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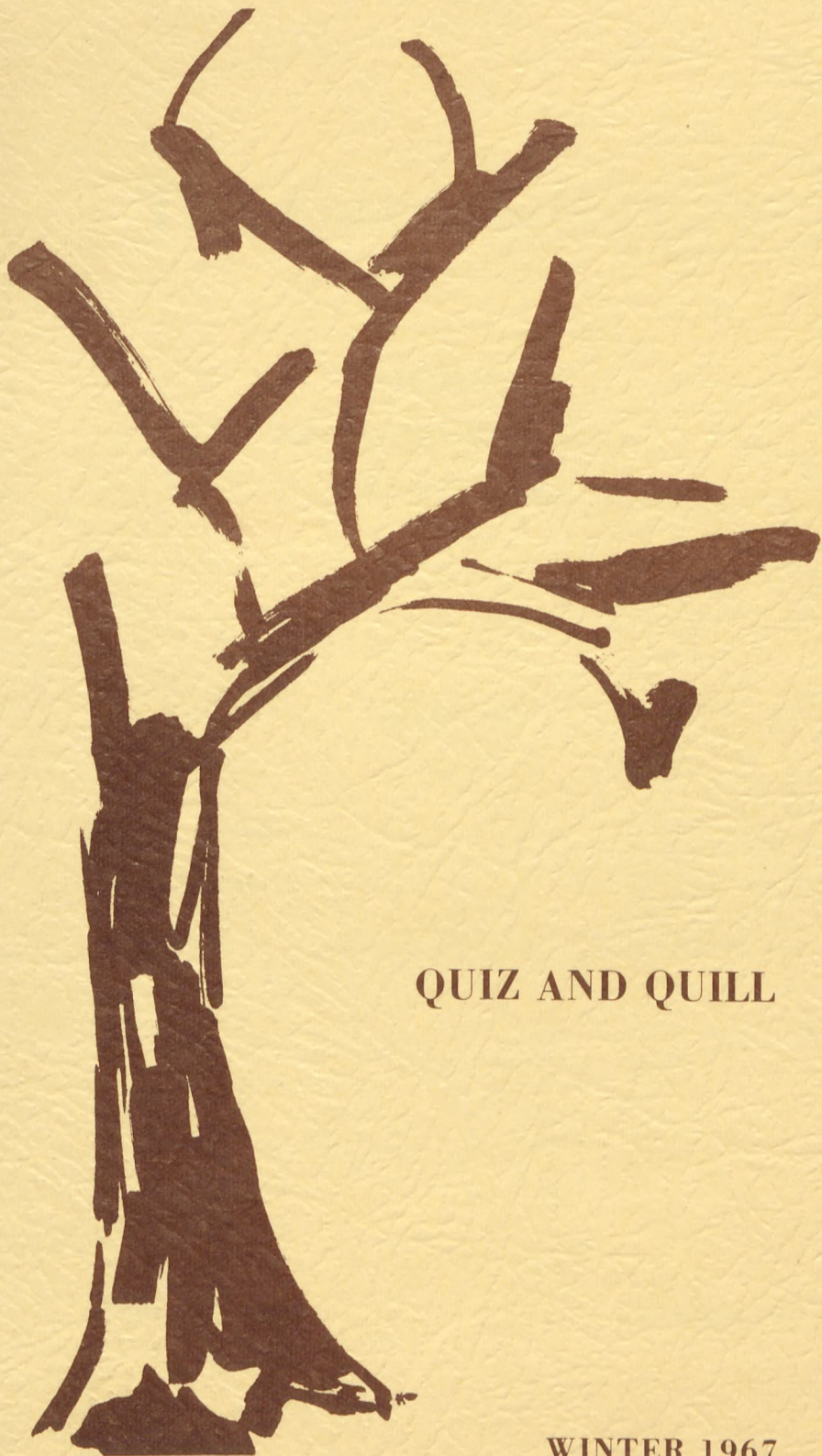


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QUIZ AND QUILL

WINTER 1967

The Quiz and Quill

Published by
THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB
of Otterbein College

* * * * *

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James R. Jones	Assistant Editor
Paula Kurth	Assistant Editor

Winter, 1967

Founded 1919

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In planning this issue, my staff and I decided that we would ask Quiz and Quill alumni to contribute their literary efforts. The response was good, and we thank both those whose work we used and those whose work we did not use. Several alumni sent their literary work in the form of checks to The Quiz and Quill Club. Although we had not expected this form of creative writing, we can honestly state that it was deeply appreciated.

