The College of Wooster
Open Works

Alternative Voices | Special Collections

Spring 1970

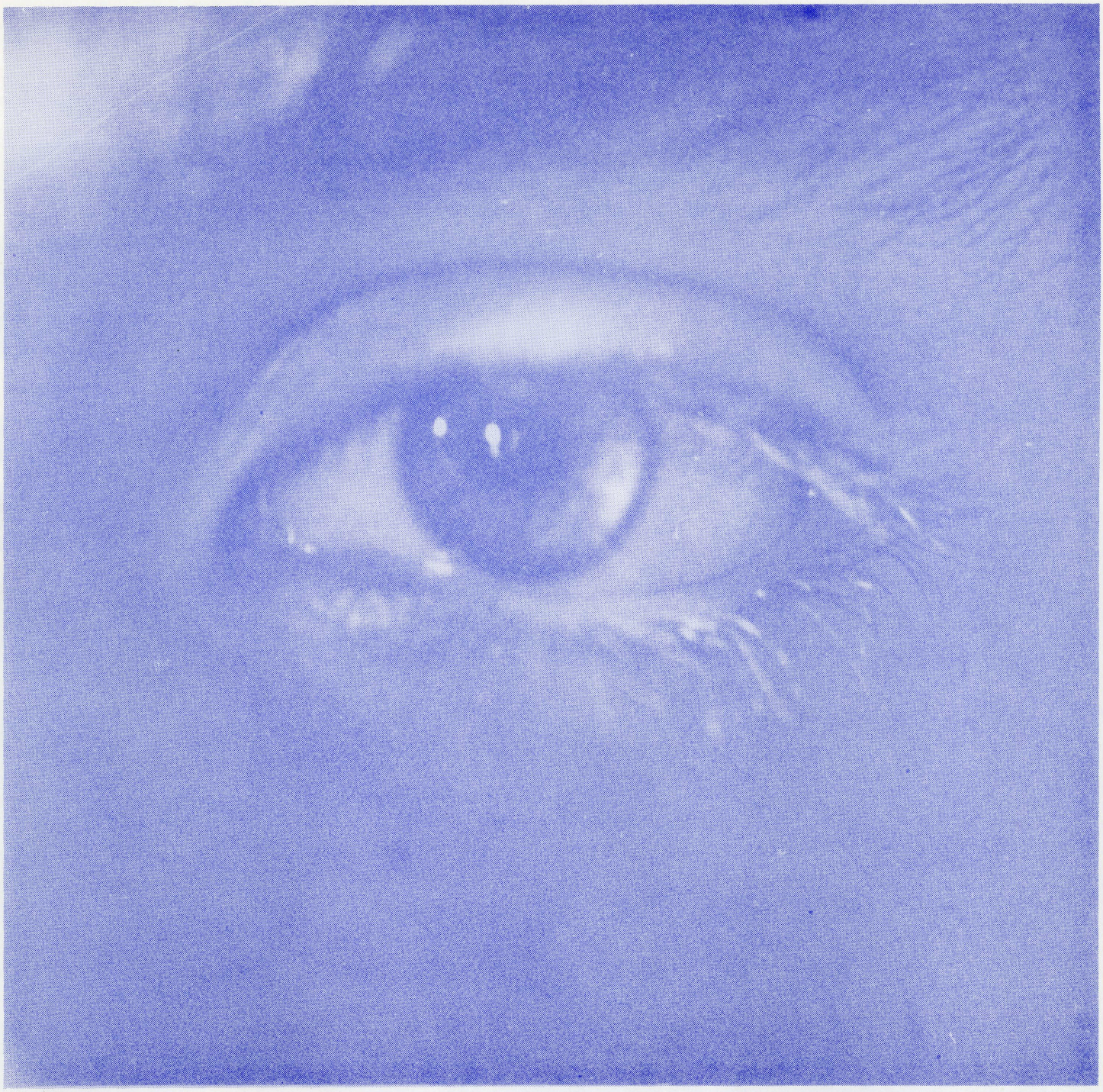
Thistle: intointo

Follow this and additional works at: https://openworks.wooster.edu/alternative_voices

Recommended Citation
"Thistle: intointo" (1970). *Alternative Voices*. 14.
https://openworks.wooster.edu/alternative_voices/14

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Special Collections at Open Works, a service of The College of Wooster Libraries. It has been accepted for inclusion in Alternative Voices by an authorized administrator of Open Works. For more information, please contact openworks@wooster.edu.

