard this year to achieve a wide representation of the students who attend Glendale Community College, a good balance of material, and a finished product worthy of our award-winning tradition.

Of the 28 students who submitted poetry this year, 26 are represented here. We published work from six of the 19 students who submitted prose. Approximately 20 students submitted art. We accepted work from six of those students and requested illustrations from three others. Of the approximately 25 students who submitted photography, eight are represented.

The variety of style and subject matter reflects the variety of students on this campus. Contributors range in age from just out of high school to grandparents and come from many parts of the United States, several cultural backgrounds, and even other parts of the world. **The Traveler** is truly a "community" college magazine.

I want to thank Mr. Griggs for copy reading our Spanish poem, "Mijardin," Ms. Brophy, Ms. Grandt, Dr. Herlihy, Ms. Schiedat, Ms. Vowles, Mr. Bayley, Mr. Brazie, and Mr. Hartley for judging the literary contributions; and Ms. Goto, Ms. Hamilton, and Mr. Peterson for judging the art, illustration, and photography entries. Special thanks go to Mr. Bayley, Ms. Hamilton, and Mr. Peterson for their advice and support.

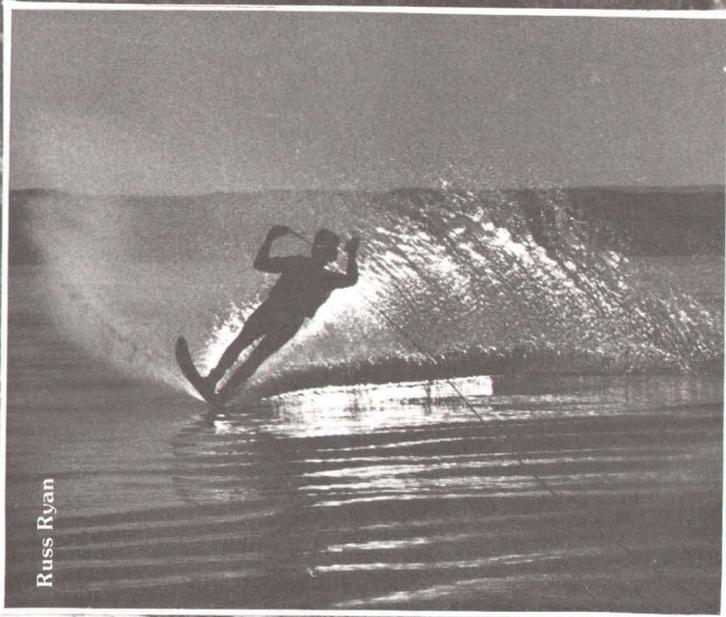
I am very proud to be the editor of **The Traveler**, but whatever success comes to this year's edition is due in large measure to a very competent and dedicated staff.

We hope you enjoy reading **The Traveler**. We will begin accepting submissions for the 1983 edition next September.

Karen Edelstein

Art and Photography Awards

Best of Show for Illustration, Nancy Alcott; First Place Drawing, Dorothy Ray; Second Place Drawing, Betty Abram; Third Place Drawing, Georgia McCoy; Honorable Mention Drawing, Eric LaHord; First Place Illustration, Carol Paxton; First Place Photography, Bertha Marcum; Second Place Photography, Marion L. Peddle; Third Place Photography, Cecelia Flores.



Russ Ryan

A FRIEND OF MINE

Sunlight
Through a cloud that is silver-lined.
You are a spirit —
Free
That can never be confined,
Emotion
That can never be defined.
You are a friend of mine.

Elizabeth Ann Jones

PATTERNS

Patterns of lace,
Yellow and worn,
Bits
Of memories,
Pieces
Old and torn,
Silently remembering
A time long ago,
Waiting,
Whispering
Of a love
She used to know.
Pieces of lace,
Tattered and still,
Speak not
Of the laughter,
The tears
Or her will.
They lie on a shelf,
Forgotten and gray,
Remnants
Of another time,
Memoirs
Of another day.

Wanda Selk

TO BE AS THE WIND

My soul seeks the places of salvation and peace —
My mind reaches outward for some unyet nameable Truth.
My body lusts after sensuous desires.
My sleep is filled with these contradictory passions.
I long to touch all that is beautiful.
All that is beautiful beckons to me, asking to be caressed.
If I could, I most surely would be as the wind,
Caressing, kissing all that I passed.

Cherie Alexander



Shirley Levine



Shirley Levine



TO HELEN OF TROY

Helen, thy name is Greek.
Over all the fertile valleys
All the warring seas
Midst bloodshed, midst thunder
The black pillars of smoke
Roiling o'er plunder
You, Helen, tore Greece asunder!

Yes, Helen, you did!
Famed face, wreathed in myrtle myth!
Did you think of your people
On war-torn homelands fair?
Or lie with lovers languishing
On distant shores so bare.

But you *are* Greece, Helen
There is no doubt
How they seek you out
For nourishment,
Suckling warmly at your breast
Putting saddened hearts to rest.
Men, women and children all find solace
In thy legend — Helen — Beauty — Greek
With the world at your feet.

P. J. Luciana

THE CAPTAIN'S HOUSE

How I shuddered at the door of this house
belonging to times long past —
its dreadful rooms like dungeons
long left to fend with age and decadence,
its withered self standing almost ramshackle,
I wondering what apparitions venture within . . .
the old and cracked stained glass windows
laden with soot,
their vivid graces extinguished . . .
the walls gloomy with prints of a time
we know little of . . .
the marble fireplace blackened and etched
with the pox of its days —
this futile frame so old
yet within the hold
of reinstated glory, but for a care.
One must take great effort when doing such battle
and commence to read plastered walls,
thick with a century's tales.

Cindy Pelletier

MAJESTY

I've lost again, again . . .
the tears come unwanted,
an angry hornet from each eye.
My pawns lie useless, gawking stupidly at the sky.
The castle, my pride, my strength —
shambles now, guarding only shadows.
The horses are broken; I cannot flee . . .
I am tied to puny moves, worthless retreats.
My priests ran, too, hiding behind
their golden robes, to peaceful shade beneath
their solid rock.
My beautiful, my queen, my Judas —
why have you gone?
I've lost again, again . . .

Ron Dickson

THE TIDE

The feelings I have for you
run deeper than the ocean.
But like the unforgiving tide,
you seem to be
forever out of my grasp.

Pam Hardin



Shirley Levine

A CHILD OF SPRING

Had he once been a child of Spring
with eyes of Summer's green
who stood beside some stately king
inhaling this same scene?

Had he once been a child of Spring
with curls of Autumn's hue
whose countenance bespoke a thing
unknown but felt as true?

Had he once been a child of Spring
whose heart remained unnumbed,
whose soldiered fears were left to cling
to love that had succumbed?

Had he once been a child of Spring
who bore his land to wars,
whose mottled conscience served to sing
of nature's festering sores?

Had he once been a child of Spring,
ne'er knelt before the flood,
whose hopes did fly on tender wing
and fluttered midst the blood?

Had he once been a child of Spring
who stalked a mirrored prey,
reflecting visions burgeoning
with clouded black dismay?

Had he once been a child of Spring
who wintered foregone time
and suffered till the mournful ring
of bells that yet will chime?

Had he once been a child of Spring?
It matters not his name
who lies beneath this sotted earth,
all epitaphs the same.

Brian Lane

NEIGHBORS

Paperdoll people live down the street.
They smile and they nod whenever we meet.
They are always well-groomed.
Every hair is in place.
They're very well-mannered
And move with much grace.
Their goings and comings —
Blurred images to me
Like robots moving mechanically.
Who are those people?
They live down the street.
They smile and they nod whenever we meet.

Alice Burt



Leonard Rivera

BUTTERFLIES AND BIRDS

Floating in emerald mantled dream,
Dipping and darting by sylvan stream,
Rainbow-winged, they glide on misted air,
Brightening the world with practiced flair.

Some in silent journey, flower to flower,
Some soaring to touch needled cloud, hour by hour.
Spirited aloft upon blossom-seasoned breeze,
Bowing to branch with ballerina ease.

Muted monarch leaf-basking its silken foil.
Painted lady bud-tasting with watch-spring coil.
Prismed swallow swooping to eddied ripple.
Bee-buzz hummer sipping on nectared nipple.

Announcing the dawn, this sky-dancing bouquet
Sprinkles its baubles in elegant array.
Moss-velvet slippers and with her turquoise crown,
A dainty corsage for nature's verdant gown.

Signaled to sequester by the sun's last ray,
They're cast to act only by light of day.
Night is for cousins, dusky sphinx and snowy owl.
Moonbeam-cooled, the pallid land is theirs to prowl.

Here at God's command, perhaps to cheer our while.
Tomorrow's worries never ruffle their style.
Conditioned to half-lives by the phasing sun,
Where their beings end, there, ours have just begun.

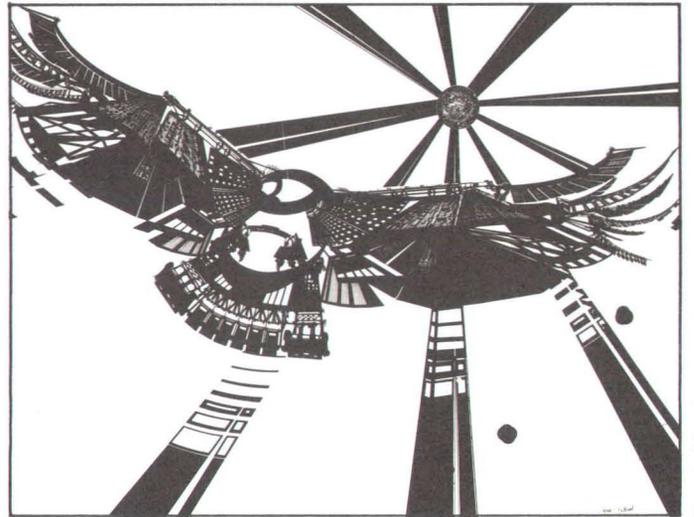
Flighted figures, mere whispers of Creative Voice.
For us, full spectrum of ontogenic choice.
What then shall our beings be? Twigs? Flowers? Trees?
Yes! And quarks, quasars and glowing galaxies.

Deane E. Hurd

DARK SENTINEL

A quiet sentinel stands guard, protecting the devil's darkness.
Icy fingers caress my mind, memories wishing for forgetfulness.
Shadowy faces stare close by, and voices rise for me to hear.
The sentinel protects too well, and my hope dissolves to fear.
Bands of steel tighten across my chest, heartache envelops me.
Physical pain could not compare to this ache that will not flee.
Will daylight ever come, oh Lord, bringing peace to a wounded soul?
Will songbirds return once more, singing those sweet melodies of old?
The dungeon is so dark and cold, and still the guard stands tall.
My cries fall on silent ears, behind the dark sentinel's wall.

Deborah Lynn Gunhus



Eric LaHord

WHIRLING WITCHES

Whirling witches zero in,
Their targets unsuspecting.
Stagnant brains, withered souls,
Unhappiness collecting.

Snipe at the young, detest the poor,
Ugliness gives them away.
They hoot and howl, hiss and moan,
Want laughter stopped today!

Sprinkling venom from their cup,
They look down, never up.
Witches fight love and kindness too.
Love and kindness — that's part of you!

Whirling witches just can't see
They're killing themselves with calumny.
Whirling witches with unseen skill,
Zero in for the kill.

Turn them off with a happy smile.
Their brooms will break in a little while!

Alice Burt

OLD MAN

Death — lover of all and friend of none:
Do not assume to lead me gently
to your bridal bed, no,
prepare to drag me screaming to the rape of
my youth.
Crush me, but embrace me not.