Larry C. Edwards

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OUR WORLD WAS FILLED WITH YELLOW AND ORANGE BALLOONS

It was a
 hand-clasping
 skipping-down-streets
 laugh day.
Puffy winds tickled tousled hair;
 shadow-blue eyes shouted hurrahs,
for our world was filled with yellow and orange balloons.
We followed jolly july in a frolic;
 clattering cobblestones echoing happily
 popping pink champagne bubbles.
Gleefully sliding and gliding
 through morning's yellow glow
 and honeysuckle breath
 laughing low
we met a balloonman
 little brown man
 wrinkly crinkly
 who smiled too
 and
 let go.

Sharon Luster

FAREWELL

Today for the last time
I bend over my friendly washboard.
How many tears have fallen here!
Rough mate--
You have known the weariness of both back and soul,
And how many more were the tears
From a broken heart
Than from the tired, sun-burnt arms.
Between the two of us
Passed everything from diapers to Dad's shirts.
And I cursed you
For every knuckle skinned,
And you urged me on
Every time I went slack.
But we are modern - Dad and I --
And now his shirts another one will do,
And I am free.
(and I am afraid)

Patricia Speer de Sobrino '59

THE ROSE

On a gray autumn day
we went to the flower shop
with the purple stroller outside
and the flowers inside splashed on the ceiling
and a wish on the wall from the Three Thieves.
We walked, smelled the flowers, and looked at little statues
of nuns in drab habits with stark white wimples.

In the late summer cacophony of birds,
hanging green branches, leaves splashed with sunlight,
green walnuts on the ground,
we walked, holding hands and laughing, smiling kisses,
till we stopped beneath an elm tree hanging over
a gravel street, where a green walnut had rolled.
He picked it up, held it to his nose, and said,
"Hermie Sherman."

We looked at huge yellow chrysanthemums, purple heather,
frilly white carnations, and deep American Beauties.
Then I chose a small pink sweetheart rose.
The lady laid it on a bed of leaves,
Wrapped it in crackly green translucent paper, stapled it,
Handed it to me, and said, "Fifty-two cents, please."

Don't laugh at Hermie Sherman.

Outside, I unfolded the paper and looked in
at the small, pink-petalled flower laid in leaves of green.
I sniffed, and smiled, then held the flower to him
and said, "Do you like it?"

He looked inside, and sniffed, then smiled back at me and
said, "It's like a very small funeral."

Hermie Sherman died without a rose.

Rachel Cring

LILY OF THE FIELD

From the ever-aching depths
Of man's thoughtlessness
The hungry children of the world
Cry out!
And I am angry--
My paltry savings can feed so few--
Where is the justice of it all?
And Almighty God,
Where is He?
I see the sparrow fall.

Patricia Speer de Sobrino '59

THE SPIRIT

And so she said "Amen"
and she lifted her face
 (shining with tears
 glowing brightly with the inner light)
and she rose from her knees
and walked straightway to
the refrigerator
to make a
salami sandwich
with mustard
and pickles.

Linda Clifford

THE CITY'S BALLET

The neon lights flashing outside the window
 Provide a rhythm for our beating hearts.
We're together now, but when morning comes
 The steady sun will replace the flashing blues and greens.

When morning comes our hearts will beat with different rhythms.
 Do not be sad, why ask for anything more?
We each must dance to different tunes – Be glad
 We had one measure in harmony.

Marna

CONJUGATION OF "TO BE" – PRESENT TENSE

They are the "in crowd" because
They perpetually tell themselves so.
You are a student because
You borrow great tomes from the library.
We are seekers because
We never could figure out where truth and beauty are hidden.
She is a pretty girl because
She can afford expensive cosmetics and sexy clothes.
He is a professor because
He has slept through more classes.
I am a writer because
I carry a pencil and can mooch paper.