Thistle Spring 1970



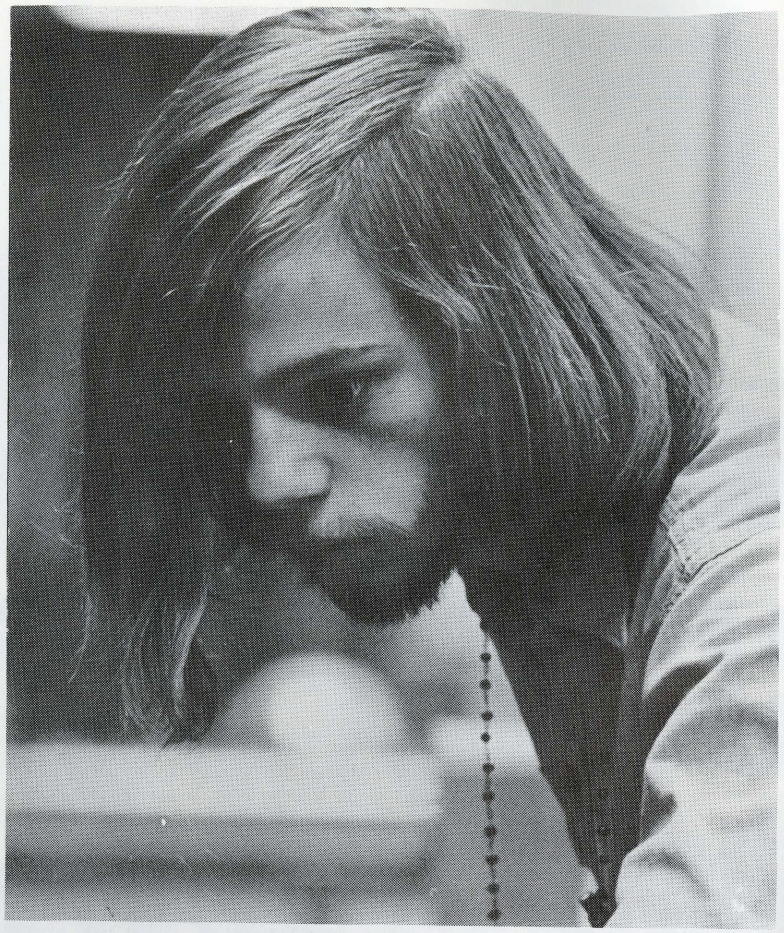
intointo
intointo
intointo
intointo
intointo

THE ANDREWS LIBRARY
THE COLLEGE OF WOOSTER
WOOSTER, OHIO

HORSE RIDING

Peter meets this girl called "horse"
and rides her nude through town.
Vibrations kiss his feet as love could never do.

The Trouble
with Lawyers
Newsweek



HAIR

Hair is good
when its cold
out side

Hair is cool
when your
with yours
and your own

Hair is felt
when the straights
are there
long felt
short felt
identity cool
long napth
with some some places
not too cool

Hair is good
in a shower
with lots of drops
and shampoo

Hair is neat
in the wind

Hair is good

OPEN-ALL-NIGHT DRUG STORE
and THE SALE OF CIGARETTES
TO MINORS FORBIDDEN

did you ever aim to put on underarm spray deodorant
and hit yourself in the eye instead?

did you ever aim to put on underarm spray deodorant and hit yourself in the eye instead?
of what importance to the cosmos is this in the long run,
or will Blue Chips rise or fall because of it?
and does the little Semang negrito in Malaya even need it?

we cherish the things that always go out of style and then we're sad.
we care a lot about our latest flame till our job moves us to Seattle
(where we wander around blue in a rain forest of nightshade)
but caresses and kind words don't stop internal bleeding.

2. PAINT BIG

the Maharajah of Cooch Behar even organized tiger-hunting safaris, complete with
flush toilets under canvas. & Light in the Frightening Corners — "Here you
can be a creative musician again." or As good as clay any day.

enclosed by scabby brick walls, Artist Allan D'Arcangelo, 37, had a different
idea Seized like many another artist these days with the urge to Paint Big,
One elephant recently sat down on a Volkswagen and flattened it ! ! !

"Come Out, Boys!" Convicts leaped from their beds. Some grabbed brooms
But everything else about Winston Spencer Churchill, 26, was suitably dashing.
Most of the elephants go away to sleep off their hangovers, but they always
come back for more, Unmindful of Freckled Superwoman.

3. Beyond the seas where I have lost a scptre, I hear the neighing of my
dappled nouns. You Know I Can't Hear You When The Water's Running is a
comedy hit by Desire Caught by the Tail. & God said, "Fiat lux."

CHASTITY COMES IN SMALL PACKAGES

Soaring through a forest of roses
mist lodged in my hair like moths in a spiderweb,
tiny silver pinheads.

I swirled, hurled my body at a 120-degree angle
the tension in my arms & legs could hold up buildings
all around me eaxen salamanders & lizards like grocers' display meat were dying
in paryerlike attitudes as though hit by a mack truck.

