1976

Reflections, 1976

Gainesville Junior College Humanities Division

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REFLECTIONS

Gainesville Junior College
1976

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Front and Inside Cover by Sharon Rich
THE PHOTOGRAPH

It had been many years since I had seen my great aunt, an old spinster who lived in the recesses of a small Iowan town. I arrived on her stoop on a warm summer afternoon and rang the bell twice, as was my custom. Almost at once the door opened revealing the spry old woman. She laughed and invited me in, going through the basic formalities of complimenting me and asking me about my trip. Smiling I did the same, knowing that she suffered through it for my sake (or so she confessed later).

It was then that I noticed the camera hanging from her neck, and I looked at it inquisitively. She noticed my stare and felt obligated to explain.

"I've been taking pictures", she said, which seemed quite obvious, and she took it from her neck and laid it on the sideboard. She paused for a minute and then led me into the parlor.

As I entered, I looked with surprise at the walls, which were covered with photographs of all sizes and descriptions. My aunt was pleased with the look on my face and began to lead me about the room, recalling, for every picture, its case history. When I came to my senses, after realizing what it was she had in mind, I quickly asked her to show me only the most interesting of all; the others could come later. She stopped for a minute and pondered the request; she then turned and led me off across the room to where a small colored photo was hanging by itself. It was of a graveled path wandering amongst some trees. I asked her then why she favored it above all others and she told me a tale I should now like to repeat, unbelievable though it may seem.

"It was one of my first," she began, choosing her words carefully, "it is of a farmer, though you might not see him. I have often wondered what happened that day, the day I took this photo. He was standing plainly before me, posing, with an armful of gladioles. He was in the viewfinder when I took the shot . . . but when I developed it . . ." She broke off reflecting on that day, absorbed, as it were, in her own thoughts. Unwittingly she left me hanging and I became impatient, making no sense of what she had already stated. I tapped her on the shoulder and she turned around suddenly as if she were surprised at my being there. She regained her composure quickly and apologized for running on like an old fool. Then, as if nothing had happened, she began once more, this time at the beginning.

She said she had been driving through the countryside on a perfectly ordinary day, looking for an old barn to photograph, or perhaps an abandoned house. The sun was shining sporadically across the corn fields, breaking through the clouds, creating fairy
tale effects on the frequent farm yards along the way. It was then that she noticed the old barn, grey and weathered, straddling a wooded hill. She stopped the car and got out, searching the tree tops for an inevitable farm house roof, the logical mate to the barn. When she was convinced there was none, she got back into the car and slowly started up the drive, unused and full of weeds. At the crest of the hill she pulled to a complete stop and, breaking the car, got out again and began to search through the dense undergrowth for the path leading down to the barn she had seen such a short time before.

With that she paused for a moment, trying to explain to me that she hadn’t seen him. When I asked her who, she replied in a small voice, “The farmer.” It appears he had been leaning against the rusted hulk of a Model T Ford and was apparently gazing at her. I made it clear I didn’t know who she meant and she repeated again, “The farmer.”

Once more she resumed her story, relating to me the questions he had asked her and her replies. It became clear that he was a kindly old man and he gave her permission to photograph the barn. He led her quietly down an obscure path to the clearing where the barn rested, following the contour of the hill. He then disappeared back down the path leaving her to her photographing. She climbed into the barn hoping to find all kinds of tractors and harvesters. Instead, and to her great astonishment, she found the loft fallen through to the cellar, its now mouldy hay sweeping in a dingy brown wave to the walls. Littered here and there, and protruding from the musty carpet, there were to be found old harness and horse drawn farming equipment covered with thick layers of dust and cobwebs.

Here she continued, getting right to the point. As she was photographing, it seems, the farmer came back to the barn and stood in the clearing, calling for her. My aunt went to the barn door and looked down where he stood. He had, in his arms, a dozen gladioles, and was beckoning for her to come down and take them from him. This she did without hesitation and thanked him graciously for his gift. Then, remembering her camera, she asked him if she could take his picture. At first refusing, and finally giving in, he struck a pose as cold as stone, taking the whole thing quite seriously. Laughing she snapped the picture and began to take another, but when she looked up he was gone. All that remained to be seen were the gladioles, lying gently on the grass. Unnerved she picked them up and hurried back to the car, feeling that something peculiar had happened. Warming up her engine, she let out the brake and began to slide down the hill.

Unconsciously she found herself gazing back to the spot where the car had been a moment ago and saw the old farmer disappearing down another path at the opposite side of the lane. Again
braking the car, my aunt hurried down the path where she had just seen the old man disappear. Pausing but for a moment, she again started out looking for the farmer and calling for him. All of a sudden she came onto what appeared to be a lawn, neatly mowed and trimmed. In its center, amidst a crumbling foundation, she saw a vast array of gladioles blowing in the slight breeze. They were noticeably well tended and my aunt found herself being drawn to them as if they were calling her. Why they called her she could not say.

"They were," she said, "the prettiest flowers I had ever seen. As I approached, they became calm and parted to either side, revealing a brick walk way at the end of which stood the weathered bust of the farmer, as old, it seemed, as the farmer himself. I went closer and noticed an inscription on the pedestal. It read:

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF
FARMER JENKINS
MAY HE BE REMEMBERED MOST FOR THE GLADIOLES HE GREW
BEST IN THE STATE
1859-1935"

There she stopped and the room grew suddenly quiet. She was now seated on the sofa, and her face had grown quite old, the lines of age becoming evident on her wisened features. The late afternoon sun was now streaming into the room, shimmering and reflecting off of the glossy photographs. I let her sit, pondering and reflecting that incident which must now seem so distant to her. It had indeed been a long time.

Las Tas Eire
And in that moment, I died. The fiery gates of Hell opened and consumed me. The Stygian hue called me and drew me inside. Through the dense smoke, I opened my eyes to look upon Lucifer. He stood there not in his legendary red suit with a wry smile, but in the attire of a man of the night, Dark and Black. Neither did he wear a smile, but instead a tear came from his pain wrought face. He motioned at me to come nearer. Fear did not take me but instead remorse and pity. I walked toward him. He extended his hand and I took it as a token of friendship. When our fingers touched a vision appeared before me. A huge being sat upon a golden throne and laughed aloud. "Lucifer did you really think that you could dethrone the Almighty?" "When the Almighty is wrong it is the right of those he has wronged to set things right, whether through debate or bloody revolution." "Hear me, fallen Angel, it is so painful that you, my right hand man, has defied me that from now on any that disobey shall forever be forced to live with you. Throw this so called usurper into the fiery pits of Hell." I had just witnessed the trial of the most notorious man of all Earth's legendary. Satan Old Scratch Lucifer The Fallen Angel THE DEVIL. Yet, when I looked back upon the man, I cried. I looked around Hell to gaze upon the humans who had been banished here for defying a being who is not always correct. I saw a lady. She was crying. I asked her WHY? "Why? Because I wasn't supposed to have a husband who would help me take care of the children. They cried because I couldn't get enough for them to eat. So I stole food." The sound of crying was forever ringing in her ears and bread was all she had to eat. Satan patted her on her head and a tear dropped upon her head? "She was not contented with her life, she had to ask questions, she defied the Almighty." Everyone was there for these reasons. They were not contented. They asked Why? Why war, God? Why famine? Why pain? Why murder? Why poverty? If your so damn powerful, why must we go through these hardships?
Have you ever seen a starving baby, Lord?
Have you ever seen their parents anguish?
Did you see that man die in war and leave his wife and five children without anyone to take care of them in this world you built in six days?
Are we just your pawns?
Are we that low that you kill us off and judge us because your so powerful.
Tell me that you're Kind, Lord.
Tell me that when you let a 14 year old girl die of cancer.
Tell me that you are forgiving.
Tell me that when someone says that if there is a God, he isn't that almighty.
Tell me that you love us Lord.
Tell me that when you come forth to judge me.
If you, man, are reading this and you still blindly accept the ways of the Father, then look upon your fellow man and ask why they are led through such hardships.
If you see their pain and anguish and you still are contented with the way the world is run then I have but one thing to say to you— GO TO HELL.