Frederick D. Glasser

SHORT SONG

On the Liffey and the Barrow
And the lough that's known as Foyle,
The sunshine shone on emerald
And the grass shined crystal oil.
Then his smile was sparkling whiteness,
His laugh was devilish joy,
On the Liffey and the Barrow
And the lough that's known as Foyle.

He warned me of his bounder ways,
But I already knew.
So he laughed and said he'd love me
Until the year was through.
So I sat and knitted hair shirts
From the clippings of his hair,
And watched bubbles shaped like shamrocks
Float lightly through the air.

He spoke to me of many things:
Of snowflakes falling free,
And of sapphires big as rubies
He would give someday to me.
But always he would laugh again
As if it were a joke,
And smile tender smiles at me,
That faded into smoke.

Then breezes blew from off the hills,
Competing with the sea,
And we knew it wasn't long until
He'd go away from me.
But we laughed the final hours left
Until the morning when
He borrowed writing paper
And told me it must end.

On the Liffey and the Barrow
And the lough that's known as Foyle,
The days pass quickly through the glen,
Days shined with crystal oil.
Then his smile was sparkling whiteness,
His laugh was devilish joy,
By the liffey and the Barrow
And the lough that's known as Foyle.

Rachel Cring

RAIN-WITCHES

Oft when the comfort of the rain has ceased
Upon the hills but for a little while,
From out the leafy aisle
And rock-rimmed glen arise
Mist forms, from mystic depths released,
Lift metaplastic fingers to the skies.
Weird father has the storm become to these
Rain-witches, borne elusive from the trees;
As some generative finger, reaching low
To touch the mother earth, had caused to grow
These frail ghost-children, forth to spring afresh
From every spot the lightning touched her flesh.

The magic of your finger tips is such
That strange wish-children rise at every touch.
But when I would enfold them to my heart,
They drift apart.

Troy R. Brady '45

DIE WAHRE EINSAMKEIT

Gottfried Arnold (1666-1714), translated by Philip O. Deever

Lass deinen Sinn nicht dies und das zerstreuen,
Dein Geist muss ganz in Gott gesammelt sein.
Soll, Seele, dich ein tiefer Fried erfreuen,
So lass ihn gehn stets in das Eine ein.
Da findest du Altar und Temple schon zu sehen,
Der Priester pflegt da stets im Schmuck vor Gott zu stehen.
Geh aus dir selbst und deiner Eigenheit,
So bist du in der Welt von Welt befreit.

TRUE SOLITUDE

Let not your mind be scattered here and there;
Your spirit must be drawn to God alone.
Would you your soul for deeper peace prepare?
Then turn your face steadfastly on that One!
There shall you find your altar and your temple close at hand;
The priest makes sure in right attire before his God to stand.
Escape the self's peculiarity;
So in the world, from it you shall be free.

Philip O. Deever '34

Aloneness

By the clear, cool lake
Where we passed the three springs
Skipping rocks on the shimmering scales
And waiting for each to sink, to penetrate,
But none did.
Only us, we two on the surface,
Shining, distorted, then perfect
For an instant before we broke the mirror with games.
Good God, you know it's not games I want –
Keeping eyes ever on the shale so I won't miss a skipping piece.

Aloneness

In the cemetery where we sat
When summer layed spring
Pulling weeds from the grave,
But the tops broke off in my hand
Before the roots felt the tug
In the depth of darkness.
The other cemetery, beside the barren strip mine,
Where I was sick and could not conceive
On the ruined ground, bearing blackness
And adding to death.
And behind the country church
Where the seed fell on the ground and grew
Forget-me-nots that died when I wore them in my hair.

Aloneness

In the two late autumn of fermenting fruit
When the pub man cried
Hurry up, it's time!
HURRY UP, IT IS TIME!
But the black, kinky headed whore
Saw the red light flashing
And knew the last friendly round had taken too long
And tonight's closing would be forever.