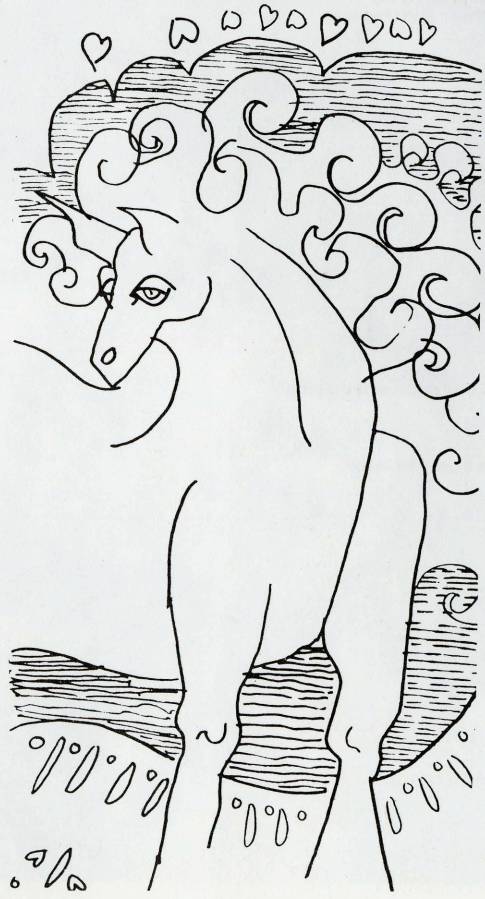
The burlap dress barely covering my well-formed body
was gradually disintegrating — already gaping holes showed golden skin

The goal — a silver ice-bucket, like those in home bars
On ice piles of huge, rare jewels taunted me.
Would I be in time?

As I panted up, the last colorful jewel was
eaten by a fat matron of Westchester County
wearing a beige Oscar de la Renta.
A giant glowing black pearl remained for me to seize.

like grocers' display meat were dying

showed golden skin



end friend

(in the end)
at the final
reckoning they
talk so much about

I do not doubt
that I will be
thankful for these
everyday

smiles

DEATH

The days are over,
What hope is gone,
No longer is there peace,
For it was crushed today.

For me can only hurt,
As days fade to night.
The long journey must end,
Yet for me has just begun.

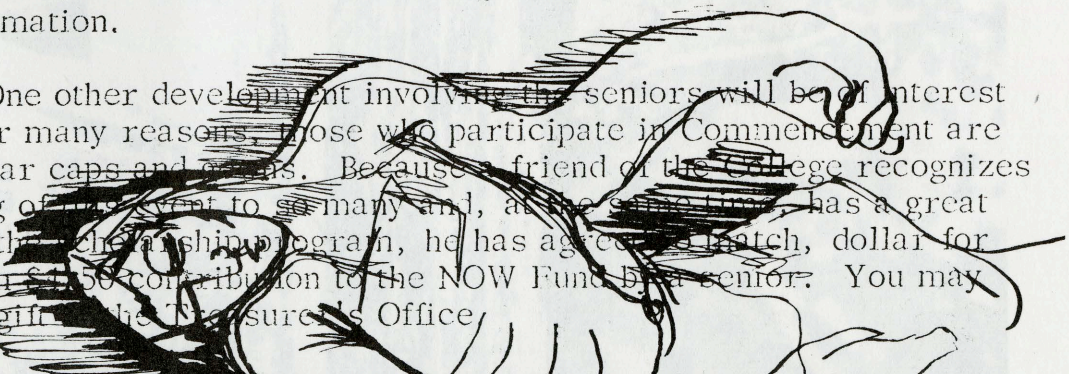
The sadness hurt has brought,
Brings back the curse of death,
As bones to dust,
The sword to rust.

Alone I stand,
Not one to trust.
Why must I be the one to please,
I'm just a one that does not see.

The strain of life,
Too much to bare,
Kills the time,
So much we'd hoped.

Why can't you hear my fears?
Why are we all alone?
How can we trust,
When we can't even hear?