Ron Dickson

THE THREE GRACES

I Aglaia

Well along the road
he found a rose
entwined
long caught
He cut it free
then gave it to
the love he'd so
long sought

II Euphrosyne

A flower
taken tenderly
held gently in her hand
more brilliant now
than when it grew
in shaded
soft woodland

III Thalia

At mystic dawn
the spell complete
his passion
is returned
from kiss to touch
to consecration
from earth to flesh
to soul

J. K. Evans

MORNING ENSEMBLE

nebulistic drums
lead trumpets and feet
through staccato turns
and muted passages

precision maneuvers
flow into sunlight

melody for baritone
tuned with morning dew
brings a picture of you
marching in dreams
smiling when you see
me in the crowd

Pauline Mounsey

*Maybe God keeps me poor
so that I will labor that much more.
I want to give to those I love
precious stones and turtle doves.
And yet I come with empty hands.
God, help me to understand.*

I've been blessed to be so poor.
From life I derive much more
than men with servants bending to their knees,
spending money as they please.
The children work by my side;
they will learn satisfaction and pride.
They give me precious gifts with their little hands —
a sand dollar that's turned back to sand
because she held it too tightly in her hand.
'Mother you're pretty' and a kiss on the cheek
means more to me than diamonds and mink.

The battles to win will keep me alive —
worthy causes or maybe just my pride.
I see God's world before me to take what I will —
to roam the beach or to climb a hill.
Now I can see why I'm poor.
God, you've made me so rich, how could I ask for more.

Rose Marie Welsh

*Sometimes . . .
something sparks the memory.*

*Sometimes . . .
someone helps me to remember
all of the happiness, all of the fun,
all of the love.
It's not gone.
It only lingers in a different time,
a different space.
No, it's not gone.
It's deep within me, in my mind,
in my soul.*

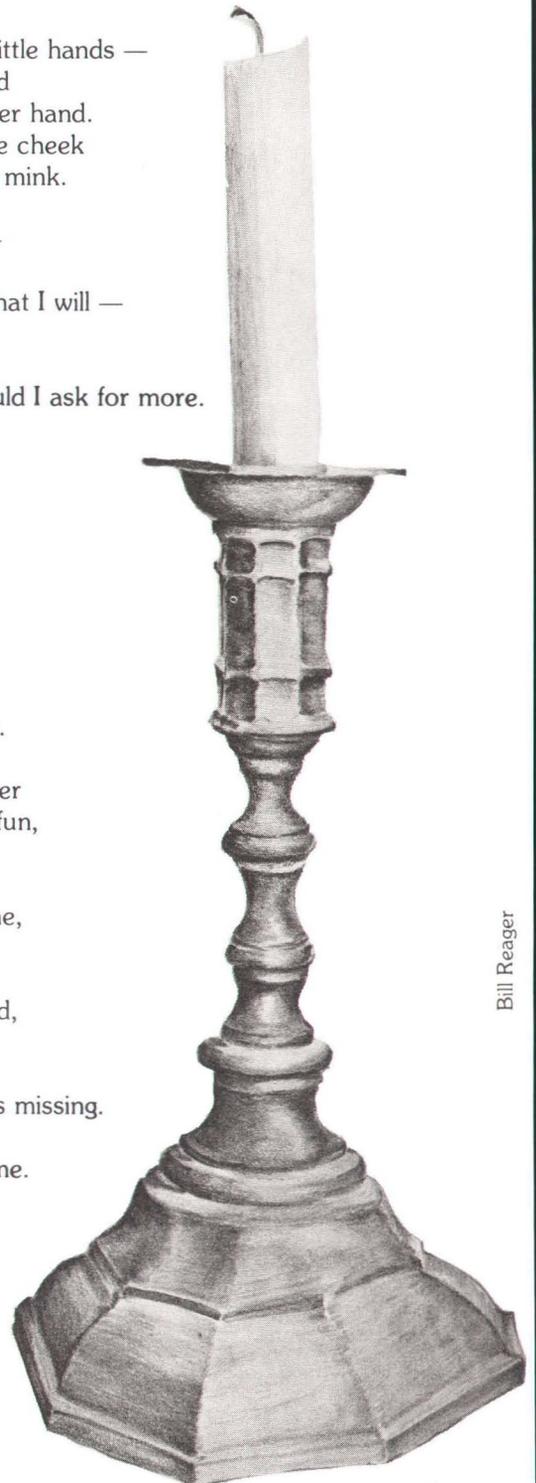
*Sometimes . . .
I almost forget that someone is missing.*

*Sometimes . . .
I still wait for him to come home.*

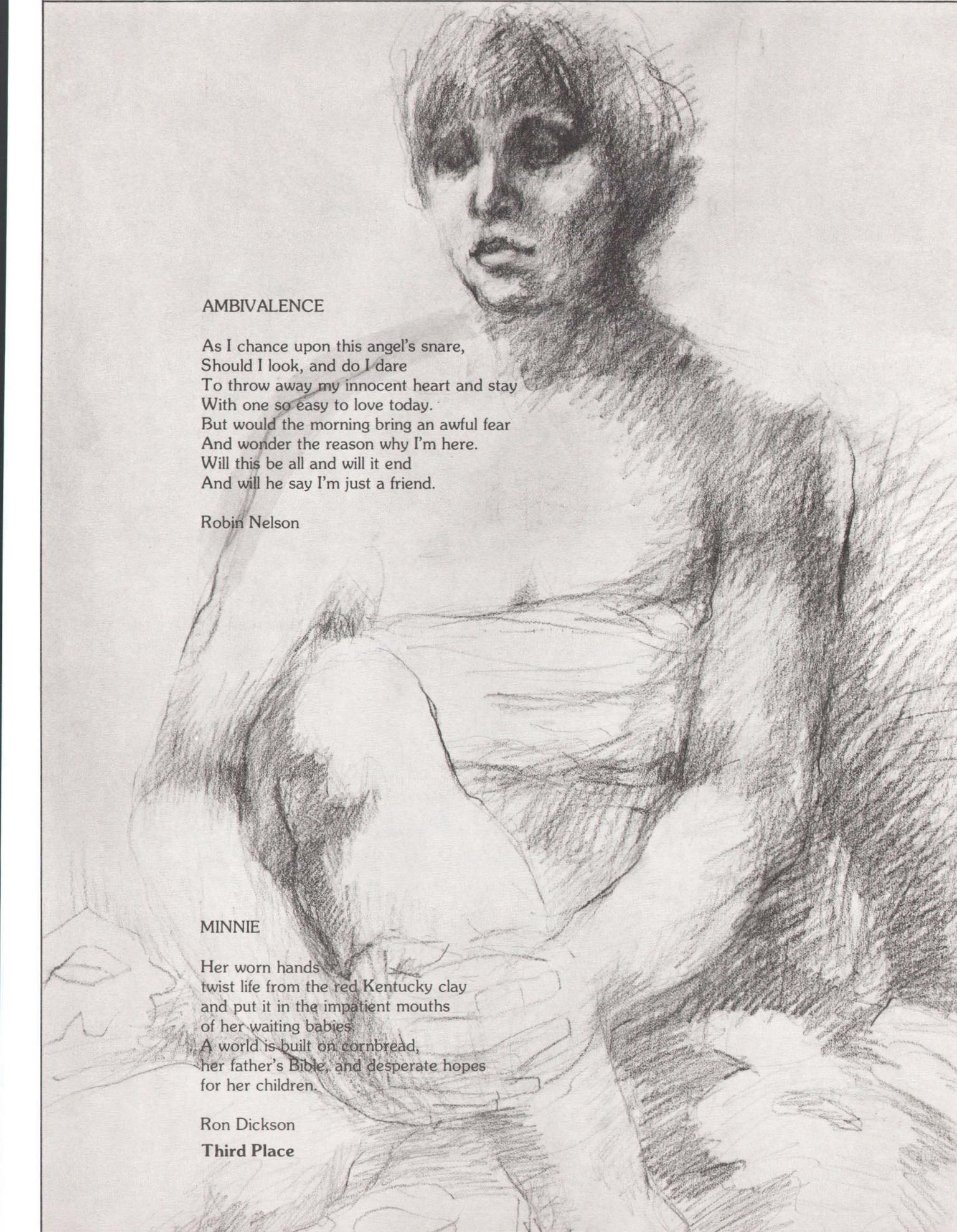
*Sometimes . . .
I don't feel the pain.*

But only sometimes.

Cathy Reynolds



Bill Reager



AMBIVALENCE

As I chance upon this angel's snare,
Should I look, and do I dare
To throw away my innocent heart and stay
With one so easy to love today.
But would the morning bring an awful fear
And wonder the reason why I'm here.
Will this be all and will it end
And will he say I'm just a friend.

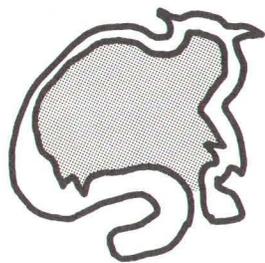
Robin Nelson

MINNIE

Her worn hands
twist life from the red Kentucky clay
and put it in the impatient mouths
of her waiting babies
A world is built on cornbread,
her father's Bible, and desperate hopes
for her children.

Ron Dickson

Third Place



A Cat Named Dignity

BY CINDY PELLETIER

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY ALCOTT

It was an awful day. Pouring rains and cold wind. I really didn't want to go to school. Shivering into my jacket, I wondered what it would be like to live on a tropical island, and I had reached the corner of Brown and Myrtle before the cold blasting wind finally brought me out of my sunny island reverie.

I stood still on that corner for a moment. Not for the traffic, there wasn't any. There never was. I just stood there, waiting. Then I heard it. A whisper. A squeak. A cry. Something ever so faint. Looking down at the curb, I found the source of those strange sounds. There in the rain gutter were two kittens. Soaked and shivering, they were begging me to assist them out of their dilemma.

I forgot the rain, the wind and school. I had a mission of mercy. I had to find shelter for these kittens.

That's how the old lady came by Dignity. I rushed over to her house with both kittens and she nursed them as best as she could. The little one had too much dignity to give in, she said. He held on to life and she kept him. We put the other to rest in the garden.

The little one had too much dignity to give in, she said.

I had known the old lady for a few years. I ran errands for her and I kept the yard up. Nobody else wanted to. She was different and I guess that frightened everyone else but me. I was different too, so it really didn't matter.

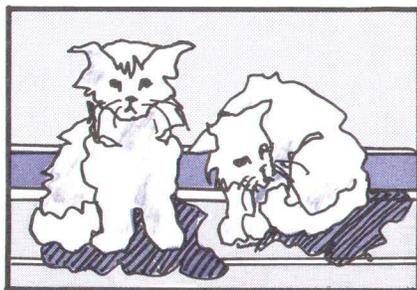
In the summer, we drank lemonade in the shade of a huge maple tree. It stood

tall near the porch in the backyard. Nobody else got to see that backyard. Nobody else wanted to. It was a crime that no one wanted to share the beauty of it with her. Just me. It was a sight beyond description — something you felt. Hours on end, I would sit there with her just feeling the peace.

In the few months before that stormy day when I found the kittens, the old woman had begun to fall away more and more. It seemed that the peace wasn't enough. Her health had failed and it looked like she was giving in. But as I watched her nurse that cat back to health, the brightness seemed to come alive again in her eyes. And it was stronger than ever before.

I never knew she had a family. Not for sure anyway. I had a feeling. I found out quite by accident. As I straightened things in the parlor one day, I noticed the family *Bible*. The names were inscribed just inside the cover — two sons and two daughters. I troubled myself by wondering where they were — why they didn't come to her. Inside I knew they never had and never would.