Lou Bistline

INHIBITION

I felt some little premonition,
That I'd sense some inhibition,
When I entered the locker room,
Wearing my polka dot Fruit of the Loom.

Steven R. Lorton

ELEGY TO REBA

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel." – Hamlet 1:3

Oh, did you think that I would soon forget
You? Never muse upon your tenderness
While you were gathering anemones?
The wind upon the cliff was billowing
Your skirt. You knew the storm was coming on.
But in the gracious, golden filigrees
Of light that yet remained, you lifted up
The blossoms to your heart and laughed with so
Much joy, I hear your voice in every breeze.
Forever young and beautiful, you poise
Before me in the frieze of memory.
How suddenly, with mysteries to conceal,
The dark Tornado hurled you down the hill
And scattered mercilessly with its heel
The flowers that you had tied with hoops of steel.

Reprinted from "The American Bard"
Marcella Henry Miller

IN WAITING

Mary watched him
strike chips, like snowflakes,
from an oxen yoke.
Tomorrow they would leave,
when he finished.
There were things to do
and she turned away.

She moved with grace,
like a fishing ketch
under light wind on Galilee.
At the door a shadow of pain
crossed her face.
Was it time?
She put both hands
on her protruding burden.
O the wonder and the terror –
to feel inside, kicking,
the End and the Beginning.

Roger D. Caldwell '58

I

tears,
talking,
a little laugh
release--

It was a green twig.
In my mouth
I savored it

as I savored the
Lingering brush of your
lips
on mine.

Not demanding
is your mouth
(For no one
must ever be allowed to know
That you contain
passion
controlled),

But

gentle
smooth
and brief.

A green twig
in
my
mouth.

Paula Kurth

II

We sit as we have sat
For weeks, listening to
lecture
after
lecture,

word
after
word.

We are quieter now than we were at first;
Time has a way of subduing,
though not lessening,
Friendship.

I sit beside you,
 Proud and happy to be part of your
 Strength.
 I like to think of you as being strong
 Although
 I know there are times when
 You need me
 Or someone.
 I try to be what you want but fail,
 Not knowing what that is.
 Instead, I remain myself, which is what
 You need.

I wish we could sit here forever,
 Be content with what we do now.
 But it is stifling.
 We must get up and stretch
 And then walk slowly away,
 You breaking first . . .
 As you have always done.

Paula Kurth

III

Today we celebrated
 (With breakfast)
 Our last normal day.
 Now the together is over
 Before I grasped the full
 Significance
 Of the day and its meaning.

Separation will
 chill
 still
 kill
 The
 pulsing
 throbbing
 coursing
 Understanding.

How piercing is the after-taste of
 Not-fully-ripened fruit!
 And we accept it without attempt
 To Change,
 For the meal is over.

Paula Kurth

FROM A RED, RED ROSE

O, my love is like the parching ray
Of a desert sun at noon,
Like torrid Babylon's furnace fired
To be a Hebrew tomb.

I turn my eyes away my love;
I love you, oh, too much.
The fire of your coal black eyes
Warns the heart's death. I may not touch.

And yet I must draw close my love;
I cannot back away,
Though my soul is singed, my heart burned black,
And molten runs the body's clay.

I can't endure, and yet I will
For all eternity.
Even as the white hot star will cool,
My love will come to me.

Lou Bistline

FOR D. WHO LIKES SUCH THINGS

Sunny Monday
spoke with smiles:
brown-eyed daisies'
winsome wiles,
symmetry of
dainty threads,
strength camouflaged in
spiderwebs,
brilliant blue-green
shimmerings
of incandescent
beetle-wings.

Rain is only
in the eyes
of those who cannot
feel surprise.

Sharon Luster

CREATIVE MOOD

After a rain
The mists.....translucent, ever-moving,
Stir and seep,
Stir and seep among the treetops
In the valley;
And, like an artist's thoughts inspired,
Wraith-like they seek the
 newly-brilliant sun –
Then, slowly disappearing,
Reveal a lucid image.

Betty Woodworth Clark '42

AFTER ARGUMENT

The materialistic man insists
 the mind is limited,
a tiny room where secret skin
 is papered on the walls.