C. R. Freeze

A MAN

He was deaf in a world where hearing was slandered
Lucky, never foolhardy, a man among men
He took his pleasure calmly, his drinks in short gulps
He fished for bass when the weather permitted
Until one day he was struck through the heart
He died on the beach mixing the sand with his blood
Never understanding why some valued gain over order.

E. and L. Brumby
ODE TO A MAN I GREW TO LOVE

When I was just young
I met a man who seemed very big
His hands, when they reached out to pick me up,
were of great strength and power
and his young smile lit up the room.
This man would visit our house
and he would play with me.
He would sing me songs at night
to put me to sleep.
When I grew a little older
we shared many bowls of pudding together
and I'd hide his favorite cap from him.
But the years flew by faster than either
of us wanted them to
and the hands that once picked me up
didn't appear as often and when they did
they were wrinkled and withered.
I knew then I was growing up
for this man was growing older too.
He didn't reach out to pick me up anymore
but he would hold me and hug me sometimes
and I could tell by the way his opaque eyes
would look at me, that he loved me very much.
As the years progressed, his visits became less frequent
so I would visit him too
but I became involved in my own life
and I sometimes forgot this man.
I realize now that I was selfish, for I miss him very much
and the words I longed to speak for so long
are lost.
I still visit him and every now and then
I tell him, "Grandpa, I love you"
but he doesn't hear me now
there's too much sky between us.

Sheila DeWane

WHAT I KNOW NOW

Rest, now in truth such foolish reason
Lost to the warmth like the snow's season.
Over now, a fool with transplanted eyes,
and bitter truth forced to finally realize
that a lie told, can foster seed,
Perhaps even to the end a noble deed.
So unlike dreams of immortals which go on
even like the gods die when finally age acts upon.
The narrow path left untrod,
so drearily, all must plod,
toward the truth; from the lie
sleeping gently, 'till called; they die.

Harry Gripado
the hitch-hiker

i wasn't traveling down a deserted road
but i picked you up when you were lost.
i used to be a strict conservative
but, now you've changed all that.
i was lonely but the most popular kid around.
i felt i had no friends near but was surrounded.
then, in through the door you came!
you wore jeans and a faded shirt,
your hair was dirty — full of dust and sand —
but to me, you had the looks of prince charming,
the look of someone fresh in from the natural nature,
you were someone different from anyone else i'd ever known.

..........but, ................later on...............
you began to want to do more of the ordinary things
you wanted me to be someone else again, like before you came.
some of your wanderers dust fell upon my lips
and made it to my heart where i volted it in.
you offered love but would not give it,
you wanted love but would not take it.
finally, you left my town, my heart.
although now i hate the established things
i know you'll never be content
so i'll always pick up hitch-hikers
for there is always the slightest chance,
someday your wander lust will run out.

Sharon Rich

HITCHHIKER

Who is that bit of humanity
Is it here I find my identity
His dejected stance
Sounds a silent gong
Its echo lingers loud and long
His weary feet are holy.

Margie Baghose
A long time ago in the valley of the Shrewd, there lived a man called Gregor who was of the upper class. Now Gregor fell in love with Melisty, a peasant woman of very low upbringing. Melisty sold her handwoven baskets on the streets of Shrewd in the village where Gregor owned a prosperous business. Everyday Melisty would pass Gregor's business and when she did he would come out to chat a while with her. Oh, not of love or of beauty, although this was on his mind, but of the weather and of her baskets, "Isn't this a beautiful day", he would ask; and she would reply shyly, "Why, yes, it is quite nice, isn't it?" The two carried on so for three weeks until the whole town buzzed with the news. Gregor's father, Winston, who was now retired but was also of a very high class, found out about the meetings and begged Gregor to dismiss the foolishness at once.

"Gregor," he would say with great meaning and authority, "Your behavior is repulsive and your action is degrading to our good family name. I insist that you stop this foolishness at once. Your poor mother would turn in her grave if she knew of your outlandish behavior."

Gregor was hurt by the confrontation, not because of his father's feelings but because he had loved his mother very dearly. "I wonder what Mother would think. Maybe she hates me for what I have done," he thought to himself. So for days Gregor felt very guilty and as Melisty would pass by, he would retreat into his building and ignore her. Now Melisty — who had grown quite fond of Gregor and their afternoon chats — started to wonder if he had turned against her for what she was, which was not worth boasting about. Feeling downtrodden she returned home. Brelno, the father of Melisty, was there to greet her, but seeing her anguish he asked her what was the matter. "Oh father, I have become very fond of a man in town and for quite some time we have met daily on the street to chat but he has been avoiding me and I am so confused." "Is this man, Gregor," answered Brelno. "Yes, father, it is and I have found myself looking forward to our meetings, but now, . . ." she broke off in tears. "Go to the graveyard and pray to your Mother for help," suggested Brelno. So off she went to prayed to her mother for advice.

It seems that Gregor, being equally confused about the situation, had thought of the same idea and he was now heading to the graveyard, not to seek advice but to ask forgiveness from his mother. Once inside the gates of the graveyard, Gregor recognized the huge stone which read of his mother's name and a small figure kneeling in front of it. Gregor ran with a force unhuman. He reached the body and touching it on the shoulder revealing a once familiar face, Melisty.

Shay DeWane
GOOD OLE' SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

My mama was a good, straight-forward woman never did nuthin immoral or wrong
She'd go to sewing bees, and church meetings
"Amazing Grace" was her favorite song.

And everyday my mama and me
we'd pass by the preacher's house
he'd be sitting on the front porch swing quiet as an old church mouse.

The people of our village
they respected mama too and looked up to her admiringly
for all the good things she'd do.

They'd bring home-made chicken soup over to our house to help out
whenever papa'd get sick or couldn't get about.

You see, my papa was a man of sound judgment
and he'd look at me and say,
"Sarah Jane, your momas a fine woman
I hope you grow to be like her one day."

But one cold October night without even a good-bye
My mama ran away with the preacher just three days after papa died.

S. R. DeWane
DIXIELAND

Cotton, cotton, everywhere and all the bolls did swell;
Cotton, cotton, everywhere and all the plants did shrink;
Cotton, cotton, everywhere and all the bales to sell;
Cotton, cotton, everywhere and all the toasts to drink.