I asked one day. She wasn't surprised or even sorrowful. She just told me that you give what you can as you go along in life, and then there comes a day you set free those responsibilities. The results aren't yours to have, she told me. They

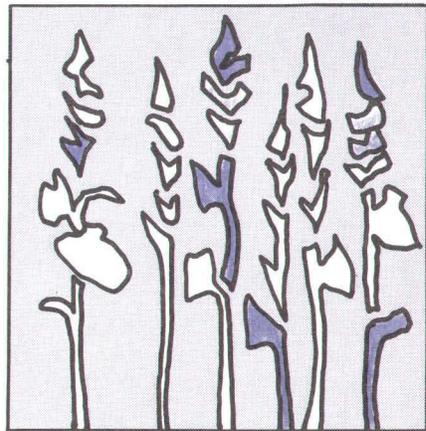


make their own place in life and are also responsible for their own results.

For a long time I didn't understand. Sometimes I still don't. But I guess it comes down to one thing. I guess you have a choice — a bright life full of what you think are "gold and jewels" or a peaceful garden scattered with every color of the rainbow.

She gave me something, too, something so precious.

Summers passed. Winters came and went. Time moves always on. I watched her hold on to her dignity and the cat by the same name. I watched as she ate sparingly so that Dignity could eat. I watched her smile as he played in the garden. I watched the utility companies take more and more of the already meager Social Security check. I watched the city raise her taxes. I watched her as she sat holding Dignity. I watched them give each other love.



nity

She gave me something too, something so precious. There was no price to pay — for Dignity or for me. She listened to my dreams, my hopes, my wishes, my goals. She never criticized or complained. We shared so much.

One morning I got up to find her gone. Time had won. The children moved in like vultures. Sell the house! Sell the furniture! They didn't want it and it would bring a splendid price at the antique auction! I watched them go through their grieving motions from across the street. I felt sorry for them. They never really knew her. They weren't capable of knowing her.

The oldest son brought the box across the street. I met him in the yard. He said he had found a note for me and a box full of her belongings. "Junk," he

called it. I could see that it had been gone through thoroughly. It didn't matter. I knew these things were true treasure. There was a book by Whitman and another by Longfellow. A picture of the garden was stuck in the pages of her diary.

The note asked that I take care of Dignity. She wanted me to have the gladioli bulbs from the garden. And she gave me her love.

I took the box to my room where I could be alone. I looked at it and wondered if this was what life was all about. I took out the diary. It opened where the picture was placed. On the page was written:

Life is to be cherished and held in respect. This attitude will always bring dignity to the soul. It is this very dignity that keeps us alive and so it should be held highest in our hearts. We should live with it, and give it to others. My Dignity will survive me in so many ways.

I put the diary down on my desk and went across the street. I went to get the cat.





PAGLIACCIO*

I
make you smile with my smile
wide and scarlet bright.
We laugh together;
it's expected from both of us.

I'm happy . . .
See my face, painted in mirth?

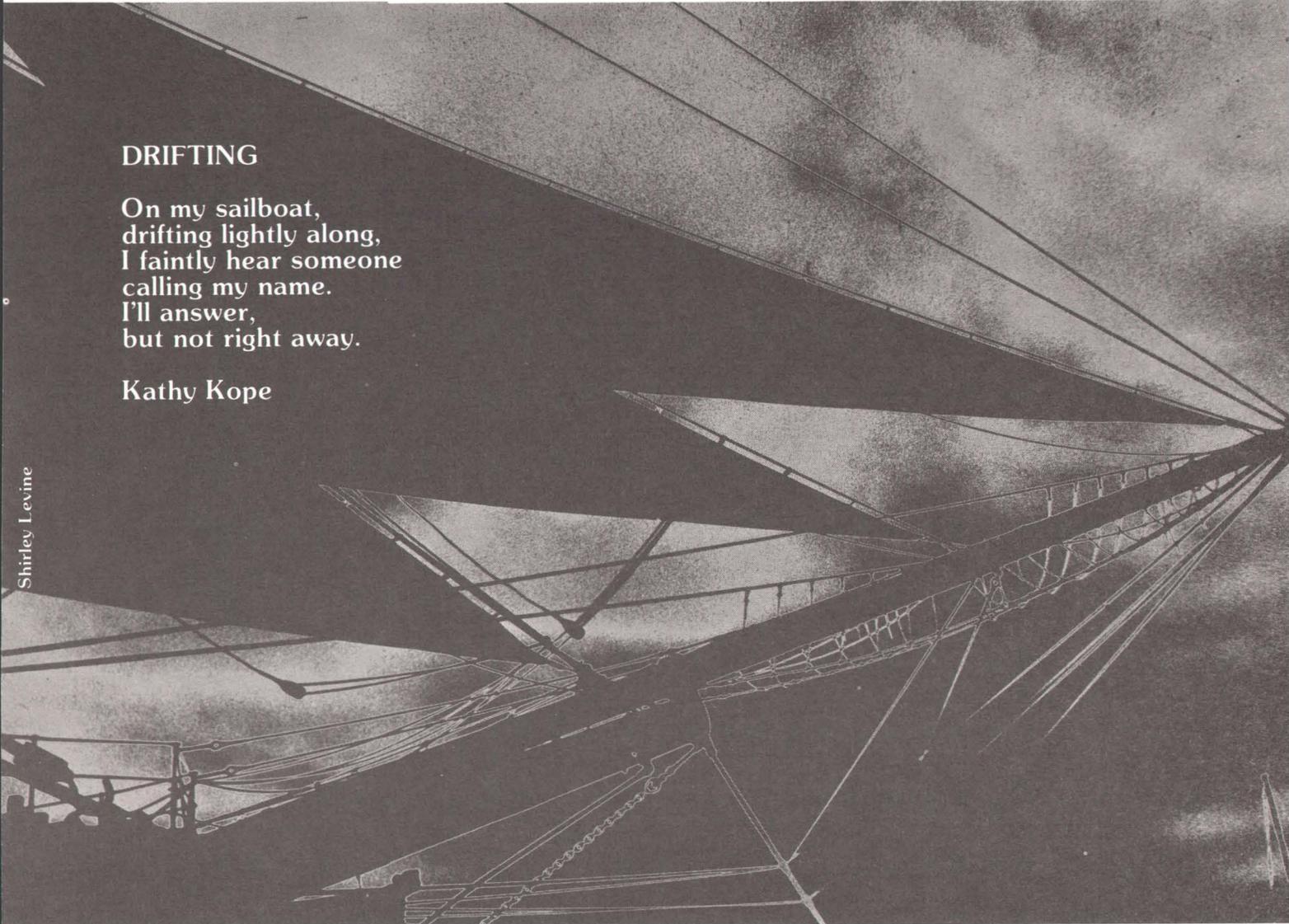
You
go home and laugh again.
I go home,
take off my mask
and cry.

Flo Antinoro

*"Pagliaccio" is Italian for
clown or player, from the opera,
Pagliacci by Leoncavallo.



photos by
Marion L. Peddle



DRIFTING

On my sailboat,
drifting lightly along,
I faintly hear someone
calling my name.
I'll answer,
but not right away.

Kathy Kope

Shirley Levine

ENGLISH 102

I sit here in class,
My mind wanders afar
To other parts and places,
Farther shores and distant stars.
But oops! I missed a sentence.
What's that? She called my name?
You say you want the answer
To this literary game.
You want to know the meaning
Of this poem we are dissecting;
What did the author mean by
"Gardens gold" and "dust collecting?"
Oh prof, I beg to differ
That there's meaning here to see.
Let's just read it for the feeling.
Can't we just let it be?
Perhaps the author was once
A student just as I —
Wandering off to distant shores,
A delighted passerby.

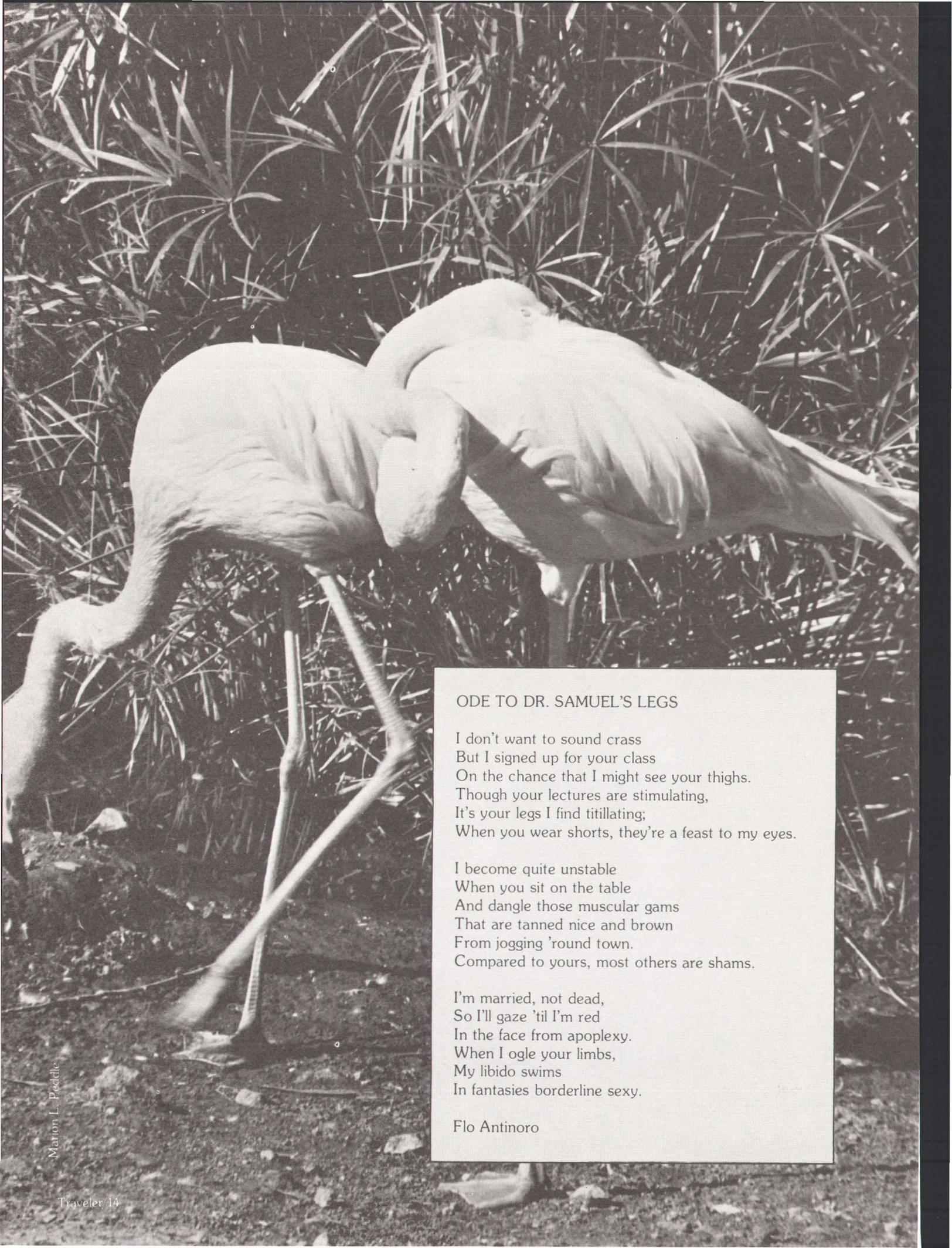
Wanda Selk

I touch you
and you touch me,
I feel you
and you feel me,
on a higher plane
in our home,
within our Father's House.

Martin Schneider

WOMAN
GENTLE, INDEPENDENT
CARING, LOVING, SHARING
EACH ONE AN INDIVIDUAL
WORKING, TRYING, ADVANCING
FIRM, INTELLIGENT
MAN

Lea Mackey



ODE TO DR. SAMUEL'S LEGS

I don't want to sound crass
But I signed up for your class
On the chance that I might see your thighs.
Though your lectures are stimulating,
It's your legs I find titillating;
When you wear shorts, they're a feast to my eyes.