But I have traveled light years through
 the galaxy of mind,
and once or twice, where stars thin out,
 have come to mind's dark edge.

When, weighed with wonder, I looked out
 and saw the void was filled
with candling, pinwheeled islands of fire,
 more than stars on a clear earth night.

Roger D. Caldwell '58

RENDEZVOUS AT SUNDOWN

September's chill
Was in the evening air:
And yet
An apple blossom fragrance, too,
Was there.

Betty Woodworth Clark '42

STATE HOSPITAL

I am in Fancy's power;
My day is Night.
Each second is an hour;
What is wrong is right.
My honeymoon is over.
The lilacs now are dead,
Fields have no more clover,
They are burnt and red.
I have a mounting debt,
That must be paid with pain,
Which brings white coat and net,
That has the feel of rain.

James Jones

IN LATE CHILDHOOD

If there were time and it were any good,
I would try to feel a nausea; but it is too late now,
and I am tired, and it wasn't that important anyway.
Just finding out that warm blue-jewelled nights in August
do not exist and never really did,
and wondering how I ever might have thought they could.
But then, it took some time before I learned
that there is no such thing as a cummings day in spring;
for even as I saw the empty days float past
until the warm green leaves had come,
I still could smell the pungent mud
and hear the goat-foot whistle.
So naturally I waited.

And now, months away from August,
I take time to stop and drink a cup of tea
And wonder if the dark, soft humid nights appeared last year,
or if I just imagined them.

I sigh, and sip my tea, and pretend that I cannot remember.
Until the ghost sound starts, coming through the distance,
growing louder, faintly louder, until it makes an all –
surrounding racket of grating crickets' chirp.
Stunned, I listen.
In the din I turn to stare, dead-eyed at the mirror,
and wonder why we are afraid, all afraid.

Rachel Cring

THE NIGHT OF THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

Fled from a drought, the well run dry, he came
Into my house, our house. For all the beggar
Look of him I saw him come with joy,
And fed him well and will go on feeding.

So, questioning me, stood his faithful brother
Who, lacking imagination, could not understand.
No more can I, but to admit
The knowing alchemy of love that reaches
Through the years. And sees how clearly!
Love is not blind. I look in this man's eyes
And see the wasted days on days on years.

His was the gnawing need of being selfish.
It was himself he staked upon a throw of dice,
Himself he tried to lose in brothel beds,
Himself he gluttoned. Himself he spent.
Himself he starved.

Himself he could not lose.

He brings me what he is.
All he can be is built on what I am,
And it was this he fled from. This, my son.

Sylvia Vance '47

NEW DAY

A pink bruise in the morning sky
Where lashless peers the sun's red eye

The fresh moist smell of night-washed air
Hung out to dry and rinsed with care

A breeze splashed green with trees astir...
A first bird's note, a throaty blur

The world begins to stretch, to yawn
Expanding toward the warming dawn

While Earth slow turns her other cheek...
That planet habit of the meek

Alice Sanders Reed '26

THE WIFE OF KOMAROV

body is the same
as ashes,
but not the same, somehow.
Komarov's wife
followed the small white
urn
down the street,
weeping to the Volga
Boatman.
her pain was solaced only
by a large glassed-over
photograph
which, when she stroked it,
felt not at all
like her husband had
when she had stroked his face.

I don't know
what they call you,
wife of Komarov,
so I shall call you
sister. for we are.
I wept for you
and for myself
and for your love
and for mine
as they sealed his ashes
inside the brick wall
and set his picture up before it
last week.

Rachel Cring

DESCRIPTION

On frozen blades of grass,
Stars gleamed, breaking
Eternal blackness of night
Lighting my dark path
 bound toward home

Allan Strouss

DAISY POEM

Your passion leashed by discovery
Has made me weep.
The dew is on the daisy.

The wind tears at the daisy,
Stripping it of petals;
Laying bare its heart.
No florist can undo with wire
gum
water

What the wind has done
(To the daisy).