But now,
pine trees reign
tallest on the land
where cotton plants
had ruled the piedmont/
coastal plain;
where voices hailed:
“Cotton is King!”

Dethroned,
by the alien boll weevil,
by the new order of economics,
ex-King Cotton refused
the ignominy of exile,
remained to persue
new challengers who paraded
less regal line ages
against a tradition

where an oligarchic landed class
knew that cotton bales measured
its stature by the yardstick of
land, fortune, slaves, power.

where stately gowned ladies
knew that cotton bales bought
Eastern silks, velvet chairs, English plate, Chippendale.

where a multitude of Blacks
knew that cotton bales sweated
their brows, bent their backs,
caloused their hands, drained their lives.

where a social system
knew that cotton bales cushioned
the seat of authority, segregated people,
canceled equality, tormented justice,
stunted dignity, mocked humanness.
But now,
humming saws displaced
humming Black Folk;
horsepower, sired in Detroit,
replaced patient mules
pulling creaking wagons
on dust-choked rural roads.

Glist'ning,
oil dripped from
sinewed steel, replacing
glist'ning sweat
long-dissolved in endless furrows
where harrows of change churn
against a tradition
of past performances of

cotton, cotton, everywhere.

But now,
the constants of land, fortune, power remain,
only the variables of manipulation
are affected by the arithmetic of change.

museums, with their duty to the past,
collect the faded fashions,
the cracked plate, polished antiques.

black folk stack their hoes,
wash the dust, pack their bags,
.lift their heads, leave the land.

Yoemen send their sons
to columned college halls
where skills are clothed in
business suits, not dust-stained overalls.

Dixieland—
Dixieland—
change, change everywhere,
what new toasts will we drink?

Heyward Gnann
TO MA,

You told me some people were born with silver spoons in their mouths—to bad we weren't.

I know now why you used to cry in your bedroom at night.

I used to think it was something I'd done.

Ma, without dad being around you had to work hard. Long hours and small pay were the attributed his absence gave us—you. I would whine for cokes and you would cry because you couldn't give them to me.

We never did make it — not materially. You never owned a home, a car, or even a color T.V. But don't cry no more, Ma, because we really did make it.

Mary, Linda, Jimmy, and I grew up. Linda quit school to help out around the house. Then she got married. You miss her don't you, Ma? Then Jimmy quit. You cried a lot for him didn't you? He wouldn't mind you. He'd hold up in his dream world. He followed in Dad's footsteps. Finally it was open rebellion. He even cursed you, blamed you. It hurt. I know. It wasn't your fault, believe me. Then Mary, little Mary got married. Your baby left you. She was only 17, so young. You miss her. I do. I was close to Mary. We fought together, scrounged together, and loved together. I had to give her away. I didn't want to. I tried talking her out of it on the way down the aisle—ask her. Sometimes I think she got married to leave Jimmy, me, and all the strife. Maybe she did. I truly hope not.

And then there's me. When I was little you'd say I was going to college because I did so good in Grammar and High School. I'd say what about Mary and Jimmy and you'd tell me they would go if they wanted but I was going no matter what. So I'm going. I'm not doing as well as I should but I promise I'm going to try harder. Ma, I know that I started drifting in your beliefs. I'm no Christian as you would want, I'm very liberal in my ideals. My appearance even seems radical. But I'm going to be that Mr. Somebody you wanted. You'll see. Ma, you left me to be on your own — I don't blame you. You've got a good job. One that lets you be the wonderful ma you've always been. I'm going to make something of myself. I'm going to try to be a writer—a good one. Don't let this piece influence your judgement—this is a spur of the moment piece, a rough draft. I'll do it ma. Then I'll buy you a home, a car, even a color t.v. I promise. When you start to cry in your bedroom at night—don't because though I've neglected to tell you at times. I love you.

Randy Freeze
TO CURSE INSTEAD OF WONDER

To walk into a room,
To look at things once familiar, now
distant and dusty,
To look upon a mother,
To see a serene face,
Smothered with a smile,
Scarcely seen in the days before,
but now fortunately bright and lit,
and to shed a tear upon the
9 x 12 linoleum rug that was cut to fit
the room.
To walk but 4 steps to reach
the couch from the door
To look upon the faltered covering
that so easily replaces upholstering,
To sit upon that couch and force
the battered springs back into position,
To look upon the walls where
the paint peels and the holes widen,
To lay a mere hand upon the
coffee table and gasp as it shakes from the
force,
To look at the furniture—one piece
here, another there—a collection of
misfits,
To look back upon your mother
and the smile,
and to wonder,
To ask why it was so scarce
before and so unmistakably clear now,
To remember meals of home-made soup
and corn pone and milk,
To look back upon that smile,
and to wonder
To drop another tear upon the
worn linoleum,
To look back upon your mother,
To cross the small space between
the two of you,
To hold the withered, calloused
hands,
To remember that your mother
was only 34,
To look upon the smile,
and to wonder
To kiss your mother’s Forehead,
To wonder what good a dead person needs
a Kiss,
To close the coffin and follow
the carriers out the door,
To close the door that fails
to lock due to damage,
To drop upon the rotted steps,
and to wonder
To be a Southerner and know that the
South should be in the thesaurus with
Poverty, misery, and anguish.
To look back upon that smile,
and curse instead of wonder.

C. R. Freeze

Life is like a

always strive to reach
the top, but remember
the rungs might be
rotten so if you fall
down it won't hurt
as much.
PRAYER

Peace, be with my soul
Let those who see me, see love.
Everywhere my life is found,
Let there be a refuge for need.

Peace, stay with me yet go away.
Leave me to enter those I love.
Love, leave me yet remain still.
Be with those who pass me, those who stay.
Be through and of me, be full.

Life, fill me until I cannot
Help but overflow into all surrounding
Make me the medium for understanding
Understanding be peace, be love.

Rest, my love, let my arms hold you.
Lean on me, let me lean on you.
Carry us, Life, apart or together,
Carry us, Mankind, we are you.

Ronn
He sat in the woods,
Serene,
looking through the foliage
down upon the town.
He lifted his head upward,
his parched lips parted
and words flowed from
his head like notes from
the Lyre.
“Father, in these moments when
uncertainty falls upon me, I ask myself
if truly I am the Son of Man.
Though I have seen the signs
you’ve given me, I also feel
the pain that man gives me. Whom should I trust?
Only twelve do I count as truly loyal, and those
are my disciples. May the trust I put in you
be unerring, Father.”

The leaves crackled as another man
walked forth and knelt beside the first.
“Come, my Lord.”
“Judas, lead me where you must.”
As they arose, the trees swayed
and the ground beneath their feet trembled.
“What is it, my lord”, asked Judas.
“A sign”, answered the man.
The birds chirped and the wind howled.
As they came to the forest boundary, the man looked
to his left to see a squirrel
sitting upon a limb.
“What kind of sign, Lord.”
Soon another squirrel rushed behind the first
and with a shove dropped the first squirrel upon the ground. As the first began his downward flight,
the second grasped an acorn that its brother had fumbled. The acorn, a squirrel’s silver,
was but one that lay
upon the tree—there were
thirty, all accounted.
And the man looked upon
his companion and cried. For here
was a parable he would never tell.