I become quite unstable
When you sit on the table
And dangle those muscular gams
That are tanned nice and brown
From jogging 'round town.
Compared to yours, most others are shams.

I'm married, not dead,
So I'll gaze 'til I'm red
In the face from apoplexy.
When I ogle your limbs,
My libido swims
In fantasies borderline sexy.

Flo Antinoro

EXECUTION IN L.A.

I The Night Before

Over cocktails at the Regency,
between the linking cigarettes,
he counted out the hours
on the surface of the bar.
Consoled by friends and others
who brought him to this place,
he wished that he
had thought things through.

II Dawn the Next Day

They gave him a last cigarette
and put a blindfold to his eyes.
His final words, on late night news,
video-taped in cold sunrise.
His body pitched artistically,
though mouth betrayed, in mock surprise.
They left him in pre-natal pose,
to be a breakfast fit for flies.

III The Third Day

It is no rumor.
He is alive.
Some saw him near the place
they call the tomb,
where he's living
with the angel
who rolled away
the stone.

J. K. Evans

Second Place

THIS TIME IT'S ME . . .

I thought it would be easy
Seeing you again.
But, it only made me realize
True feelings never end.
Things are so much different now —
I've ripened in the rain . . .
Blossomed in the sunshine . . .
Wiser for the pain.

Elizabeth Ann Jones



Ronald E. Ludders

THE OTHER SIDE OF SILENCE

I When today has become tomorrow
 and I forget what I couldn't remember,
 when the morning's sudden flare of passion
 dissolves into fragments of pallid sunbeams,
 when teardrops chase one another down my cheeks
 and loneliness is the silence of weightless words . . .
 I will let the grass wither and the flowers wilt,
 for I have grown old.

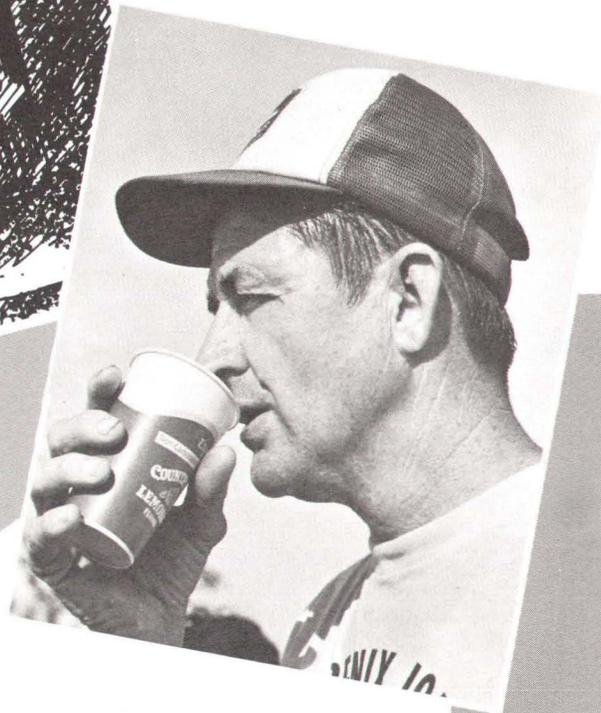
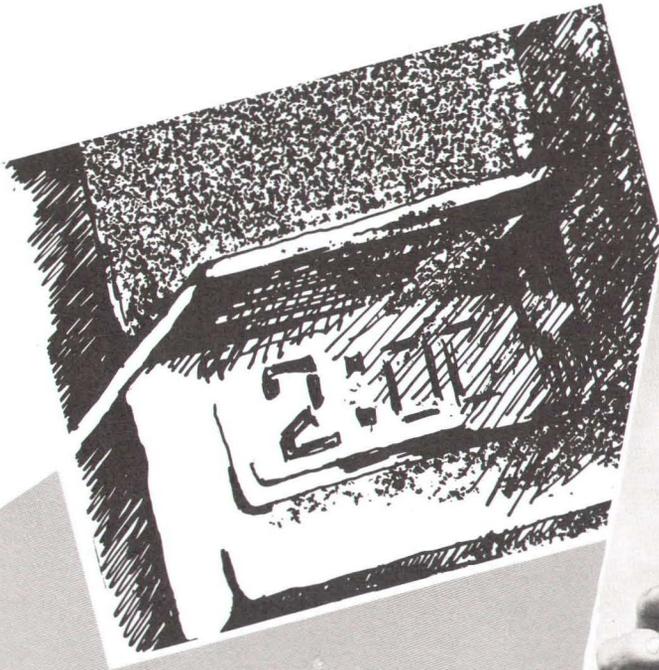
 When tomorrow is already yesterday
 and the stream of time grasps and pulls me down,
 when the course of my life is veiled in smoke
 and I've lost the power to rekindle the flame,
 when my thoughts walk no farther than my feet
 and a hundred pains pursue me one by one . . .
 I will let my hair down and take off my shoes,
 for I have grown old.

II In the silence that yields its secrets
 and which holds the thread of truth:
 this once supple skin has grown furrows
 and my auburn hair has gathered autumn frost!
 But until the warm spring earth
 has swallowed winter's snow . . .
 I am still being born.

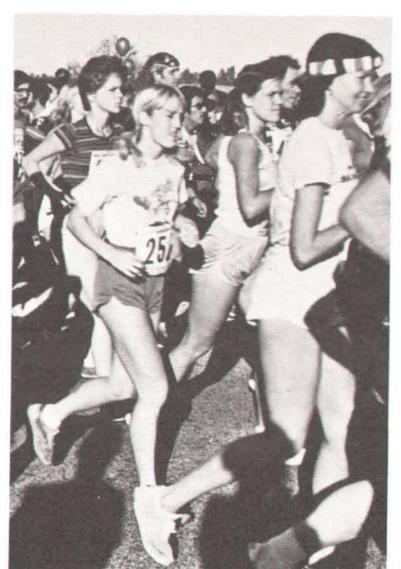
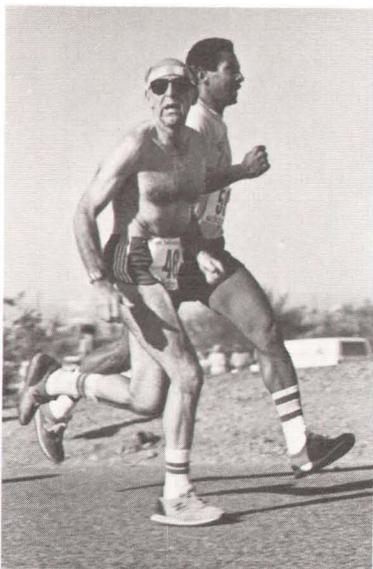
Helen Baldwin



Arizonans of all ages were joined by a few out-of-staters last October 18 at the annual Rio Salado Community College 10,000-meter run, sponsored by radio station KDKB. The course begins in the desert of Phoenix's Papago Park, runs along the canal, through some city streets and back into the park via a "killer hill that makes it one of the toughest courses around," according to Richard Marcum, whose efforts were cheered by wife Bertha — when she wasn't taking pictures. Although that hill reduced many runners to walkers, Bertha's camera caught one sprinter as he crossed the finish line. All finishers received water — and a commemorative T-shirt.



copy by Karen Edelstein



Photography by Bertha Marcum

Layout by Carol Paxton.
Copy by Karen Edelstein.

THE HOTEL JUAREZ *a dream in six scenes*

BY J.K. EVANS

First Place

Scene 1

I've been here a week. Mostly it's rained, but yesterday I went out on the patio. The bottle of Tequila I opened last night is finished and I need a drink. No more tequila though, which is all you can get from room service. That, or raisin wine. Have you ever tasted raisin wine? I suppose I'll have to go down to the cocktail lounge. I don't want to, but I do need a drink. What I want to do, is stay in this room. Not that it's any great shakes as a room mind you, but, you see, I have this terrible premonition that I'm going to get killed in Juarez. It's not that I mind dying, although it's not at the top of my list of things to do; it's just that I'd prefer it didn't happen in Juarez. If I'm going to die anywhere, I'd like it to be in Acapulco — or the French Riviera.

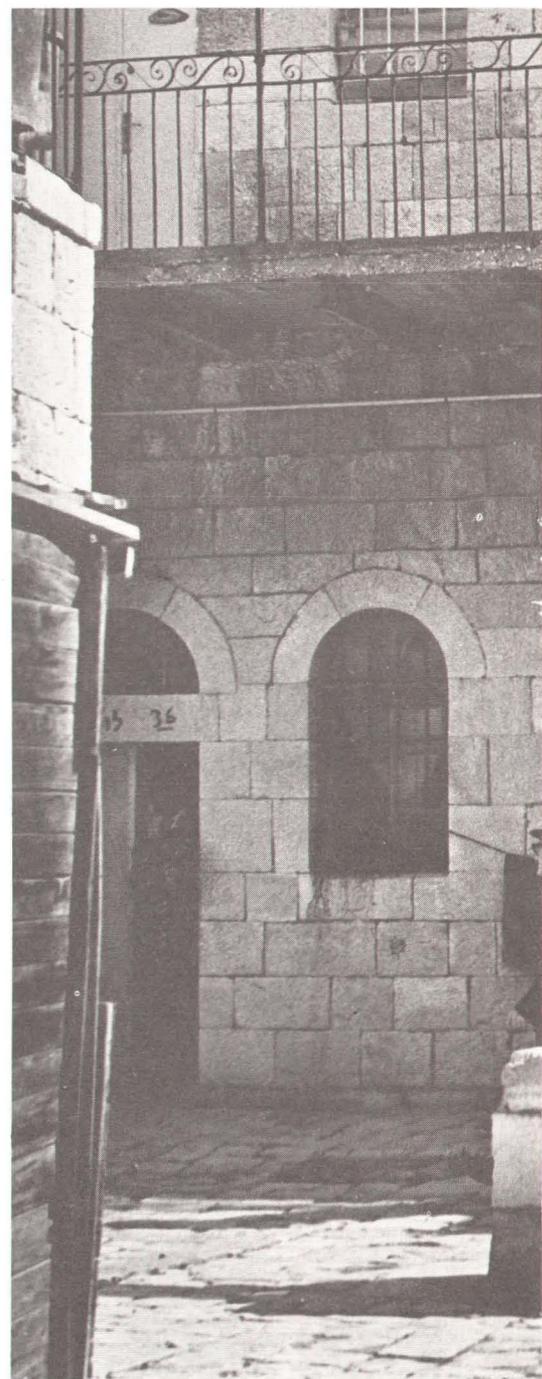
Scene 11

The cocktail lounge puts me in mind of Rick's place in "Casablanca." You know, seedy, but not without its charm. It's crowded, considering it's only seven-thirty, and everybody is wearing white suits. Everyone, that is, but the woman sitting at the far end of the bar. She's wearing a black, see-through blouse and a tight, grey skirt. I wonder if she's wearing any underwear at all? The idea fascinates me. She fascinates me. Since there are no seats, I stand in a spot where I have a perfect view of her profiled breast. I order a vodka martini. It's large. The breast, that is, but not too large. Her one visible nipple is reminiscent of Faye Dunaway's in "Network." I order another drink and continue to study the object of my affections.

The bottle that has been supplying my martinis is almost empty. Knowing it was nearly full when I started, I look at my watch. It's almost midnight. The place is empty now, except for the two of us and the bartender, who, for those of you who remember the movie, bears a strong resemblance to Marlon Brando in "Viva Zapata." It's time to strike up a conversation with the light of my life, but as I turn to offer a witty opening remark, she gets up and leaves the bar. I'm in a panic. Should I follow? Should I stay? Do I dare to eat a peach? I might get killed out there. This is, after all, Juarez.