Paula Kurth

THE SPLENDID TEARS

In shadowed passages
And darkened corridors
I have seen the hidden teardrops glisten
That were not shed in sorrow
Nor in pain,
But born of splendid tenderness
And faultless joy.
They rolled away down silent halls
Beneath my gentlest smile.

There is a quiet place
Of perfect peace fulfilled
And Being is so fragile there
The smallest tear
Contains the power
To shatter shining gratitude
To splinters on the ground.

Jo Ann Goss '51

NOVEMBER

November is a month for connoisseurs.
If you seek beauty, sigh not for October;
The golds and scarlets change to tones more sober.
A nut drops softly and a rabbit stirs.
The milkweed pods are empty; the ripe burrs
Hope for transportation. The air is spicy
With smoke and 'mums. Evenings grow icy--
The dog and cat and wood folk grow more furs.
The cardinal leaves a red flash in the hedges--
He knows where he may garner seeds in store
For the month, born of autumn, parent of December.
The bare trees are foil for the oaks and sedges;
Fondly we long for a steady fire and the closed door.
We're thankful for this largess to remember.

*reprinted from The Dream Shop
Freda Kirts Shower '24*

POLLUTION

Our little specks of dust
 Mean nothing in a Smog City.
Our existence only helps to cloud the air.
 Our fears and hates — even our hopes are mere
 Pollution
 Hanging
 In
 The
 Streets.
The city never sleeps because the dust never settles.
 Swirling
 and
 Falling among the blinking lights
We live our unimportant lives.
 We see the tragedy of broken dreams
 But the city sees only
 Drifting
 Specks
 of
 Dust.

Marna

WHEN FLESH AND MINGLE

When flesh and mingle,
--air and earth--
(death ramble 'round in her ribald rolling)
and dumb as winter,
he shall keep his spell in pine and iron.

In a heavenward tilted word
and angled angel to the sky,
he shall rock in Abraham's cradle--
built from wood universal.

The iron worms which lock that box,
squeak at each revolution,
and bones and brains
pray the same
for a holy revelation.

Abstraction is the final key
in the darkness of that day,
and he shall be

sky
earth
sea

in the birth of death's
bright burning.

Larry C. Edwards

RATS!

They call them "complexities" of urban life.
I call them rats.

Rats in the walls.
Rats in the halls.
Rats in the bread.
Rats in the bed.

Such enormous complexities!
Such enormous rats

David Thomas

GONE

Your face there,
next to mine,
looks back at me
nearly mirror-like
and hides the differences beneath
between us.

Our bodies, too,
though different,
gangle and angle alike,
make the same long shadows on
the sun-bright snow.

We'll never sit in the dog house again,
never swing on grapevines,
and the days of Dylan-listening
and Nelson-watching
are over.

It's gone now,
and worlds apart
we two who from the same womb came
remain.

Linda Clifford

Helpless to express the depths of moving
Below the limits of the soul,
Shall hands that grasp
And fingers interwoven
On a table
Or a pillow in the night,
Make known the passions of contentments
Churning undirected paths
Beneath the moments
Where we really touch?

Muscle, flesh and eye
Portray the endlessness
When words, long left behind,
Have died.

Jo Ann Goss '51

IN DARIEN

Silently,
Inside this restless shell
I stand,
Hushed ...
Detached from all I see
Or ever was;
Poised upon a ledge,
The dark chasm of unknown truth
Years through infinite space.

Expectancy and dread combine,
Pull taut the inner cords in helpless wonder,
Till overwhelmed and tension-tied,
A tug will come ...
The letting go
And falling through the grippless dark
The scene will change to good, grey dawn,
And new-formed day will loom
Where darkness beckons now.

Jo Ann Goss '51

DEAR LADY BOUNTIFUL

Someone:

another
takes under his
who wing
usually needs
p
r
o
p
p
i
n
g
up.

Ron Hanft '66

ESCAPE

My little room as
I look out
Becomes transformed/becomes the world
And the scene from
My window
Takes on an aquarium air.
There, behind the glass
Are all the flora
And Fauna
Of the
Underwater world
The fish-people
Glide cool by
in motion-slowness
Liquid
The trees and flowers
Sway
Gently with the underwater
Currents
And I
Watch
Transfixed by the calming
Effect
Of viewing
And not partaking.