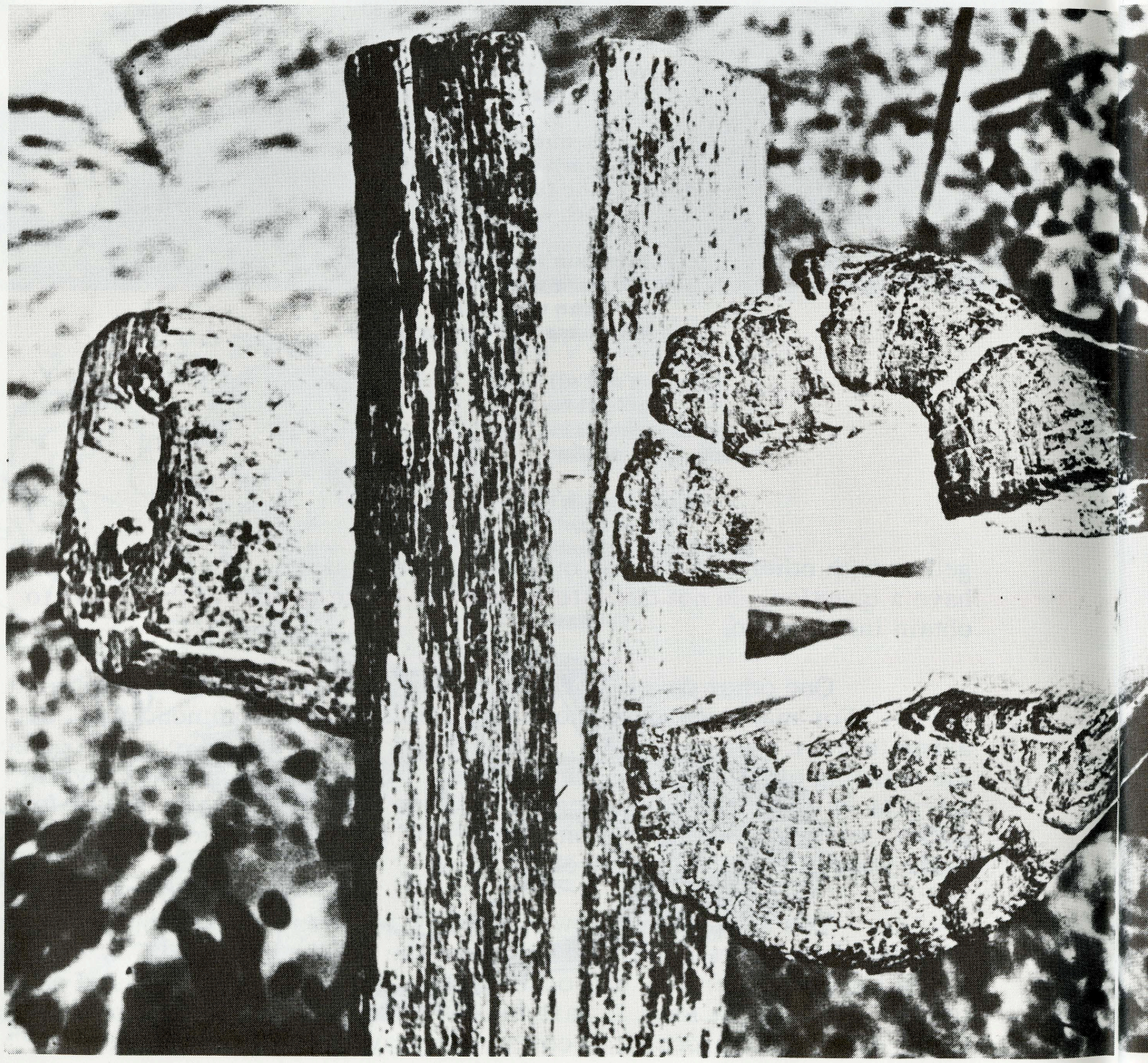
gether with others so that we may discuss the issues. If at any time you have a question, do not hesitate to call my office or that of the Deans to obtain information.



One other development involving the seniors will be of interest to you. For many reasons, those who participate in Commencement are asked to wear caps and gowns. Because a friend of the College recognizes the meaning of this event to so many and, at the same time, has a great interest in the scholarship program, he has agreed to match, dollar for dollar, each $50 contribution to the NOW Fund by a senior. You may make your gift at the Treasurer's Office.

You should also know that it now appears that my trip to Washington to express my concern about the Cambodian situation, of which I spoke yesterday, will occur on May 12. I hope the views of one person, speaking at least in part for one community, will be important to the democratic process. I covet your prayers and support in this

The stringent winter night
Whistled softly on the shiny oak,
Its shivering settle of silvery light
Carrying a thin dagger in its cloak.
The wound so quick that it scarce passed unnoticed,
But getting quite to the heart of the matter
Despite its qualities of hiding.
The story is that the moon shines
Toward only one place
When looked at through an eye,
But the eye, when seen through the moon,
Is but an instant lost in space.
An oddysey? Yes.
But the eye has no mind.
And the moon has nothing more to learn.
Take me, silvery goddess, into the land
Where great winged herons
Fly close to calm steamy waters.
Forget a night that never existed;
A fact which some thought never could be learned anyway.