Scene 111

The street outside is filled with people. It reminds me of the crowd scene in "The Day of the Locusts." A small boy, a dark



version of Mark Lester in "Oliver," asks me if I want to buy cigarettes. I tell him I don't smoke. He offers to sell me some contraceptives. He's got me there. I hand him some money and place his wares in my coat pocket. I look around for my darling and see her just before she turns down a side street. Racing to catch up with her, I turn down the same street and find myself in the midst of a Gothic setting much like the scenery used in "The Third Man." From an open window, the haunting sound of zither music breaks the silence. In the shadow of a building, I can make out the shape of a heavy set man standing in the doorway. As I try to focus on his face, he steps back into the shadow and disappears. She, meanwhile, is entering an ominous looking building farther down the street.



Shirley Levine

I run after her, slowing for a second at the spot where the mysterious figure stood. The doorway is empty. I continue until I'm standing in front of her building, intoxicated and out of breath.

Scene IV

The hallway is dark, but at the top of a flight of rickety stairs a light shines from an open doorway. I bound up the stairs: George Segal in "A Touch of Class." At the entrance to her room I stop, watching, while she undresses. My god, she's Not wearing any underwear. She looks at me. I look down at the

floor. She speaks, I look up. She asks me in. I thank her. She's twice as beautiful as before and I'm filled with a strange sense of adventure. Entering the room, I take the package of contraceptives from my pocket. I'm not that adventurous.

Scene V

Early the next morning, I make my way back to the Hotel Juarez. It's raining, but I feel as happy as I've ever felt in my life. Turning onto the street that leads back to the hotel, I do a Gene Kelly shuffle and burst into a rousing rendition of "Singing in the Rain." God, what I wouldn't give for an umbrella right now.

Scene VI

Back at the hotel, I call room service and order a bottle of tequila and a bucket of ice. My heart is overflowing with love and I feel a celebration is in order. What a night this has been, what a rare mood I'm in, why it's almost like, a knock on the door. I open it to a heavy set man carrying a tray with a bottle and ice. I study his face as he steps into the room. He looks a bit like Orson Welles in — "The Third Man?" "The Third Man!" Oh, my god! I bolt toward the door, but it's too late. I see a flash of silver, hear a slicing sound under my chin, feel the warm, sticky flow of my own blood running down my shirt. I slump against the wall and watch my life draining onto the carpet.

She steps into the room, behind the fat man, and sits down on the edge of the bed. The way she crosses her legs puts me in mind of Lauren Bacall in "To Have and Have Not." He puts the tray on the night stand, pours two drinks and sits down beside her. She takes a glass. He raises his. They turn to look at me. Unable to stand now, I slide down the wall. They clink their glasses and he says something to her, but I can't make it out. She laughs and I feel very much like Richard Burton at the end of "Becket" — No, more like Donald Sutherland in "Don't Look Now."

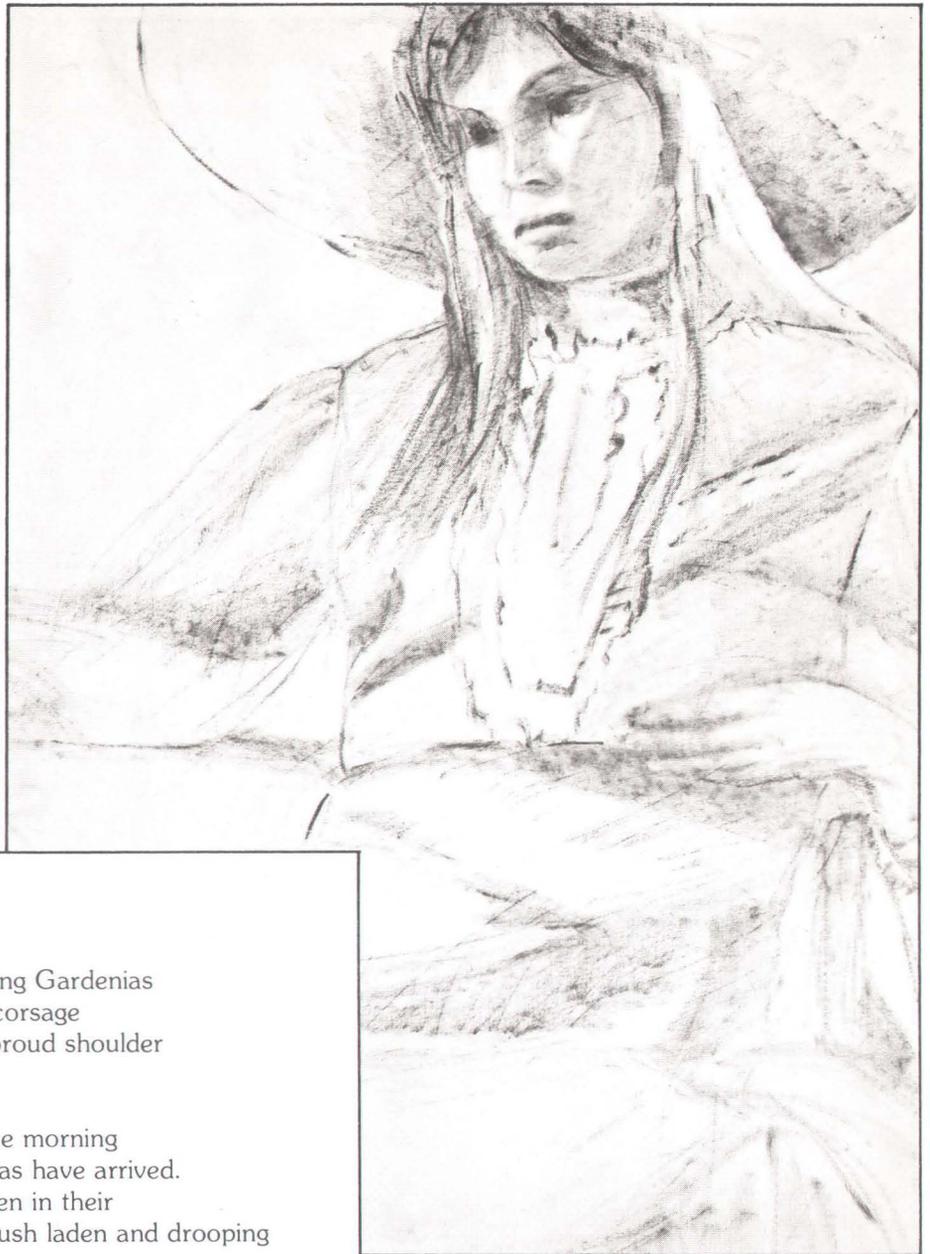
YOUTH AND TIME (IN A HURRY)

You are youth my dear,
Strong and young with mind so clear.
Vital, sensitive, but can you cry?
Do you feel that life is passing you by?
Swift and fast it's here, it's gone.
Time . . . Time goes on and on.
Can you keep up with the pace?
Does time show upon your face?
Don't rush, don't hurry, time will pass.
Savor life to the very last.
Put life on your tongue, add some spice.
Go slow and taste it . . . It's very nice . . .

Elinor J. Fisher



Georgia McCoy



THE GARDENIA BUSH

Northern ladies are used to seeing Gardenias
Stuck and wrapped in milady's corsage
One or two perked stiffly on a proud shoulder
Is a feat of the belle of the ball.

Southern ladies can wake up one morning
And know by smell the Gardenias have arrived.
They can drift out into the garden in their
Nightclothes and gaze upon a bush laden and drooping
And burdened with Gardenias.

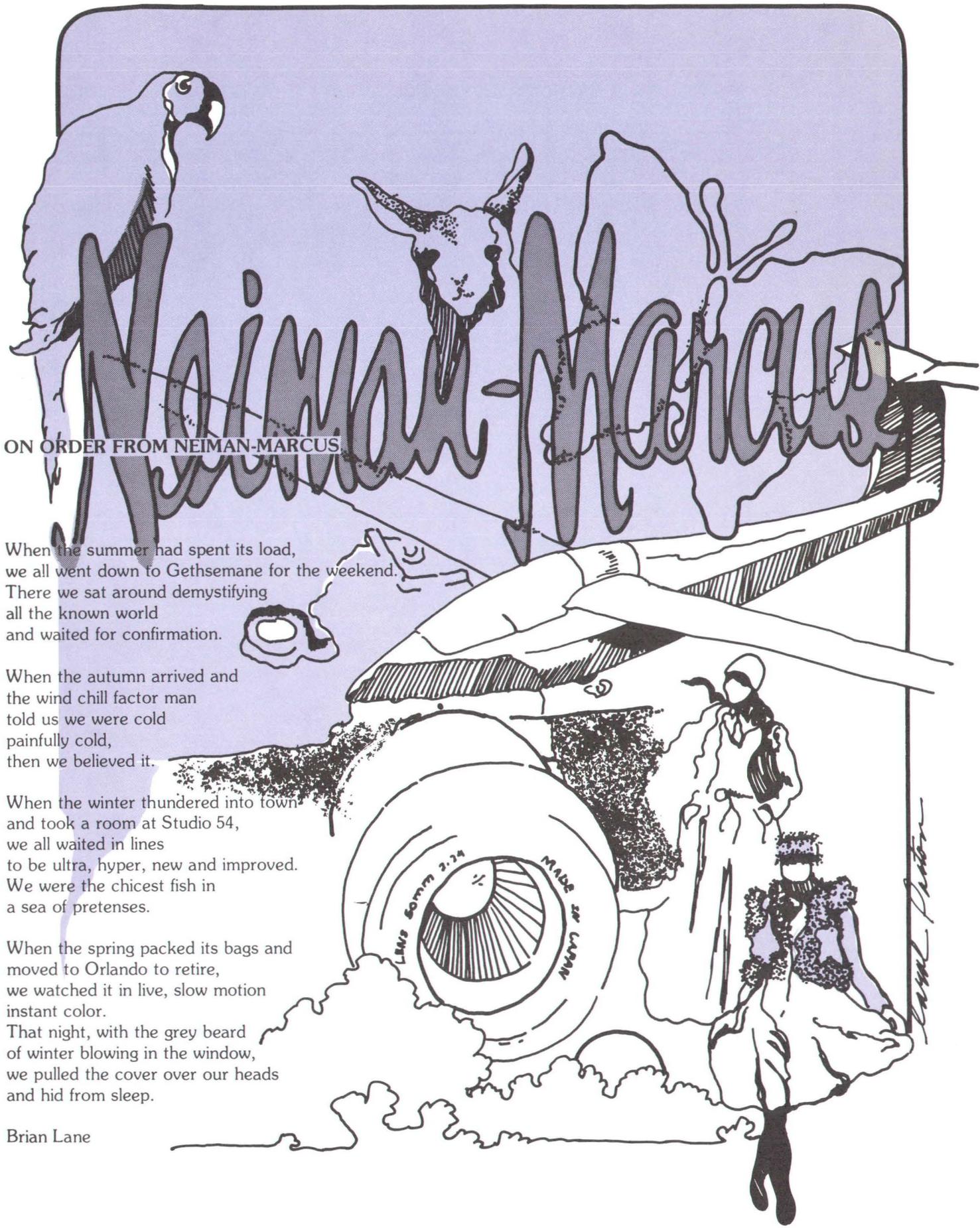
The bush is so heavy with blooms it can hardly hold
Them up.

What to do?

The ladies snip for school children to take to teachers,
They snip for tea parties and coffee klatches,
They snip for sick people and weddings and graduations,
Dances, receptions, office desks and kitchen window sills.
The bush bears every spring
Knowing it will be snipped.