Linda Clifford

FALSE-NESS

The painless wind
That rides on wings
Of death and cold,
Has told of things
That grab and hold,
All people sinned.
A place in Hell
Is made for Man
Who follows Gods,
Which made by hand
With lightening rods
Can ring no bell.

James Jones

THE DEATH OF MONTOYA

On each finger tip a thousand crystals shattered,
A handful of gravel slid lightly cross the string,
And master guitarist - flamenco magician,
Bordello herald - road dusty patrician,
Clattered toward heaven on wild angel wing.

Madrid and Granada like lustful gypsy bosom,
Swelled each with desire as the song left the earth,
And daggers and dice - or tea leaves for pesoes,
Forgot strong hot blood - and silenced the mesas,
Some great dying passion had murdered the mirth.

The raven black hair - the dome of the sky,
The thick ruby lips - the horizon,
The flashing stars, like wild dancer eyes,
Welcomed the artist's ascension.

No whimpered remorse, or morose word was sounded,
Such Spanish nomads will not cry,
In each selfish heart, a tribal pride pounded,
For even a gypsy knows a gypsy must die.

Steven R. Lorton

RELEASE

Sometimes -
I have become
A silent shriek of pain,
Of need,
Of longing,
Beneath a quiet conversation.
Rambling talk to tease the mind
And leave the Life untouched.

And sitting there,
Sometimes -
You heard the noiseless dry
I had become,
And touched my hand,
To melt me
Into quiet pools of peace.

Jo Ann Goss '51

HORIZON

A singular radiance appeared out of heaven--
A gleam not of rockets, nor jets, nor many-metalled machines.
It sought out a wish from me:
I mellowed back.
Star light, star bright,
Wish I may, wish I might ...
Great God!
As though thundering through the stillness of the twilight
A silent revelation bowed me:
I had no wish.
My soul ejaculated against an empty universe--
From emptiness to emptiness--
A cry not unlike that of the dying--
From dust unto dust.
Faith is a form of facing into death--
A complacency of acceptance.
It is easier to die than do.
Out of life's generosity I have formed my own pyre--
A candle lighted unto the deity of nothing.
I sain.
I die.
But it is the same as my living.
There is no tomorrow; no yesterday.

Patricia Speer de Sobrino '59

SOUTH COUNTRY ROAD

Blonde buds ripple
the fresh earth, blown
under the arched maples
like fallen sun.

By a weathered barn
a bright flush of plum,
like a lover burns
in tender flames.

But where the road bends,
a white wing of card
flutters in the wind,
a wounded bird.

Roger D. Caldwell '58

A TIME REMEMBERED

Time was ...
And though that time can never be again;
Its haunting sweetness
Lends a mellowing touch
to after-years,
Softens the sting of nettles
In the field of Life.

Betty Woodworth Clark '42

SUSPENSION

James,
It is with boredom
faithfully here I
sleep--
beside,
alone,
together,
in danger of Hell.
Savage
and daring,
I
sweep aside pretentions
and
wait.

Linda Clifford

AN ANCIENT EVE

An ancient eve ago,
under a moon hung low,
weighed by the world's woe,
a young man wept.

The grief of his heart he bared,
a dream for man he dared,
he was the last who cared,
and centuries have slept.

Roger D. Caldwell '58

REFLECTION ON A HEALTHY YOUNG DEMONSTRATOR

What's it all about?
Hell, why try to figure it out!
Does anybody know?

Hey! You with the baggy pants!
You've been around for awhile--
What's going on?

"...I made this world; I broke the earth
to plant...
I built; I gave you
life..."

What a present!
Plop! Right in my lap you happened to drop it.
So what do I do with it?

"...I built...I gave you...gave you..."

Hey! You're getting my sleeve wet!
Old people slobber so.

What's it all about?
god!
Doesn't anybody know?