)

getting
(for

alone
sit

I

as
smoke
of
mur mur

disappearing
this
is
mind
my
like
air
gusts of

congenial
with
learning

h
tc
str e
&
bend

grey petals
vague

rising
smoke

STATION STATUE

— for Steve

death weeps silently in an echoing church
while transient travelers restlessly waste
sitting, staring, smoking, sorting papers'
burning business, but never feeling

willmington baltimore washington

death tower

wilmington balteemur washington

you shake and shutter and with each assault
cringe
yet, the rubbing thunder more callouses polished men.
you melt, again, tenderly; now carried by wings
pinched, as a butterfly being led to youthheld immortality
rise
not as tall as immitation coryntheans,
in your near space you touch heaven, but
from fear they've tucked you (away)

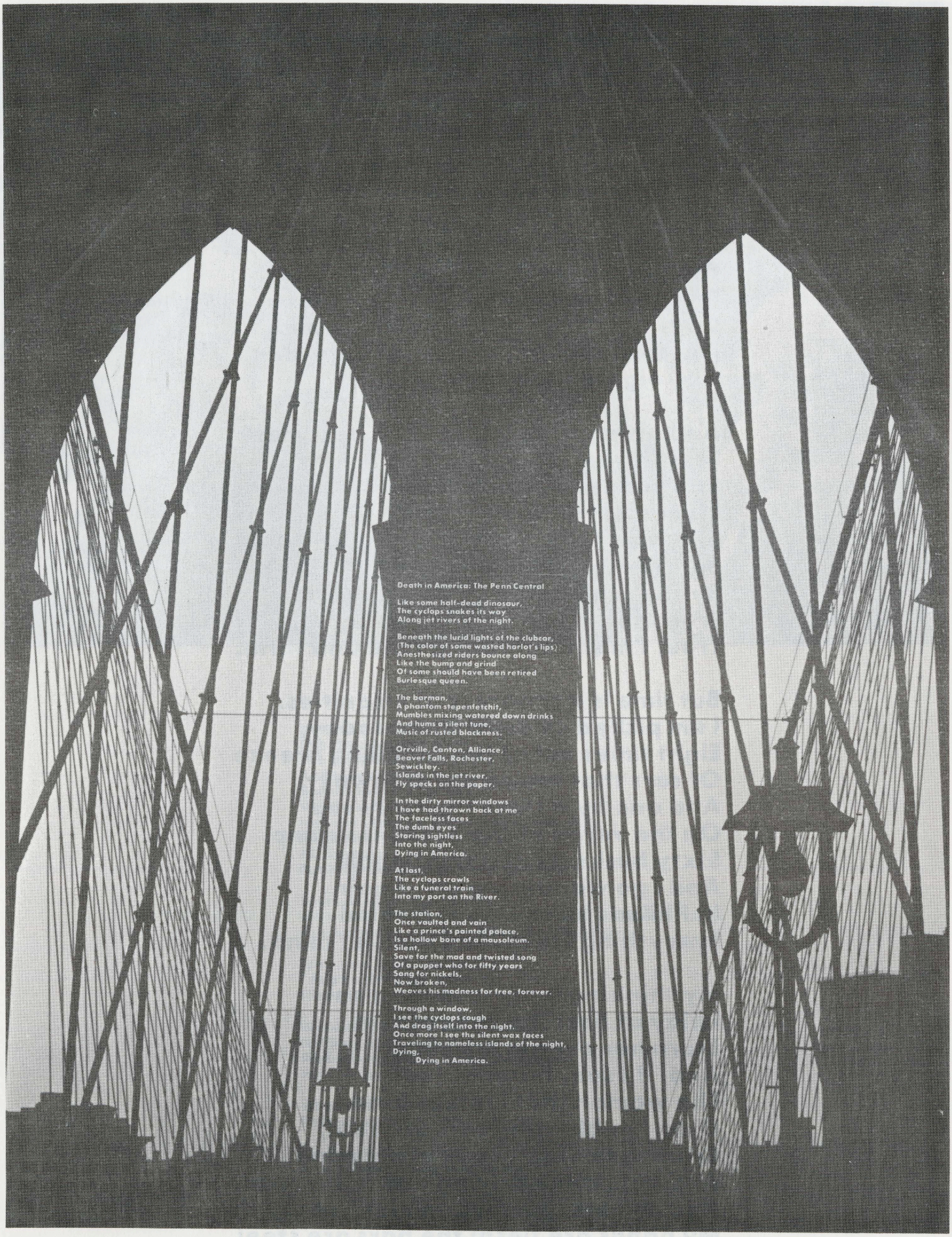
and chiseled brotherly love
into a base relief.
outsized and carefully camouflaged you fall
crushed
yet, no friends catch your eyes or crying lips.
tear-smooth, you are rock sad
holding maryly your murdered sons . . .

and a newyork bitch coldly cries
"luggage, redcap, redcap"
damn expecting paper dollars to eliminate her grief . . .
all, while you lug the eternal baggage

wave to your redcap yellow-furred lady
wave to your boys as they die overseas

heap of bronze, you stand pinned on a nameless block
of merging dead names — a feelingless statue
whose fire-ringed wings, like shiva, burn from earth
uplifting
but, the warmth of your passioned convection
is sucked away

to futilely ch-a — s — e
the vacuum of spreading, speeding, clanging travelers.
you can't warm them;
for, as they've ignored you in a church
they've lined all doors with fur.