Randy Freeze
As February slowly deepens into March,
Winter reluctantly begins to remove
His solemn cloak of gray
And commences halfheartedly,
To lift his forbidden mantle frame
From the earth's encircling atmosphere.
For three long months he has reigned supreme;
He has let loose his cold north winds
That pierce through heavy coats
And chill frostbitten finger and toes to the bone.
He has laughed among his snowstorm
And drawn new power in seeing
His biting, ice laden air,
Redden cheeks and noses of those who dare
To leave the warmth and shelter of their homes
And their strongly warm blazing fireplaces.
But, spring, tiptoeing lightly about,
Is touching the flowers and the trees with her gentle hand
And now, winter marshalls his forces
And slowly and proudly retreats.

Dr. Elizabeth
IN POETIC REMEMBERANCE

The room was plain and empty, no pictures framed the wall,
The door stood opened wide upon an antiseptic hall.
The winter sun shone bleakly on a figure prone forlorn
Upon a bed with sterile sheets, its occupant was worn.
She paused and blinked a tear away and with her hand she dried
Her aged cheek, resumed her poise, but then again she cried.
Into the room with halting step, there came a little man,
His balding head and time worn face were still a little wan —
For he had cried the night away and prayed with all his might
That God would show His mercy and set this woman right.
She was his wife for fifty years, they had married late in life,
His love for her endured through years of happiness and strife.
He stepped up to her bedside and a smile he bravely tried,
She took his hand in hers and squeezed, and once again they cried.
He said not one word to her, nor she a word to him,
But in that moment their touch conveyed their every hope and whim.
He spoke to her of things since past, from Shakespeare quoted long,
He even tried to sing to her their very special song;
And there she lay and nodded, the most that she could do
She smiled and took his hand in hers, her movements slight and few.
When she wished to speak to him she need only catch his gaze,
She spoke at length in lover’s prose of distant deeds and days.
The room began to fade away and colors caught their eye,
His silvered tongue conveyed to her the freedom of the sky.
He painted pictures beautiful, and spoke of parks and towns —
The places they had visited, the circuses, the clowns.
And as the shadow lengthened, so the woman’s life grew dim,
The winter sun sank in the west, to death she sank from him.
She looked upon the old man now and took his hand once more,
She closed her eyelids slowly as the shadow took the floor.
The old man kissed her hand and laid it gently on her breast,
He felt a vacant feeling deep within his heart and chest.
He thought how beautiful she was, she always had been so —
Her hair as dark as velvet and her cheek as soft as snow.
He felt a hollow shell, for his whole life had been for her,
His vision now began to cloud, the room began to blur.
The old man wept at her bedside and drowned himself in grief,
Till Death took pity on his soul and granted him relief.
He kissed her sweetly on the cheek and drew in slow his breath,
He died but moments later and in peace accepted death.
The life had ebbed from deep within his tired beaten frame,
He loved this woman more than all, my grandpa knew no shame
When it came to showing love, from him I’ve learned the verb,
For love’s four letters represent this world’s most cherished word.
THE PASSING

When Eternity passed, he tread on my soul.
When he had gone, the breezes of Time unmoved around my soul.

Because of the timelessness after the Passing, there came the Mourning Space.

And in mourning Space wept,
And his tears were stars that descended through the trail that Eternity had left,

Touching my soul, burning me through, where Eternity, in his passing, had stepped,

Whispering that all would return again.

My soul began weeping, and the tears wept, saw my plight, and flew from the face of my soul,

Chasing Eternity, Pleading.

And Eternity looked back, hearing the laments of tears that had built up during his visit

Eternity retraced his steps leaving bits of himself to gather the souls lost in his wake

And Eternity began weeping, his tears restored the stars of the Mourning Space,

And repaired the burns on my soul restoring me.

David Cook
LOOKING BACK

Through shadows he emerged, to look upon the town, never realizing that it wasn’t there. Main Street lay just ahead, Yet the ground where he looked was bare. With a gleeful smile he pointed, down at the booming town, at a nowhere town. The people were hurrying back and forth, Yet nobody was around.

To the North he gazed, down at the active town, upon the invisible school. students were reading out aloud, “King Arthur, his Jester, and the Fool” To the South he looked, upon the little town, to see his home. his wife was cooking dinner, yet the kitchen was gone.

Upward he looked, and finally decided it was true, the town wasn’t there, it died, and coming back made him a fool.

C. R. Freeze
"Lights"

I am truly “messed up”. I partyed four numbers with a friend. Then when I got home Mom wanted me to go to town for her. So here I am tooling along in my Chevrolet. Man, the lights are really freaking me out. The traffic light turned from red that means stop. The halo from the traffic light is crashing me. The light is swirling, swirling. Stop it, stop it, please stop it. Honk, Honk, Honnnnk. It’s the dude behind me to go on. The lights are really far out. The lights on the car coming toward me, they look like men out of science fiction books. These lights are really far out. The mirror! There is a flashing blue light in the mirror. Oh no, man it is the pigs. I’ve got to pull over. He is coming toward the car. Oh Hell! I’m going to get busted.

“May I see your license.”

“Sure———-sure.”

The street light is blazing on the cop. He’s laughing at me. Boy, Mom is going to get upset about this. Dad may even excommunicate me from the family. Well, at least I’ll finish college. I will graduate from Penn State or should I say State Penn. Hey, I made a funny. Ha, Ha, Hee, Hee, Haw, Ho, Ho.

“What’s so funny?”

“Nothing much, what’s so sad?”

“Don’t get smart kid.”

He went to the back of the car. Wow, I’m sweating like a prostitute in church. Oh boy, I made another funny. Here comes “Omega!”

“Did you know you had only one tail-light?”

“One tail-light, one tail-light, Haw, Ha, Ho, Hee, one tail-light.”

C. R. Freeze

WHEN THERE SEEMED TO BE NO WAY DEATH AND COMPANY CAME MY WAY AND TOGETHER WE WALKED AWAY.

dr. e.
The end is so near. It's like
I've been in a tunnel for so long.
And now, for the first time, I
can see the daylight; while every
minute I'm moving closer to the
end.

Charlene LaRoy

WINTER-1935

Winter was not too kind that year,
The wind took from us all that had been good.
It took our heat, blew snow through the walls,
And dared not stop; it took even more.

I remember waking up to the sound of that wind,
Overpowered only by the pounding of a nearby hammer,
The house was quiet; I was young and cold.
I could feel the fear; I could almost sense the sobs.

Again, I could hear the hammers pounding harshly,
I could not understand the whole of it,
And then I heard my mama sobbing in her bed.
She was calling on God, and then cursing him.

My sisters came for me; they whispered in hushed tones.
I was quickly dressed and rushed to a neighbor's house.
I remember the cold as it numbed my fingers and cheeks.
I was hungry and those hammers continued to pound.

I was brought home the next morning by my favorite Uncle,
The wind had stopped and people were all around our house.
I rushed in to see my mama, and there she was,
Sitting guard over a small, home-made, pine box.

I heard the mumbles that day, as women softly talked.
Words that meant nothing to me—diptheria, death-rattle.
And the men outside said stranger words still—
Damn shame, couldn't pay the doctor, winter's hard.