Sharon Luster

OBSERVATION OF AN IRISH MOTHER UPON HEARING OF THE VEGETARIANISM OF LEONARD COHEN

"The Canadian poet Leonard Cohen,
Believing in the insensitivity
Of eating domesticated flesh,
Gave it up for vegetables,
And now claims he feels
More honest
When he pats a dog.

"My dear friend Mr. Cohen,
How do you feel now,
When walking through a garden growing,
You confront a radish ... a potato?"

Rachel Cring

BEREAVEMENT IN A GAS-FILLED HOUSE

Go draw the shades, Paul –
 Father is dead.
Put this soft pillow
 under his head.

Turn out the lights, Paul.
 Leave him alone.
If someone calls us,
 ignore the phone.

Shut off the gas, Paul.
 Its work is done.
Now gather his dollars, and
 count every one.

Dave Thomas

les sons doux du vent
entrent dans mon cœur
et jouent une mélodie triste
qui me rappelle nos jours
et nos mois et nos années ensemble
ensemble partout
dans mon cœur

Diane Weaston Birckbichler '64

VALENTINE

Crystal tears, wept from smudged skies,
Fill this frozen moment
Where deeper, coldest winter lies,
Like powdered snow,
Freezing out the fire
That warmed our lives.

Jo Ann Goss '51

OH POOR GROTESQUE MAN

Oh, poor, grotesque man
Without form
 Feeling: wistful feeling.
Falling ... reeling
Toward tormentless pit.

Allan Strauss

IF GOD WERE DEAD

If God were dead
all space would shrink,
more dark than night,
and minds wink out.

Who are these fools,
afraid of doubt,
who cannot think
beyond their sight?

The Hand which made
my singing dust
keeps stars arrayed,
maintains my trust.

Roger D. Caldwell '58

A MOAN

Eve was a child;
No heaven troubled the innocent heart,
No love weighed down the soul.
The fruit was good – as sweet
As bliss.
A cry of ecstasy,
A moan of pain –
Eve was a woman.

Lou Bistline

PRELUDE TO PRAYER

Lord,
I must enter my heart;
unblock my head,
break the chains
from the thoughts I dread,
utter the words
I've never said.

Roger D. Caldwell '58

GERMINALE

I am the mustardseed
That is waiting to grow into the biggest tree.
I am a dervish ready to take a spin.
I am the case ready to be put.
I am the law of percentages all set to
Make a coin land on its side.
I am ready to run, ready to wear, pre-assembled, heat 'n' serve.
And tomorrow I'll be pre-fab, because yesterday I was pre-paid.

Frederick D. Glasser

OBITUARY FOR JUNE

The evening,
a grey, oppressive blanket,
smothers us as we walk
hand in hand
nowhere.
Our voices
float, as severed autumn leaves;
the thoughts are carried darkly
downward, crunching
underfoot.
This nearness
mocks us, taunts us
with the yellow jeering
of a moon
too high.

Nightfall brings the inevitable chill.

Sharon Luster

THE POET

I am the poet, my part in life!
The world oppresses me –
No place to play my part.
I have made my entrance,
Said my few lines,
And fear my exit.
The stage has no West Wind;
The Act is only an Act.
The audience has no time.
I sweat the blood of my Part –
Night brings sleep; day fear.
My lines have been few,
My audience small,
And my exit so close.

James Jones

SEARCHING

Inscrutable
Unknowable
Incapable of being understood
(A word that I learned as a child)
I took it from my
vocabulary cards and
 memorized and
 stored it
as if I knew
someday I would need it.

Now I do need it.
The word is the friend
who understands
the feeling--of
leafing through a French novel
or
looking for a name in the
works of Josephus
or
reaching behind your eyes
to find the essence of you--
your
Incapable of being understood
Soul.

Linda Clifford

PARENT-TEACHER

Little boy of mine,
Because of you
All other boys
Are important too.

Through you I see
How dear they'd be
If they, like you,
Belonged to me.

Mamie Edgington Braddock '25

EN PASSANT

The ice clings
To sky-scraping branches-
Glittering, sun-sparkling sheath,
A gown of diamonds.

Slowly melting
It drips,
And slips away-
Soaking the soil.

Josephine Platz