Death in America: The Penn Central

Like some half-dead dinosaur,
The cyclops snakes its way
Along jet rivers of the night.

Beneath the lurid lights of the clubcar,
(The color of some wasted harlot's lips)
Anesthesized riders bounce along
Like the bump and grind
Of some should have been retired
Burlesque queen.

The barman,
A phantom stepenfetchit,
Mumbles mixing watered down drinks
And hums a silent tune,
Music of rusted blackness.

Orrville, Canton, Alliance,
Beaver Falls, Rochester,
Sewickley,
Islands in the jet river,
Fly specks on the paper.

In the dirty mirror windows
I have had thrown back at me
The faceless faces
The dumb eyes
Staring sightless
Into the night,
Dying in America.

At last,
The cyclops crawls
Like a funeral train
Into my port on the River.

The station,
Once vaulted and vain
Like a prince's painted palace,
Is a hollow bone of a mausoleum.
Silent,
Save for the mad and twisted song
Of a puppet who for fifty years
Sang for nickels,
Now broken,
Weaves his madness for free, forever.

Through a window,
I see the cyclops cough
And drag itself into the night.
Once more I see the silent wax faces
Traveling to nameless islands of the night,
Dying,
Dying in America.

Leaving A Quaker City

This whole place reminds me
Of hitch-hiking, my thumb stuck out
Like a hook in the concrete arteries
Of highway, the omniverous doubt
Chewing at the hitching prime hours,
The passing cars (the drivers crude),
Trucks raking rainball showers
Over me. And still the place I stand,
The socket of highways seventy-one
And eighteen, is lovely; I run.

And after a week the place becomes
Less frightening; true, the nurses
Still ponder room to room like tame
Lionesses; true, the curses
Still wait for you, like bats, in the hall,
Set free maybe hours before
By the schizophrenic down the hall.
True, doctors are scarce unicorns.
True, I'm still confusing time and form.

But time is a progress of insanities.
I am picked up eight times today,
Eight times out of the squalling breeze
Of cars that bruise the highway
And one by a state highway cop
On the verge of the entrance ramp.
Sixty bucks if I'm caught again.
And I go wandering off. Again.
In Philadelphia I leave behind
Everything I love. She doesn't mind.

My thinking is my love. Surreal
I play at her: she cannot feel.
I turn her over in my mind
And, if I see, I cannot feel
The woman that I left behind.
Only the bleating cars are real,
Grazing the highways of my mind.
And bats come driving down the road.
And drivers, doctors, nurses kneel.
My hands are flesh; the bars are steel.

It takes a long time to die.
The stars become stars
The moon becomes the moon,
And trees, trees: trees.
Sounds become far away,
Words fade
Into the silence which nothing reveals.
Breath becomes meaningless.
All the others yous have gone,
But only one of them knew anyway.

Tears dampen the garden
Then work their way towards petals or the sea
And someone forgot to bring the laughter.

Leave me now, you spirits;
I don't want your eyes
Through the keyhole.

Wander the night, lonely child,
Nothing will you find there.
And all the time you thought the sky
Was always.

When the door closed
The sun was on neither side.

This emptiness aches,
And it takes a long time to die.

stumbling lad

stumbling lonely streets down
hands in pockets head hung
loosely mind trudging in voided
spirals of absence and harsh
doubt

feet moving (moving) slowly each
ahead and again directionless bar
ely moving slowly scraping
cigarette butts and piles of
trash pieces of gum and hunks
of broken asphalt

hands thrust hard in tight
pockets make shoulders arch stiffly
make legs move stiffly make thoughts
pinch themselves tightly in bundles

muscles bristle against the cold
collar scraping young cheeks grey
packet of crumpled clothes unaware
of how it looks if eyes were out
tonight

streaked pavement of the alley
yawns opening into wax yellow-
lighted street (sidewalk curb
stretch of pavement curb sidewalk)
alley bellows from between closed
shops to again swallow the
drifting maker of breath clouds

reeling thoughts collide upon one
another blending past with presentfuture
and care with dis belief night
cannot refuse shivering visitors but
is tired of giving advice. Knowing this
he still wanders seeking only to be

stumbling lonely streets down

to Paul in San Diego

Phil
(the guy who works at the post office)
smiled today when I got the letter post-marked San Diego
he knows

His girl is away too.