I know the baby died, my little brother.
I can't remember his face too well.
I can remember the wind, my mama's sobs,
And the sound of those hammers pounding in my dreams.

Lynn Brumby
AUTUMN

Imperative it is
that I cheer
Autumn's rationale;
there's no season
I'd rather celebrate.

Imperative it is
that I see chromatics
painted by Autumn;
there's no braille
that could compensate.

Imperative it is
that I delight to
Autumn's brisk hand;
there's no massage
that could so sensate.

Imperative it is
that I pause, observe
Autumn's quieter rites:

first frosts browning summer lawns—
shroud-like fogs hiding early dawns—
curling smoke fleeing first-lit fires—
south-bound geese, soaring high-fliers—

There's no braille that could compensate.

Heyward Gnann
TO DREAM, TO SLEEP

I like to dream,
There people smile,
They're happy,
at least for awhile.
   Then I awake.
I like to dream.
There the skies are clear,
Doors remain unlocked,
There's nothing to fear.
   Then I awake.
I like to dream.
There, Helen Keller can see
Kennedy still lives,
and there's a cure for me.
   Then I awake.
I like to dream.
Then I awake and start to move around
and remember that I'm paralyzed
from the waist down.
   Then I sleep.

C. R. Freeze

TO TOUCH OR DIE

Touching yet never touched,
Feeling yet never felt,
Seeing yet never seen,
Hearing yet never heard,
   Dying yet never dead.
Tasting yet never tasted,
Talking yet never talked to,
Caring yet never cared for,
Asking yet never asked,
   Loving yet never loved.
Why
   do
   I
   even
try?

Oland
A Children's Story entitled
The Knight-Light

Melody Mauldin
Mud-dobber’s Creek runs behind the Honda trails off the old highway. If you’ve ever been there, you know how it winds through the woods, and down the slides, and under Ark Rock. Well, at least it used to. But, I doubt you’ve been any further than Ark Rock, because, as everyone knows, it’s downright dangerous to go near the old Elder Hotel on the lake. (If anyone would care to go that far!)

Well, to get to the story, one blistering summer day, Sonya, Ben, and their cousin, Andy, were playing on the slides. That is the sort of thing mothers hate because the slides are great, smooth rocks which Mud-dobber’s Creek runs over, and these rocks are covered with a slimy green goo, which somehow manages to get all over you when you play on the slides. And when you come home all green and wet, Mother shakes her head and marches you off to the bathroom. She kind of smiles when she does, though, because she used to do the same thing when she was a kid.

Anyway, Sonya, Ben and Andy were fighting World War X, because yesterday they fought World War IX in the house. Today they were fighting on the Pacific Ocean. Sonya was the Air Force, Ben was the Navy, and Andy got to be the Enemy because he was the guest. The object of the War was to see who could go over the slides the most. The Air Force was winning because of her fantastic dive bomb.

After a while they called a Cease-Fire, and climbed Ark Rock, which forms a bridge over the creek. It is called Ark Rock because, according to local legend, it was washed downstream during a great flood. As Sonya, Ben and Andy sat there dangling their toes in the water, a pushing match got started, (they never did tell me how). Andy was the last person on the rock, but, he slipped on the moss and fell on the backside of Ark Rock towards Elder Hotel.

Past Ark Rock, the trees grow so heavy over the creek that everything looks black. Andy was scared stiff. The current was very strong. The cold water carried him over a waterfall, Whumphh! and suddenly he was in a deep pool. When Andy came up he found himself under a wide arch. To his left a flight of stairs dissolved into the gloom. To his right there was a leaky boat and in front of him the archway opened onto Elder Lake. Andy was under the Elder Hotel!

Sonya and Ben ran down the bank of the creek. Keeping a respectful distance from the hotel, they hollered for Andy. It was certainly spooky enough. Boards were rotted, all the windows were broken, the paint was peeling, and every single shutter had fallen off.

In the meantime, Andy had climbed the stairs and decided that this was nothing but a run-down house and certainly it was not anything to be afraid of. So, he leaned out the window, told Sonya
and Ben that, and he said that if they were still afraid to come up there with him they were a couple of scardycats. With their honor at stake and despite mother's orders to "never go near that place," Sonya and Ben slipped into the water.

They reached the stairs easily enough and started to climb them. Andy stood at the head of the stairs, waiting, and also wondering why Sonya and Ben had begun to stare at him so hard. What he did not know was there were two large, green eyes behind him.

The lavender Dragon sat across the room from the children and stared at them hungrily with his weird eyes. He had lots of blue splotches all over his body and they kept shifting around and coming up in different places. Once a splotch appeared on the wall, but the Dragon glared at it so hard that the splotch popped up on his nose. The Dragon turned his attention back to Sonya, Ben, and Andy. They were wet and very cold. The dragon ran his thin snake-like tongue around his wart covered lips and recited:

"There once were three children from town,  
Whom to my lair had come down.  
More dishes for dinner!  
Tonight is a winner—  
Ah, bring me my scepter and crown!"

(Now you must understand that the Dragon always talked this way, and when he could not think of a good rhyme, he would come up with something that didn't make sense. The truth of the matter was that he had neither scepter nor crown. But, the Dragon did blow a smoke ring that hovered above his head.)

"Now let us take up the matter of supper—"

"NO!" said the children in unison.

The dragon thundered, "SILENCE!" — then:

"I know you can't help but concur,  
Something that's sweet  
And ready to eat,  
Is what I would really prefer."

As you can imagine, Sonya, Ben and Andy were very frightened. The Dragon rose and spread his wings so that they could not escape. At this precise moment a Knight-in-tarnished-armor, which Ben had thought to be an empty suit of armor standing in the corner, drew his sword, and with a cry of "Cursed Worm!" struck the Dragon so that he fell out the window and into the lake. Of course, the Dragon drowned immediately. Steam rose, and formed such a dense fog that no one could see more than three inches in front of his own face. For the next four days the fog remained, causing great confusion for fifty miles around. Elder Lake itself, along with Mud-dobber's Creek, dried up forever.
You may ask, "How did Sonya, Ben, and Andy get home in such a fog, especially since they couldn't follow the creek home?" Well, I'll tell you. The Knight-in-tarnished-armor began to shine, (he had been under an evil spell for many years), and very soon he was glowing like a Coleman lantern. The Knight-in-shining-armor got Sonya, Ben and Andy home safely enough, although he bored the children silly with his stories, (knights are very long-winded, you know). He now stands at the edge of Sonya and Ben's yard, and their mother says the knight is better than a street light.

MEMORIES

Remembrances, how sweet they are,
Of crisp cool autumn days,
Of burning leaves and workers' tar
Amid a golden haze . . .

Of winter all decked out in white,
The air both sharp and clear,
Of Christmas tree and colored lights
Full of warmth and cheer . . .

Forgotten memories contained within
The chasms of my mind
Are sweet to those who also share
These momentary finds . . .

I loved the melancholy days
of spring thawed from the snow,
The babble of a chilling creek
From which the mosses grow . . .

This greening visage I do find
Is summer's grass and trees,
Visualized within my mind
The birds and droning bees . . .

These memories may come and go
From time to time, you see,
But one thing I am sure about
They mean the most to me.