There is a bush in my neighbor's yard.
They've moved away long since.
Every spring the blossoms bloom
Hoping to be snipped.

P. J. Luciana



ON ORDER FROM NEIMAN-MARCUS

When the summer had spent its load,
we all went down to Gethsemane for the weekend.
There we sat around demystifying
all the known world
and waited for confirmation.

When the autumn arrived and
the wind chill factor man
told us we were cold
painfully cold,
then we believed it.

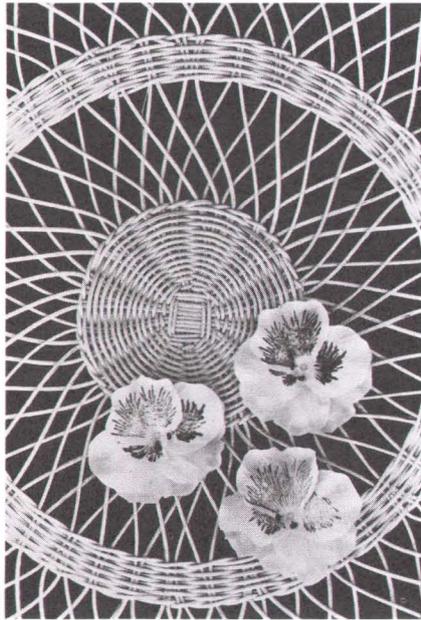
When the winter thundered into town
and took a room at Studio 54,
we all waited in lines
to be ultra, hyper, new and improved.
We were the chicest fish in
a sea of pretenses.

When the spring packed its bags and
moved to Orlando to retire,
we watched it in live, slow motion
instant color.
That night, with the grey beard
of winter blowing in the window,
we pulled the cover over our heads
and hid from sleep.

Brian Lane

The Eagle and the Cosmos

BY CHONG CHA BURNS



Bertha Marcum

The American girls are like the eagle in the sky. They have freedom. They can spread their wings as far as they want and go anywhere they want. In Korea, the girls are like cosmos in the garden. Their feet are bound, their domain limited.

In America when a girl is born, the father will say, "It doesn't matter as long as she is healthy. We will love her as much as a boy." In Korea when a woman gives birth to a girl, her husband will say, "Well, next time try to have a boy."

The girls are loved and treated as well as boys in America. They can participate in any sports activity or wear any style of clothes they want. Korean girls may be equally loved, but they are certainly not treated as well as boys. Moreover, they can never participate in any sport that is considered a boys' sport. They are separated from the boys at the age of seven, and they have to attend separate schools until college.

Girls are never forced to do anything in America, and they are encouraged to do whatever they are best at doing. Korean girls have to

learn all the domestic skills — whether they like it or not.

Most girls in America leave their parents' home at the age of eighteen and go out to explore the new world. They can experience the adventures of single life and gain the knowledge of independency. If they choose to stay at home and go to school, most of them will get a part-time job and pay room-and-board to their parents. Often it's a small amount and American girls keep the rest. The Korean girls can not leave their parents' home until they're married. If they get a job, they have to give all the money to their mothers and ask for an allowance.

Most American girls choose their own mates. They are free to date any boy they want and get married whether their parents approve or not. In Korea the girls' marriages are arranged by their parents before the age of thirteen. It's not unusual

to see the arrangements made by two parents soon after the girls are born. They are not allowed to date with any other boys.

Korea is Americanized in many ways, but the freedom of girlhood isn't. American girls are free to spread their wings like eagles and explore every field of opportunity, getting closer and closer to becoming equal to boys. Korean girls are bound in old traditions like the cosmos flowers in the garden, getting farther and farther behind the advance of time.

Originally from South Korea, thirty-nine-year-old Chong Cha Burns has been in the United States for ten years. For the past two and one-half years, she has studied English at Glendale Community College. She intends to continue this course of study until she can "take notes and understand the instructors." After that, she says she might study creative writing.



Shirley Croegaert

Jogging 101

or, you can put your feet in tennis shoes, but you can't make them run.

BY FLO ANTINORO
Second Place

ILLUSTRATED BY SCOTT EMMELLCAMP

I am not an athlete. I am a housewife, a born-again college student and basically just an ordinary, clumsy person trying to get through life without hurting myself. As a child, I tried different sports, but in a span of two years, I ended up wearing two casts and fracturing my skull. By the age of 11, the concept of self-preservation became clear to me and, with wisdom beyond my years, I decided to give up athletics forever. Since then, my favorite activities have been reading and eating.

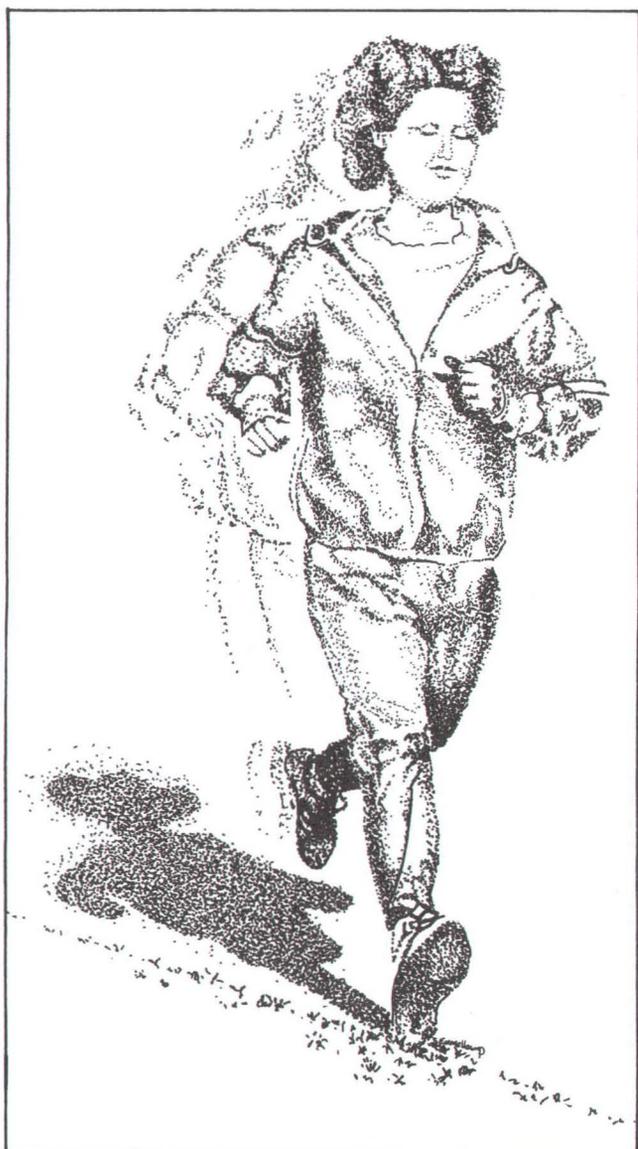
As an adult, I sincerely believe that I get plenty of exercise walking from the couch to the bookcase, stopping at the refrigerator before going back to the couch. Every once in awhile, I stretch my body to its limits and take an alternate route; I bypass the fridge and detour down the length of the driveway when I hear the ting-a-ling of the ice-cream man's bell. There I stock up on enough calories to get me through another fifty pages of whatever I'm reading.

I could have happily lived the rest of my life this way, completely unacquainted with the smell of a sweat sock, if it weren't for my college counselor. He informed me that, if I wanted to graduate, I must take several credits of phys. ed.

"Fizz ed.?" I asked. Apparently the man didn't know who he was talking to. I informed him that I'd been a housewife for 13 years, so I knew blender recipes backwards and forwards. Furthermore, since I wasn't getting my degree in home ec., I thought that fizz ed. was unnecessary.

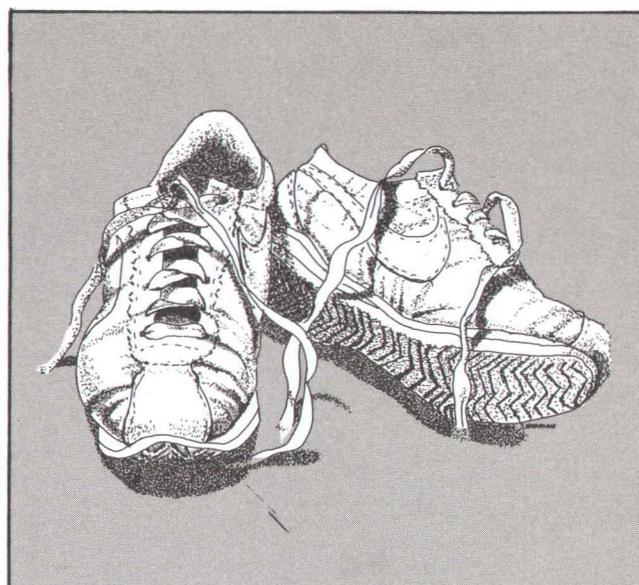
In very patient tones he explained to me that phys. ed. was short for physical education, as in sports. Noticing the look of fear on my face, he quickly assured me that I didn't have to sign up for football or wrestling. He showed me a list of all the sports offered, everything from archery to yoga. With so many choices, I couldn't make a snap decision. I told him I'd think it over and let him know.

Driving home, I passed some joggers and I remembered a piece of pro-fitness propaganda I'd read that claimed regular jogging could melt inches off your body without dieting. Then I remembered how my body had looked in the shower that morning. From the soles of my feet to just above my knees, I was in pretty good shape, but from the knees up, my body was going downhill. There were distinct bluges of spongy



skin collected along the sides and backs of my thighs and they popped out again at my abdomen where they gathered into one large bulge that resembled a giant, silvery-striped marshmallow. In short, I looked like the Pillsbury Dough Boy in drag. I decided that jogging was the sport for me. If I was going to sweat, I wanted something to show for it — namely, baggy pants.

The first day of class I showed up at the gym and looked at my fellow classmates. Half the class was young (read under 30) and wouldn't know cellulitis if they sat on it. The other half was made up of people I could identify with: Those in jogging shorts had colorful varicose veins decorating their legs and the ones in warm-up suits had tell-tale lumps distributed unevenly between their knees and ribcages. I gravitated toward the latter group and plopped myself down on the exercise mat between a forty-ish man with a pack of cigarettes tucked in his sock and a pear shaped woman whose T-shirt proclaimed, "I Survived Menopause!" Kindred souls, we watched the youngsters try to outdo each other in meaningless body contortions.



Then the door of the gym was wrenched open, slammed shut and stomping toward us was a grade "A," jumbo-sized contender for the Mr. Universe title carrying a clipboard. Around his neck he wore a nylon rope and dangling from this rope was a whistle and stopwatch. His name was "Coach" and he was the instructor for Jogging 101. I felt intimidated just looking at this specimen of physical fitness. But intimidation was a minor emotion compared to the terror I felt when he thundered the outline of the course for us: We would spend 20 minutes of each class "warming up," run one mile and 20 minutes "warming-down." Looking pointedly at me and my new friends, he acknowledged that, for some of us, it may take awhile to work up to the one mile. A shrill blast of his whistle signaled the beginning of warm-ups.

The first exercise consisted of standing up with feet spread wide. I could handle that and my confidence rose. But then he wanted us to lean over from the waist and (get this) not only touch the floor, but reach to a point six inches behind our ankles and *then* touch the floor. If we got that far, we were supposed to hold that position for a count of 10. Extra points were given if we didn't fall over.

I didn't get the extra points, but I was the first one down on the mat for Coach's next sadistic maneuver. It also started out deceptively easy. We sat on the mat with our legs spread in a wide "V." Then leaning forward, we were supposed to grasp our right instep with our hands (instep? Is knee close enough?) We held that position for a count of 10 and repeated for the left instep (knee). If that wasn't enough to make our hamstrings surrender, we were told to remain seated and lean over from the waist until our chests touched the mat. In a quavering voice, I protested that my chest wasn't big enough to touch the mat. In frosty tones, Coach told me that it had nothing to do with chest circumference. To prove this, he pointed to a young girl who obviously still wore a training bra — she was serenely resting the side of her face on the mat.