CRUEL SEA: FULL GALE AT SEA

The sea was jumbled and violent,
And the frigate battered and torn.
Waves fell in tons of solid sea,
Tons of a deep green sea,
Which raced in a torrent,
Down her length,
While she rolled and staggered and shook.

and shook.

LOVE?

Do unto others as u would have them do unto you
as u would have them
as u would have them

LOVE, PEACE, AND BROTHERHOOD.
God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, so that u might have everlasting life.

Watts
KKK
John Birch Society
F.B.I.
Gun Control Laws
Mafia
S.N.I.C.K.
National Guardsmen
Birth Control
Panthers
Kent State University
Viet Nam
N.A.A.C.P.
Nixon
Jackson Mississippi

HELL NO WE WONT GO! HELL NO WE WONT GO! HELL NO WE WONT GO! HELLNOWEWONTGO HELL NO!

Do unto others as you would
as you would
as you would.

"ROSES DOWN"

Waking, sundrenched, I am half warm. I am half cold.
My body is barren and desolate.
A familiar room now strange.
The essence of its being silently departed.

New light, new dawn; my eyes once again reborn.
Blinking, opening; searching the room
in dazed confusion.
Each line, each wall. Each color, each shape.
A door slightly cracked. A hall silent,
heavy with now ancient footsteps.

I've left gazing out the window and I've closed the door.
I've made the bed, lonely, I've cried.
Shaping my thoughts her body disappears.
Remaining! A woman's touch.
A woman's smell.

On the sill one vase, one rose.
Outside one day; one gone.
Alone; I picture a poem, a line.
"Early morning hours and roses down."

The Letter

Dear City,
Your people hover
In the grayness and solitude of their homes
Dominant gray Domineering gray
Your streets bustle with rainy faces;
cleansed of individualism.
In the beauty of night and still of the morning
You resound with the noises of nothing
And with all you have to offer
You give but nothing.
Your reservoir of hope has become
a draughty hole,
And your people who were once people
are now pebbles
Being ground to nothing.
With all due respect to you city
I regret to inform you
I will not be engulfed in your madness
I will remain a rock

Sincerely,
Individual

FACES

Oh look at their faces
The burdens, misery and hell
Is there.

Can you see — Can you see
is it life or Death.
Your face doesn't show it
too bad.

I saw the look that they had
a look that cost 400 years
— The Devil did it.

Work — play — grow up
but look where
they are now.

Talk 'bout us, Talk 'bout us,
There ain't enough
words, to say what
those faces say.

I was a child once
I'm glad I ain't No
More, My face show
that. It's ugly and
beautiful.

SEA SONG

Sand dollar sun on wind-treaded waves
Hopefilled blind sea gulls walk the lame dunes.

And so in the days of the evenings of dusk
I ask you to smile — and you do.

And you smile and the surf explodes like the spring.
Can all of the beach hear the sky?

It's othing and everything, ever and all:
Damp whiskered seaweed and clean-shaven stone.

Reach for the slickering slippery dreams
And leap for the echo of tomorrow's today.

SUSPENDED

1) Suspended
between dark and light
between day and night
I met you,
Suspended
in flashing time
bright reflected rhyme
I saw you