Las Tas Eire
INDESCISION

I am alone,
No one is here to help me.
Thoughts roll through my mind
Like waves crashing on the shore.
Still..........I........must choose....
I see in one direction
Dispair and impatience
Covered by a life of so called
Pleasure and Happiness!
In the other direction
Reflections of peace and comfort
Yet...Scars of Hardship and Pain
Expired hopes overshadow me as I ask,
WHICH ONE

Dr. Elizabeth
REFRAIN FOR A SONG I'LL NEVER WRITE

It was me, I know I'm the one,
Who made me fall in love with you.
With no word, look or sign from you.
Saying you might feel the same for me.
Yet, when you tell me you don't want to know
If we can be happy together
I still feel it's you hurting me.
I still hurt from the words you say.
I still hate you for not loving me.
I still hate me for reaching out again.
After so much pain, I should have learned.
After so much pain, I just haven't learned.

Ronn
KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY

He had just got off working hard that day,
To come home and find his wife that way.
In bed she was with another man,
Picture the bastard if you can.

He opened up the household door
to discover that his wife was a whore.
The man in bed lifted his head
And these are the very words he said,
"Son I'm sorry it happened this way,
that you had to find out about your wife on Father's Day.
I'm not asking forgiveness for what I have done,
For she has did it with many, my son."

He ran out the door
And down the street,
Not knowing what Father Fate would have him meet.

Then he thought — give them a shock
so he jumped in front of a transfer truck
On the next block.

D.O.A.

If he had lived
His wife would have been
His stepmother,
They say.

Randolph Perry
MAE LYNN TIMMONS

Mae Lynn, where did you go after that summer of playing on Buck Creek where the blackberries were the biggest and the juiciest ever?

The Johnson’s pasture with the tadpoles and frogs was the best place to play except for the big ditch where you slid down the red dirt on your bare, black bottom.

It was nice listening to the scratchy record, “My Rose of San Antone,” on your folks’ victrola while you took your bath in the washtub.

Did you see me that day on the bus after we were grown up? I recognized your face but not your actions. Your gentle-faced, hurrying husband was carrying your sweet-faced infant with care, trailing along behind you to the back of the bus. The anger and haughtiness in your face caused me great pain. Did you hear me when I spoke to you? Where did you go?

Margie Baghose

FOOD STAMPS

He sits, head lowered, in the hall,
Waiting his turn like all the nameless rest.
All is quiet and still but his wandering hands,
The smell of work is in his over-alls.

His turn comes to state his case.
How many children do you now have at home?
How much money are you currently making?
Do you own any land? Do you go to the bank?
Show us your receipts. He shows them his soul.

The caseworker is cool and clean,
Sitting behind the safety of her IBM typewriter.
She knows all the questions off the memorized forms,
And his yes Mam’s are soft and defeated, but at least,
His Black skin cannot show a trace of a blush.

Sterile questions, forms in triplicate,
And his answers are all right this time.
He holds the pen and makes his crooked X,
One more month of groceries from Uncle Sam.

Lynn Brumby
TO DAVID L. — APOLOGY

We drove you deeper into the prison you knew so well.
We laughed; we mocked; we taunted.
We were afraid of your aloneness; you were tired of loneliness,
You reached out your hand in fear,
We could not see it; we just knew you talked funny.

Your insecure shuffle will haunt me for years.
I can imagine your stutter sometimes.
I see your lunch bag, crumpled and grease-stained,
Packed with your cold Kosher lunch,
I heard some people remembering you today, and laughing.

We pushed you out of our tight scheduled lives.
We whispered of your problems.
We avowed that you were really weird, mental block or something,
Teachers cringed at the very thought of you,
Invading their 50 minute allotments of time.

Please make your life some kind of success.
Find you some friends who are kind.
Forget our cruelty, forget the past,
Make a fortune, marry a Queen,
And then we can shed all our guilt.

Lynn Brumby

Forgive them, for they
know not what they do.

I am with you today in body:
Soon I will be leaving, but
Let's not worry; for you
Will always be with me
In spirit, if not in soul.

Charlene LaRoy

38
FRIENDS AND LOVERS

Our faces met in the corridor
and we spoke a few awkward words
We passed each other often that first day
and on the telephone you told me your intentions
I didn’t believe you, I couldn’t believe you.

We walked to classes together
and studied and talked.
We went to movies and
fought over the popcorn—
the way kids often do.

Then one day our hands touched
and something went off inside me.
It was hot that day in the fall
and I wanted to go on a picnic.
You beat me at every game we played.

You were honest from the start
and later you built a fire
to keep me warm
I was engulfed by the flames.

We laughed and pushed each other
into the lake, the way kids often do
but the games we played that night
were not kids games and you tricked me.

We parted that night lovers and I often thought
of those moments as the weeks passed.
I glanced at your too often absent figure
as it approached me
at your hand holding anothers

I heard your voice reluctantly refer
to me as a friend you once knew
as you ran by me—laughing
the way kids often do.

Sheila DeWane
GRANDFATHER'S STORY

Stories are often written to tell of some adventure that happened long ago; adventures that no one quite remembers, but then, can't quite forget. This story is different, however. This is a story of a story that my grandfather told us when we were very young. I say "us" because my sister was there too, when he told the story; that's what made it so special. He told it just to us. It was our story and we liked it that way. But now that we've grown some, both my sister and I feel it would be selfish to keep it a secret any longer. Grandfather always taught us to share with others, and, since it was his story and he shared it with us, we decided it would be nice to share it with you.

My grandfather was very old when he came to live with us. He was shrinking, as old men do, but still he was strong and his voice was still firm and confident and when he told you to do something—well, you didn't ask questions. He had the whitest hair I've ever seen and his eyes would always twinkle under his bushy eyebrows when we would do something right. He would often reward us with a story if we were very good, and for us that was reward enough. He was practically the only grown up who would talk to us like friends; he always told us that that was what grandparents were for. At any rate, we sure did enjoy him!

Well, getting back to the story, it was one of those occasions, when we were extra good, that Grandfather decided to tell us an extra good story. Mom and Dad were out for the evening, and, because it was snowing, we had a fire roaring in the fire place. Grandfather was in a very special mood; I had never seen his eyes twinkle so much in all my life! He sat in his old arm chair smoking his pipe and gathering his thoughts about him, getting the story all straight in his head. Then, after a moment or two, he lay down his pipe and motioned for sister and me to come sit on either side of him (his arm chair was awfully big). We snuggled in close to him and he put his arms around both of us and began.

"Did I ever tell you I came from Ireland?"

We both knew very well that he came from Ireland. He often told us stories about it and began most of his yarns with that very same question. 'The Emerald Isle' he called it and we both knew, that is my sister and I, that he wouldn't have mentioned it if it weren't important to his story. That's why we shook our heads no.