Somehow I managed to make it through the next 17½ minutes of warm-ups. At the end of the 20 minutes, I realized how these exercises came by their name. They're called warm-ups as in, "I've died and gone to hell."

continued

Then Coach took us outside and pointed out the track. The younger members of the class loped off like a pack of happy puppies. My group took off more slowly, with some of them even breaking into a run before the 200-yard marker. I stayed where I was, surveying the track.

About eight feet ahead was a gopher hole. I saw myself with a broken ankle, hobbling around on crutches. Beyond the gopher hole, the jogger's path graded up to a berm. I saw myself lying in a tangled heap at the bottom of the four foot incline. Farther on, part of the track ran parallel to a golfer's driving range. I knew deep in my heart that when I got to that section of the track, a strong wind would come up and blow a golf ball off its course. The ball would veer right and hit me in the head, knocking me out cold.

I was wondering who I could get to babysit my kids while I lay comatose in the intensive care unit when Coach interrupted my thoughts. "What're you waiting for?" he barked. I leaned my head back as far as it would go, looked him straight in the eye and answered. "I'm just waiting to feel the full effects of that runner's high, sir." With that, I took off in an even gait.

Between walking, running and hopping, I was able to dodge the gopher hole. At the incline, I shifted my legs into four-wheel drive and lurched along the top of the berm. I rounded the bend at the quarter-mile mark and out of the corner of my eye I saw a convenience market. A lesser woman would've given in to her vices and stumbled across the street to the happiness of a cigarette and a cold can of pop. But not I. Out of the corner of my other eye, I saw Coach watching me.

I continued on. Recalling the story about the little engine who could, I chanted to myself, "I think I can. I think I can." But my legs had a mantra of their own and screamed back, "No, we can't, you crazy fool!"

When I had covered a total of half a mile, I staggered back to the starting point. I begged Coach to call an ambulance for me, but he refused. Instead, he herded us back into the gym for warm-downs.

Warm-downs are just like warm-ups except for one difference and that difference isn't in the direction, as the name suggests. It's in the attitude of the person doing them. In warm-ups, I hoped the situation would get better. In warm-downs, I was convinced that physical exertion was the pits.

Finally, class ended and we were allowed to go to the locker rooms to shower, change and resume our normal lives.

But my life hasn't been normal since that first class two weeks ago. It isn't normal for every muscle below my nose to be so sore that I can't walk upright, straighten my knees or put my legs together. It isn't normal to be gripped in a spasm of excruciating pain with every movement from combing my hair to tying my shoes. Getting in and out of my subcompact car is a study of agony in slow motion. When I went to the drugstore to buy a large, economy bottle of liniment to massage on my aching body, I prayed to Saint Jude to help me to get out of my car before I was arrested for loitering.

The liniment doesn't help much, but if I rub it on immediately after my physical torture class, it does make it barely possible to sit through my next class, English humanities. I shuffle into this class, whimpering in pain and reeking of eucalyptus oil and menthol. The person sitting next to me is a matronly woman who is the epitome of stuffy, literary intellectualism. As soon as I collapse into my seat and she gets a whiff of my liniment, she wrinkles her nose and starts to sniff and look around.

The physical pain is hard enough to bear; I can't handle ostracism on top of it. Taking my cue from her, I wrinkle my nose and make a great show of sniffing and looking around, too. Then I turn to her, raise my eyebrows and shrug my shoulders, trying to throw her off my scent, so to speak. Maybe I'll get into shape and have no need for the liniment before she catches on to who the smelly culprit really is.

I've been wondering, though, if I've permanently damaged my body by trying to get it in shape. Maybe I'll spend the rest of my life walking hunched over, with my legs spread and bent at the knees. Oh well, at least in that posture, the bulges in my thighs and abdomen won't be so noticeable. □

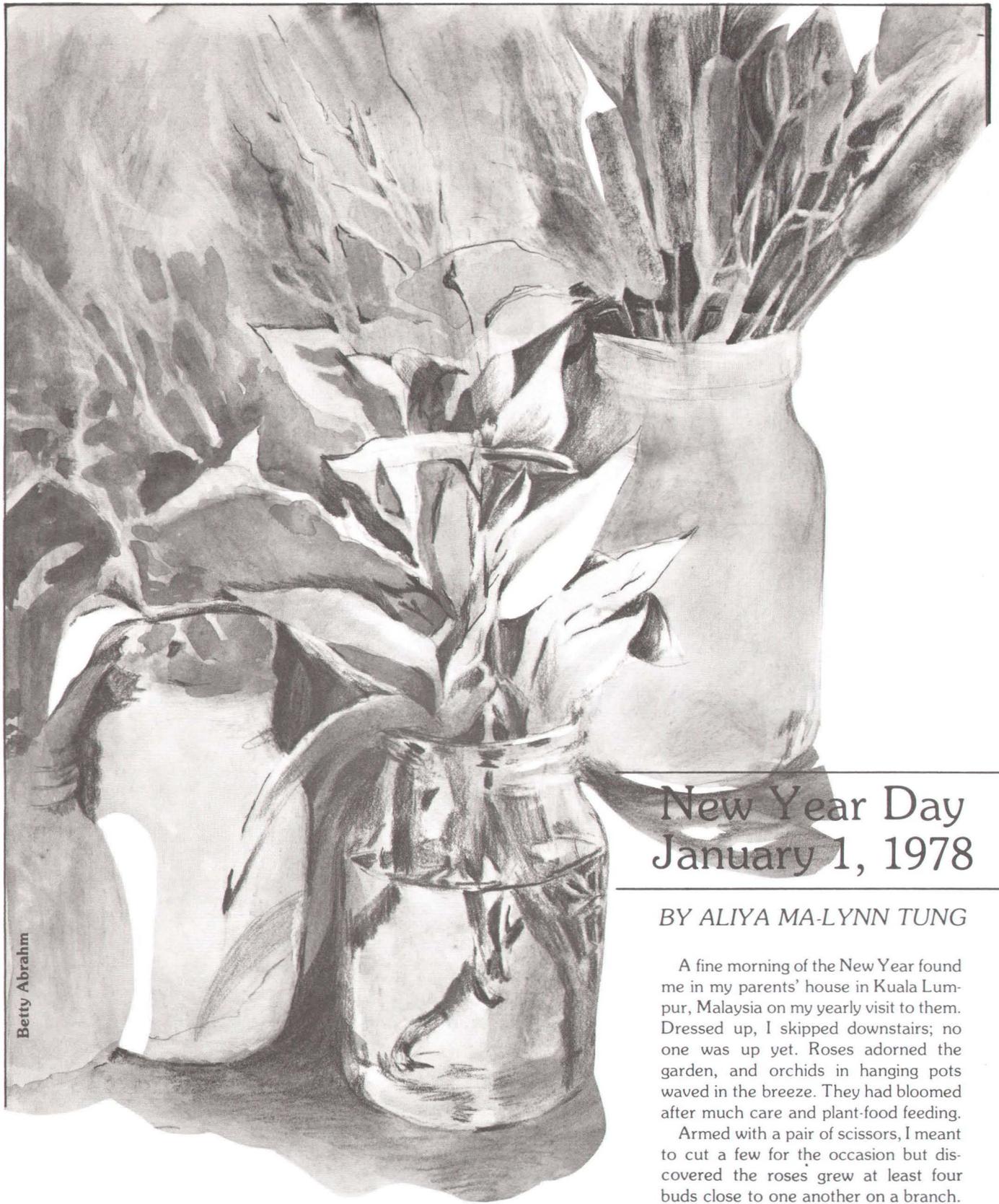
LITTLE KITTY "NO TAIL"

Little kitty "no tail"?
You run kind of funny
And you ain't worth any money.
You don't land upon your feet
(The way other kitties do).
But you always make me smile
With the sunny things you do.

Elizabeth Ann Jones



Nancy Alcott



Betty Abraham

New Year Day January 1, 1978

BY ALIYA MA-LYNN TUNG

A fine morning of the New Year found me in my parents' house in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia on my yearly visit to them. Dressed up, I skipped downstairs; no one was up yet. Roses adorned the garden, and orchids in hanging pots waved in the breeze. They had bloomed after much care and plant-food feeding.

Armed with a pair of scissors, I meant to cut a few for the occasion but discovered the roses grew at least four buds close to one another on a branch. Cutting one would cause the others to wither before reaching full bloom. That would be cruel. Leaving them as they were, they would beautify the house all the same.

My seven-year-old nephew Tiny and eleven-year-old niece Marsitah, who had stayed overnight, ran down to say Happy New Year to me. Then we all greeted my parents who were ready for breakfast. Mother said, "Oh, yes, we must give the children their red packets." These are money wrapped up in red packets and give to children on New Year Day by elderly people. Hardly had she finished her words than the two children stretched out their hands. I followed suit simultaneously. Looking at my parents, I felt so young. Time flashed back several decades when I was just like Tiny. Looking down at me then were such a handsome couple. How they had aged! Kindness and charm shone on their faces now, however, with a silent expression of nostalgic melancholy.

Tiny led the way, his secret shortcut, to reach our destination.

Over the breakfast table, Tiny was pestering Marsitah to accompany him to climb the "mountain," a piece of clearance on a high site about half-a-mile's distance from Dad's house. Marsitah had promised Tiny earlier, but was trying to put it off. I told her it was wrong to break one's promise. But if she was really reluctant, I could take Tiny there instead. Tiny was surprised and looked at me to make sure. His mother, younger than me by six years, would never condescend to that. I confirmed my statement. Holding his little fat hand, we started our journey. Marsitah was soon seen running after, calling; she wanted to go with us.

To study child psychology would be amusing. Marsitah deemed it a painful task to go with Tiny all by herself, whereas following us was a pleasure. Nevertheless, we three musketeers marched on. Many villas were built around this hilly residential area. Some were delightfully designed. Plants, especially orchids under protection, attention and good nourishment, grew as delicate as princesses smiling bewitchingly to demand appreciation. A few of them, tomato red, came out in exuberant clusters and glowed like lanterns.

In between houses of the same level, there often existed a narrow path or trail. The construction workers used these trails to save them from going through much lengthy road. They crossed from one house to another using these trails as stepping stones. Tiny led the way, his secret shortcut, to reach our destination. These trails consisted of muddy spots and little holes filled with water. We had to be very careful not to dirty our new shoes and garments. Weeds grew high on both sides. As we proceeded, apprehension of the sudden appearance of snakes or other bad elements, including men, took hold of me. Luckily, that portion of the treacherous road soon passed. We followed some zigzagging trails and flights of crude, makeshift steps leading higher and higher. Tiny, much too fat and heavy for his age, showed his vigor and competence by being the first to reach the top. Marsitah, thin and tall for her age, came next. I lagged behind! I could have been faster if I tried harder. I did not. Not because there were no trophies waiting at the top, but due to my poor heart. As one grows older, cares and worries form a harder bondage on oneself than one's real physical condition.

What a relief when all three of us reached the "mountain" at last! Automatically we began to run without any

Time flew back and I tasted once again the fun of just playing.

reason and yelled our heads off at God knew what . . . ! I forgot everything. Time flew back and I tasted once again the fun of just playing. Thrilled at the cool, open air, how elated and free I felt! I was once again in the kingdom of childhood — blissful, exhilarated.

Spiky grass and wild flowers grew rampant against the hard sandy earth in the fresh air. Tiny and Marsitah helped me to pluck ferns and wild flowers as I told them I would arrange them when we arrived home. These wild blossoms instilled us with a touch of self-reliance and freedom. Using them to decorate the house would be something of significance.