"Well I did. Matter of fact, I lived on a farm in the county Kilkenny. That's in the south of Ireland, you know. We left that place when I was ten, but I can still remember the leprechauns. You know who the leprechauns are, don't you? Sure you do! They are what the Irish call 'the little people' and they live everywhere in Ireland. No one has really seen one, that is, no one has admitted
to seeing one. No matter, as the legend goes, if one was to catch one of the little devils he could ask as ransom a pot of gold. But they’re tricky little creatures; they love to play jokes and will never give up their gold to anyone willingly. That brings me to the point of my story; leprechauns. What a wily bunch they are; they’ll play tricks on you and laugh behind your back without your knowing it. You can hear their laughter now and again on the moors, carrying on the wind like leaves in autumn. But it was my sixth winter when I first came across their merry band dancing ’round a fire to keep warm . . . a winter night such as this. The cold wind was whipping a light snow around and when the snow brushed against me it melted, like ice on a hot stove, and froze my skin. It was a miserable night. I don’t remember exactly why I was out and about . . . I think someone across the way was sick; all I remember was that it was cold!”

Sister shuddered for the feel of that freezing snow. When Grandfather told us a story we could find ourselves always getting involved. Suddenly the fire seemed to dim and the warmth left the room. I, too, could feel that winter night as Grandfather described it. Sister and I snuggled in closer to Grandfather and he smiled at our imaginations.

“Did they see you?” sister whispered wide eyed.

“No darlin’, no. They just kept dancing around their fire and it appears to me now that they were singing a song. It went something like this:”

Grandfather began in a hushed tone, like the wind that was playing around the window pane outside.

“We sing a song of ancient birth,
A tune that keeps us in our mirth
When the frozen winds howl round
And hunt us like the baying hound.
Dance shall we by fire light,
Dance and sing throughout the night,
For with the rising sun of day
We shall leave and steal away.
Beneath the earth’s frozen face
A home we’ll find, a place, a place.
Then rest shall we and rise at night
To dance a jig and send to flight
The slumber that the cold commands;
To keep away those icy hands
That reach and grope in lust and hate,
That strangle and unto Death’s gate
They lure the unsuspecting few
Who freeze at night in icy dew.
Not I, not I, nor none our kin
Shall you their lives and souls both win,
For we stand ready to ward you off
And in your face we scoff, we scoff.
This spell we cast with magic charm,
So do not tarry to do harm
To anyone who claims the soil
Of Irish blood and honest toil
Which has freed the Emerald Isle from thee—
So North Wind fly and let us be!

"Listening to those little people I began to understand why it was always so warm in Ireland during the winter months, for the snow that now was attempting to blanket the land was unusual. It was the leprechauns who did it; they chased the North Wind away with their magic charms and potions. They would have none of his chilling language and they were casting a spell on him. And I, out there on those dismal bogs alone, was witnessing the whole thing!

"I then saw the wisest looking leprechaun reach deep into a leather pouch and bring out a fistful of what I suppose was a magic powder. This he threw into the fire and the flame rose up like a magnificent ball of light into the night sky. The North Wind moaned when that flame reached him and he shrank back to the North Pole where he belonged. The moon, at last free from the black storm clouds, smiled down on the band of leprechauns and lit up the surrounding heather. But the North Wind would not give up so easily. He came blasting back out of the north with a breath so cold I thought the very marrow in my bones would freeze. The leprechauns laughed in his face; they knew the power of their magic well and trusted their own strength more than they did the strength of the North Wind. This made the North Wind furious. No one can really stand to be laughed at, and this old bag of frozen air was no exception. Both you and I know that a body can't get furious without getting awfully hot headed. Well this was just the case. The North Wind became so angry that his breath turned into a balmy summer breeze. He turned again and went north, defeated.

"The leprechauns congratulated each other heartily and with a wink of the eye had jumped into the fire, disappearing from sight. I rubbed my eyes in disbelief and when I looked back, the fire had turned into a huge pile of gold coins. With wonderment I ran up to those coins, their golden glitter reflecting the moon's beauty a thousand times over, but my greed got the better of me. I began stuffing my pockets with gold as fast as I could, but in my hurry I ripped their linings out. Thinking not another thought I began to use my shirt, as a woman might use her apron to collect eggs, and started once more to gather up the coins. At that instant I noticed one huge coin lying on the very top of that mountain of gold. I began to scramble up after it, taking care not to drop what I had already collected, and finally I had it firmly in my grasp.
Something strange began happening, however. I felt myself falling! Through the ground I fell and all those gold coins came tumbling in after me. I was scared stiff, and boy, you’d better believe it!

“When I finally stopped falling, I was lying in something soft and gritty. I opened my eyes and spit out of my mouth what tasted like sand, and it was then I realized it was, in fact, gold dust. My head began to function once more and I noticed the laughter ringing in my ears. All around me, filling my mind with nothing but embarrassment for my greed. Looking up I saw them; leprechauns. They were the ones who were laughing at me and I felt myself get hot. They were standing all around me and I could see they were finding it difficult to keep their sides from splitting.

“‘He fell for it! Oh ho ho! Hook line and sinker!’ laughed a small leprechaun not half my size.

“‘What greed! What stupidity! What a perfect trick!’ laughed another red headed leprechaun.

“‘You’d be wise to look before you leap! Hehehe! Can’t you read?’ chortled still another.

“‘Read?! Read?! And just what is that supposed to mean?!” I asked angrily.

“‘The coin! . . . The coin!’ at which point they were all rolling on the floor.

“I looked down at my hand and there, still clutched tightly in my fist, was the gold medallion. I opened my hand and saw writing on the coin. My eyes went blurry with tears . . . I hadn’t learned to read and would now have to pay the consequences. When the leprechauns saw at last that I was crying, they came up to me and tried to comfort me.

“‘There, there small fry. Don’t be sheddin’ your tears on our account. Is it just that you don’t know how to read? Well here, let me read it to you.’ But of course none of the leprechauns could read either and they passed the coin down to a fat old leprechaun with glasses who sat on a tall stool in the corner at a very tall desk. The old leprechaun adjusted his glasses and began to read:

“‘Should you take this coin for greed or want to hold it near you
You shall have, until you’re freed, our chores and jobs to do!’

“‘And that’s final!’ he boomed down at me. ‘No nice guys here! These spells just can’t be revoked! NO exceptions and NO privileges! Until you find a way out of this cavern, you’re stuck . . . and believe me when I say there is no way out except the way you came, and it’s very unlikely you’ll be leaving THAT way! Addle-
Headed will show you around. Now scoot and behave yourself . . . I have too much work today to stand around yammering at the likes of you!

"As the other leprechauns went about their business and the old leprechaun at the tall desk went about his, a leprechaun, whom I suppose was Addle-Headed came over and helped me off the ground. He couldn't speak (or didn't want to) and he motioned for me to follow him down a dark tunnel.

"The tunnel was long and narrow and opened along its way on three large caverns. The first that we passed was walled in gold and there was a group of leprechauns mining that marvelous stuff and shoveling it into mining carts. These were pushed on tracks down a separate tunnel to the second great chamber. In this cavern the gold nuggets were melted down and minted into coins and placed in small black cauldrons in a vault at the back of the chamber, a vault that was carved out of the living rock. What gold that was left and all those coins that were scrapped were melted down once more and spun into gold thread and placed on huge bobbins to be sent to the third and last chamber on the line. It was this cavern that proved the most remarkable, for in it the leprechauns had constructed a huge loom which was operated by ten or more of their numbers. The bobbins of gold were placed on shuttles which were used on the looms to weave rainbows! Those many colored ribbons that stretch across the sky after storms promising fair weather. It was here that they were made and placed in tremendous bolts, like cloth you buy in stores, and were stored near the cavern's roof for future use by the little men. I must have stood there gawking for some time for a sharp jab in my ribs suddenly brought me back to reality with a jolt. Addle-Headed gripped me firmly by the arm and ushered me on down the tunnel. He led me to the leprechauns' living quarters and found me a bed in their great hall. He motioned for me to lay down and get some rest and I was asleep before I knew it.

"It seemed only a moment before Addle-Headed woke me up and pulled me to my feet. He handed me something on a gold chain and when I looked down I could plainly see that it was the gold coin. Embarrassed, I shoved it back into my pocket, but Addle-Headed would have none of it. He pulled it back out by its chain and hung it around my neck. Then briskly he took me by the arm and led me back down that black tunnel to the first of the caverns and motioned me to join the other leprechauns in their labor. I worked in that cavern for what seemed ages and soon, I, too, began to look like a leprechaun wearing one of their tall funny hats and a coat with long tails.

"It was quite a while before I found the opportunity to escape, but finally such a chance did come along. The leprechauns all had
a favorite holiday when spring made her first announced appearance at her specified time of the year. On this holiday all the leprechauns went 'topside', so to speak, to throw a party in her honor. One by one they stood beneath their cavern's entrance and recited the magic words that would send them flying to the green turf above. As they left I waited in the shadows awaiting my chance. As the last little man readied himself for his flight to join the others, I crept up behind him as noiselessly as a body can, and, as the last of the magic words left his mouth and he began to rise into the air, I reached out and grabbed for his long coattails. I missed! Frantically I lunged again at him. I successfully caught hold of his heels and could feel myself soaring up to freedom. As we reached the surface I made a point of it to land running, and I was off before those silly leprechauns had realized what had happened. It wasn't long, however, before they were in hot pursuit, and as I looked back I could see they were gaining! It seemed that the faster I ran the closer they came. It wasn't long before I collapsed, out of breath, and fainted dead away. When I awoke I was no longer wearing a leprechaun's hat and coat but my own ragged pants and shirt with my jacket pulled tight around me. There was snow on the ground and at first I thought I must have been dreaming . . ."

"Weren't you though?" I asked Grandfather without hesitation. Sister nodded her head in agreement and he took the two of us and hugged us tight.

"You think your old grandpa has been telling another one of his tales, do you? Well I don't really know whether I was dreaming or I wasn't, but I'd like to show you something," he said, breaking off. At this point he pulled out a gold coin from his pocket, holding it by a gold chain. He gazed at it lovingly. "I found this around my neck when I woke up."

"The leprechauns' medallion!" shouted Sister with delight.

"Not exactly, honey, for this says something entirely different than the coin I found on that pile of leprechauns' gold. Here, let me read it to you:"

"A leprechaun you've surely tricked, from bondage you've been freed—
So watch your step and keep your hand from want and lust and greed."

He paused and thought about those words and we wondered what he was thinking. We could see by his face that the story was over so we kissed him good-night and went upstairs to bed.
“Do you suppose he really saw a leprechaun?” asked Sister closing our bedroom door softly.

“Of course!” I said crawling under the warm covers of my bed. “Leprechauns are special . . . you never tell a story about them if it isn’t true . . . they hate gossip!” I closed my eyes and let my Sister ponder that for a little while.

“Hey look! Out on the roof! There’s a little man with a big hat and a coat with long tails! Do you suppose . . . ?”

I struggled out of bed and went and stood by Sister at the window. The roof was bathed in moonlight and there, sure enough, was a little man in green, waiting around for nothing in particular.

“Uh-huh!” I whispered nodding, “that’s a leprechaun or I’m Jack Robinson!”

At that moment the moon went behind a cloud and when at last it came out again there was nothing on the roof except one small gold coin that glimmered in the moon’s pale light, just a token of what once was.

Las Tas Eire
The sun was so hot and the corn silks stuck to their skin.  
Two brothers hoed that cornfield all day.  
They chopped down the ragweeds and heaped up the dirt.  
At the end of the day they were paid.  
Most all the money would go for the family,  
Except for a nickel or two.  
They headed for the store, with their over-alls dirty,  
Two eager faces and two magic nickels.  
Two miles to the store wasn’t far for the young,  
Especially compared to the miles in the field,  
They had tread like mules in the hot mountain sun.  
Their paces were excited; they soon saw the store.  
Into the store, with the smell of soap, candy, and kerosene,  
Eyes re-adjusted to the cool dim within.  
Calm deliberation on spending a fortune, fortunes were few,  
Whispers, glances, sniffs went into the decision.  
At last they decided, a Nu Grape it would be.  
They opened the old cooler with awe,  
And there off the blocks of smokey white ice, they chose,  
The most purple soda in the world—the coldest too.  
On the way home they shared swigs between steps,  
Like their Uncles shared moonshine on Saturday night.  
The coolness, the sweetness, the sharing, the sun,  
And they still had a nickel between them to spend.  
I wish I had been there to see them that day.  
I wish I had seen their joy overflow.  
I wish I could taste life like they tasted that soda.  
I wish the world was so naive, so new.  

Lynn Brumby
SURVIVAL KIT

There once was a mighty army of thought
That laid waste to all lands of disagreement.
This mighty war machine commanded respect and
Many old sanctions of tradition shook at their foundation.
An empire was formed.
But alas, this empire came under the
Barbaric hordes of emotion. The most
Powerful of these was the primitive but powerful
Tribe of love. This tribe possessed
Such a beautiful threat that many
Collaborations were found on
The inside.
The armor cracked
The empire crumbled.

Sharon Rich

CONFLICT

A myriad of whimsical colors mystically
stirred by a gargoyle's hand,
Who smiles leeringly with all of his
eyes,—
Sarcastically screeching with
rough pointed ears,
The chants that he sings silently
revert into the shades
of this world.

David Cook
I hate this house.
This house is disgusting, rambling shack.
But it cries at night.
In the wind.
And only I hear it—
I too am disgusting.
S.R.D.
THE SEA

At dawn, the sea was placid and smooth
As early morning bathed the shore
With gentle new daylight.
The new waves from untold fathoms
Returned again and again to wash the sand.
The noonday sun baked the beach
While rain-heavy clouds were born
Above the unceasing, glassy waves.
Angry waves pounded the shore.
Suddenly, the evening sun filtered through
breaking clouds
Dusk became lonely night
And the tumbling, stormy waves seemed to sleep.

Sharon Rich

don’t let the waves
of life
wash you ashore!
SER

NON-ENTITIES IN A LAUNDRY-MAT AT NIGHT

Smile-less grins reflect possible mindfully thoughtless existences,
Performing chorally separate functions within fantasized shells of individuality.

Ridgeless sprockets harmoniously utter monotonously, as ageless sister Sirens.
Attracting personalities into perfect pitch uniformity,
For an enclosed constant mirror shimmer of metallic lightless light.

David Cook
LEAVING G.J.C.

And then I look at empty halls
Filled, for me, with loudly shouting memories,
Which ache for being gone.
And I know it's time to move on.
I'll find a new vessel to fill with my life
This one is brimming over.

Ronn