"This site is ready for another villa. When a house is built up, we shall have no mountains to climb," observed Tiny, feeling already at a loss. "Look there!" Tiny excitedly pointed. "Over there is another hill!" Yes, he was right. Surrounded by shrubs, forest and pine-trees, a greener hill like a piece of green jade caressed by the vast, blue sky, aloft and celestial came to our view.

"Aunt Aliya, when you come here next year, perhaps we could climb up there!" Said Tiny. "And the year after, we shall find somewhere still higher. Right, Aunt Aliya?"

"And there will always be another New Year Day for the three of us to climb our mountain!" said Marsitah gleefully.

"Yes, and why not." I said with increased courage, forgetting all my health complaints.

The image of my grey-haired parents suddenly emerged in my mind. Involuntarily, I shuddered. Then I mused: while my parents are still alive, I shall always belong to a younger generation.

I do mix well with a still younger generation, always looking forward to another New Year Day. □

Aliya Ma-Lynn Tung, who describes herself as "a very young 55," is from Singapore. She has been in the United States for two years. Although reading and writing in English are very time consuming for her, she has pursued her study of literature at Glendale Community College since last summer.

Cliché, Touché

BY HELEN BALDWIN

Like a bolt out of the blue, Mr. Brown demands an essay using as many trite expressions as possible, and I almost hit the ceiling. It stands to reason he doesn't have an axe to grind, but is simply doing his job. Quick as a flash, I'm convinced he has his sights trained on me, and I feel like a rat caught in a trap.

God forbid, I'm shaking like a leaf, and my thoughts are as clear as mud. As a rule, I wouldn't be caught dead or with my pants down, playing into the hands of clichés. Well, there's no way to dodge the issue, but to tell the truth, I'm at a loss for words — you know what I mean?

Nevertheless, I shall persist to the bitter end, burning the midnight oil, so to speak, to prove I'm equal to the occasion. In conclusion, realizing that this may well be an acid test of my ability, I say, better last than least!



Georgia McCoy

QUEEN OF SWORDS

I am not what I seem
at all.
I am not what you think
I am.
I am not the Queen of Hearts.
I am the Queen of Swords,
Queen of Sadness,
Queen of Woes,
Queen of Lost Loves
and Lost Souls.

Sharon Piccone



Malcolm Nuvamsa

ENCROACHMENT

Before anyone ever came
There was a land
Where game raced freely
Clattering rocks to the
Bottom of the canyon.

*Time . . . and the wind
Races alone.
Hushed are the
Once free foot-falls
Subtly fleeing
In the winding arroyos.*

P. J. Luciana
First Place

TO THE SCULPTOR

Explain yourself,
jeweler of carven images
poet of confident profiles
weaver of enigmas:

Did your fingers . . .
mingling with banners of light
and thunder of drums,
reach from the lofty pillars of gods
to gnaw at stamens of stone —
morsels of wood, metal and clay . . .
carving webs of earthly elements
into new grain and cavities?

Did your hands . . .
plunge into secret water and sacred truths,
wings of air and sheets of wind,
to capture the white foam of cold
the heat of rebel lighting
the silence of glacial tears
the songs of rawdawn and nightshine . . .
into this particle of permanence?

Arcs, broken lines, shifting forms
dust of flesh, cluster of linkages
obstacles, passions, triumph!
I lie at your feet and drink the water.

Helen Baldwin

SHOW US THE WAYS

Poetry is the magical guide,
although we tend to shunt it aside
and read prose,
the proverbial rose.
But after the introduction,
we understand the production
and follow that beam,
much brighter than it seems,
and let poetry show us the ways
of bygone days.

Jackie Morris

Subway artists toil,
Iron horses sport spray paint coats.
The ghetto's Van Goghs?

Brian Lane

THE EYE

The old church was just as I remembered —
simple red brick, white front steps.
Smaller, perhaps, but then everything had
seemed large when I was young. I neared
and stepped into the cool, dim memory.
The same smells were there — damp wood,
musty books, extinguished candle wicks.
I trailed my hand along the wooden rail
as I climbed the creaking, narrow stairs
to the balcony. I stepped near the wall
to be silent, and glanced down to see
the bell rope swaying from the breeze
through the open door. Many years had
passed since I climbed those stairs,
but everything had stayed the same —
the curve of the stairs, the smooth feel
of the rail, the narrow door at the top.
I slipped through that door. There were
the same old wooden pews and the familiar
round stained-glass window with the Eye
in the center — looking at me. It always
looked at me. Even as they buried me.

Pauline Mounsey

THE LETTING GO

Glazed eyes glare at me.

This is no tiny bird,
as one might suppose,
viewing it from a distance —

Its size frightens me.
Crouched in its cage like a wild thing,
it relinquishes none of its majesty.
Power surges and hums
through great, motionless wings,
and its breast shakes with the
rapid panic-beat of its heart.

Summoning strength, I let it go,
watch the great wings unfurl,
try their power, then gather momentum
as he circles once around the sun
and is gone.

Helen Ehrlich

LAKE ERIE

I walk alone upon the beach,
My shoes are full of sand.
I stumble like a sailor
On his first return to land.

About me sprawl the ghostly forms
Of swimmers long gone home.
The racing clouds are mirrored
In the silver, moon-tipped foam.

Driftwood glistens dry and white,
Culled from some distant shore
Where seabreeze-whispered melodies
Remember it no more.

A single fisheye gleams at me,
The waters ebb and flow.
On the night horizon summer
Steamers come and go.

The midnight sky is peaceful,
Not a star is out of place.
Then why does wind-spray mingle
With salt tears upon my face?

Helen Ehrlich

INSIDE

Tiger tails, and creeping snails,
And bells to ring at noon.
A diamond ring, and a song to sing,
And a smiling bright full moon.
A kitten soft, a sweet hayloft,
A time to cry or shout.
A pond to swim, a jungle gym,
And a park to dash about.
A green hillside, a place to hide . . .
A ship to sail the seas . . .
A kiss of love, the stars above,
Little boys the girls to tease.
A silver star, a land afar . . .
Or a magic carpet ride,
I think all this in happiness . . .
That I silent keep inside.

Cindy Pelletier

CHILDHOOD

rooster crows morning
dew old wood bare
fence rail pasture
path wild
strawberries columbines
and sumac

Pauline Mounsey

AH CHOO!

My eyes are full of water.
My nose a tickle and sneeze.
Who said Arizona is
Good for allergies?

Alice Burt

LARIAT BILL

A slick hombre
Called Lariat Bill
Shoed some critters
Over the hill.

But they kinda
Warin't his'n.
An' 'twar too far
To the prizzen.

Wall if tis Bill
Ya come ta see,
Rare back your haid.
Look up that tree.

Deane E. Hurd

MY GARDEN MI JARDÍN

In the garden
dewdrops glittering
white moths fluttering.
Crickets skittering
all things frittering
away the hours.

On the pool
sunlight glancing
reflections dancing.
Our lives enhancing
sweet smells entrancing
fill the air.

Midst the flowers
bees go bumbling
mumbling, fumbling.
Thunder grumbling
dark clouds tumbling
in the sky.

In the trees
chipmunks stuttering
squirrels a-nuttering.
Dead leaves fluttering
bright leaves cluttering
up the ground.

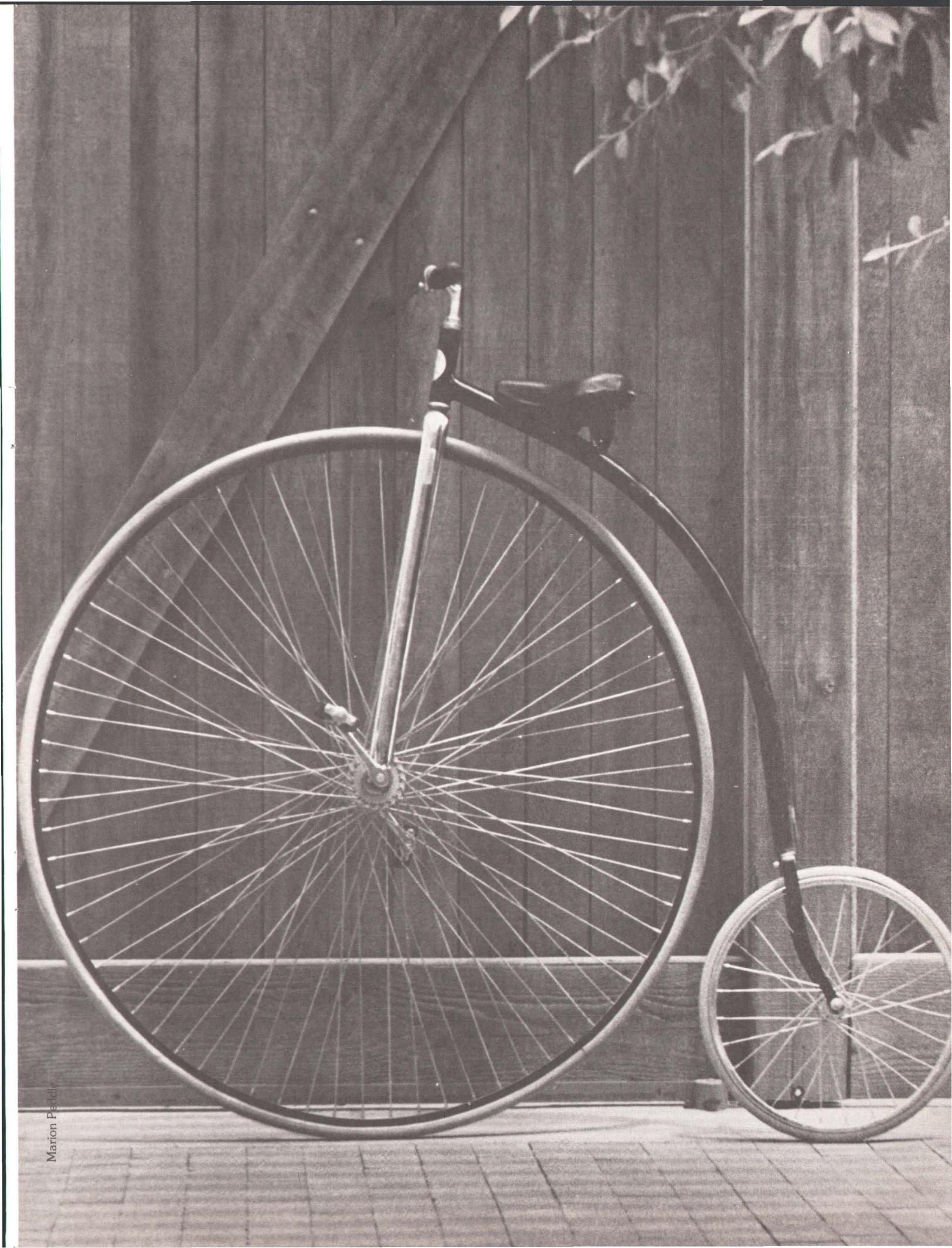
Laura Ombres

En el jardín
aljófares brillándose
alevillas agitándose.
Grillos saltándose
todas criaturas perdiéndose
las largas horas.

En la charca
luz del sol desviándose
reflejos bailándose.
Nuestras vidas realzándose
aromas olorosos fascinándose
llenar el aire.

Entre las flores
abejas van tropezándose
murmurando, chapuceándose.
Trueno refunfuñándose
nubes oscuras tumbándose
en el cielo.

En los árboles
ardillitas van tartamudeándose
ardillas nueces recogándose.
Hojas secas agitándose
hojas subidas esparciéndose
en la tierra.



Marion Peattie