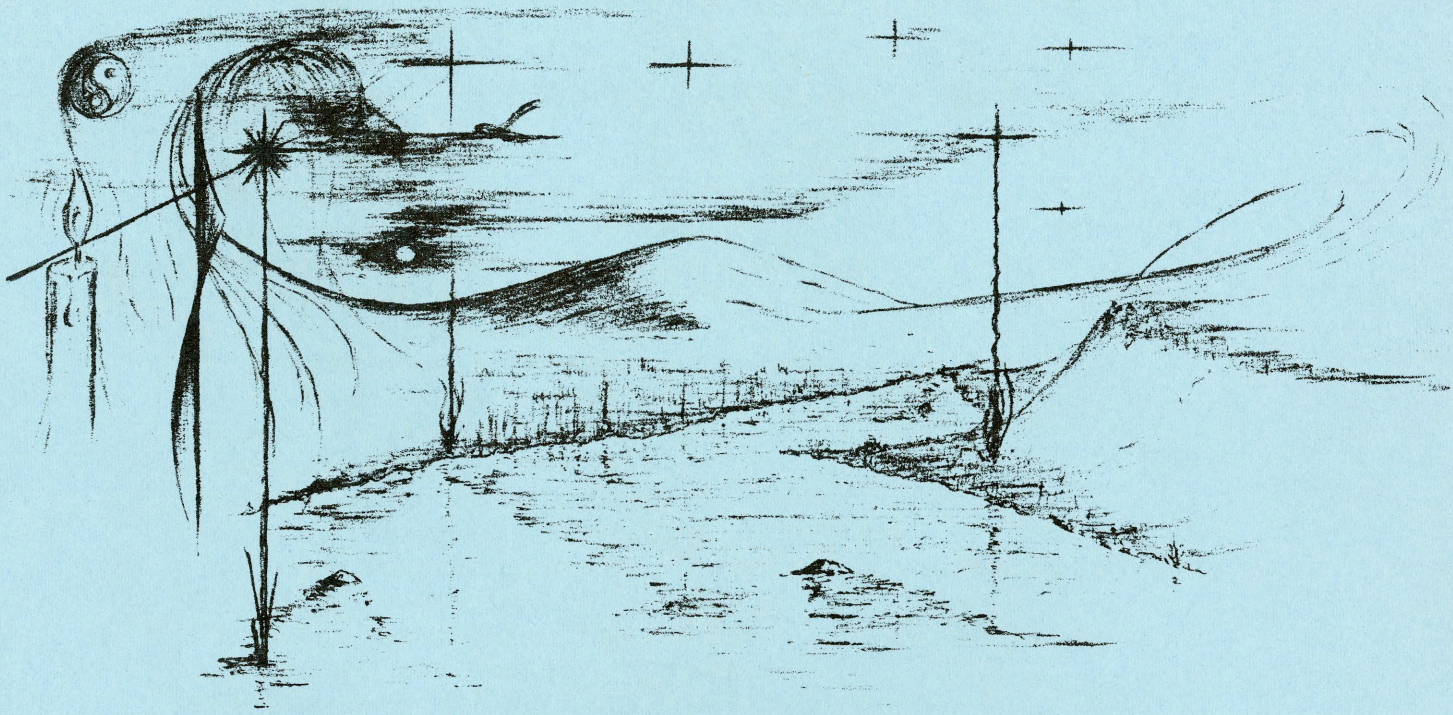
Chorus — Loving is everything
is a cobweb wing
in the dew
Living is silverness
is a crystalness
knowing you.

2) And feeling
meanings half-caught
only half-thought
We were one,
Our whispers
in electric dawn
lingered softly on
For the sun

Chorus —

3) With you
I have things to dream
On the magic stream
Of our Days,
Holding
Every angel's sigh
Every butterfly
As it stays

Chorus —



a young swan floats loosely on the water.
We imagine the sun has blushed his feathers pink
when we see him dip a wing in deeply
we imagine silent steam slowly rising from his smooth feathers.
and we can close our eyes and see his white body more clearly.
part of our joy on such a summer day is the swan,
his slant reflection in our round pool, the dark rushing
noises of leaves on the shore.
part of our joy is our sigh when we wake from the bright
black moment inside our own fullness.
the swan is gone, but we have him.
we have no need for flesh.

shelter and the lady

this house on the side of the road
has neither painted window frames nor
solid handles on the doors.
but I have planted flowers on the sills.
flowers with long bending serpent stems,
colored, reminiscent of the grasping phase I went through
after bright things.
it is so solemn here.
and I think there is no metal in the place,
no heavy furniture before the fire,
and, except in winter when strangers stop
for soup, there is no fire.
and with the highway and all
the hidden roads in the birches beyond
it is no surprise when strangers come.
some knock timidly. most do not.
I think once I feared the old men
and I would not sleep through the night
but woke repeatedly expecting to be killed.
now even the young men do not raise their weapons against me.
they do not know me.
they come again if they need warmth at the end of winter
and I do not now fear their bodies
searching so painfully, down from their stranger saddles,
for comfort.
buried, burrowing in the quilt disguises
some have cried.
and the times I wake before them, I find the white sun
a halo in their hair.
and then I hold their young heads damp with dreams
against me and follow the paths of morning brids with my eyes.
and when they wake several minutes after,
I am sleeping. they wake slowly, like bears in spring.
when the sun is certain they will leave, some quietly.
I see them framed in light at the door
and then they close it.
and the door becomes the heavy furniture I lacked.
they ask me no questions.
they know I am part of this.

by noon the sound of the door has faded
and it comes to me I have been crying.

**eclipsed by life,
i keep going through
all of this twice**

THE WARNING

Darkness slowly begins weaving her thin
steel net of
silence
lonliness
fear
mystery
the words of a bird
perched
looking into my window-pressed face
speaking to me of some
future danger
lurking beyond the closed comfort of my room
lurking beyond the night
a voice
past the empty chill of silence growing in the hall
calling
past the rooms filled with memories
a treasure chest of secrets
empty of people
come
I fight
struggle
weak
over-powered
Darkness . . .

i was born in the year
of the broken wine bottle,
on a street where all the
sparrows had died,
and they beat back a
circle of fire from my
crib.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

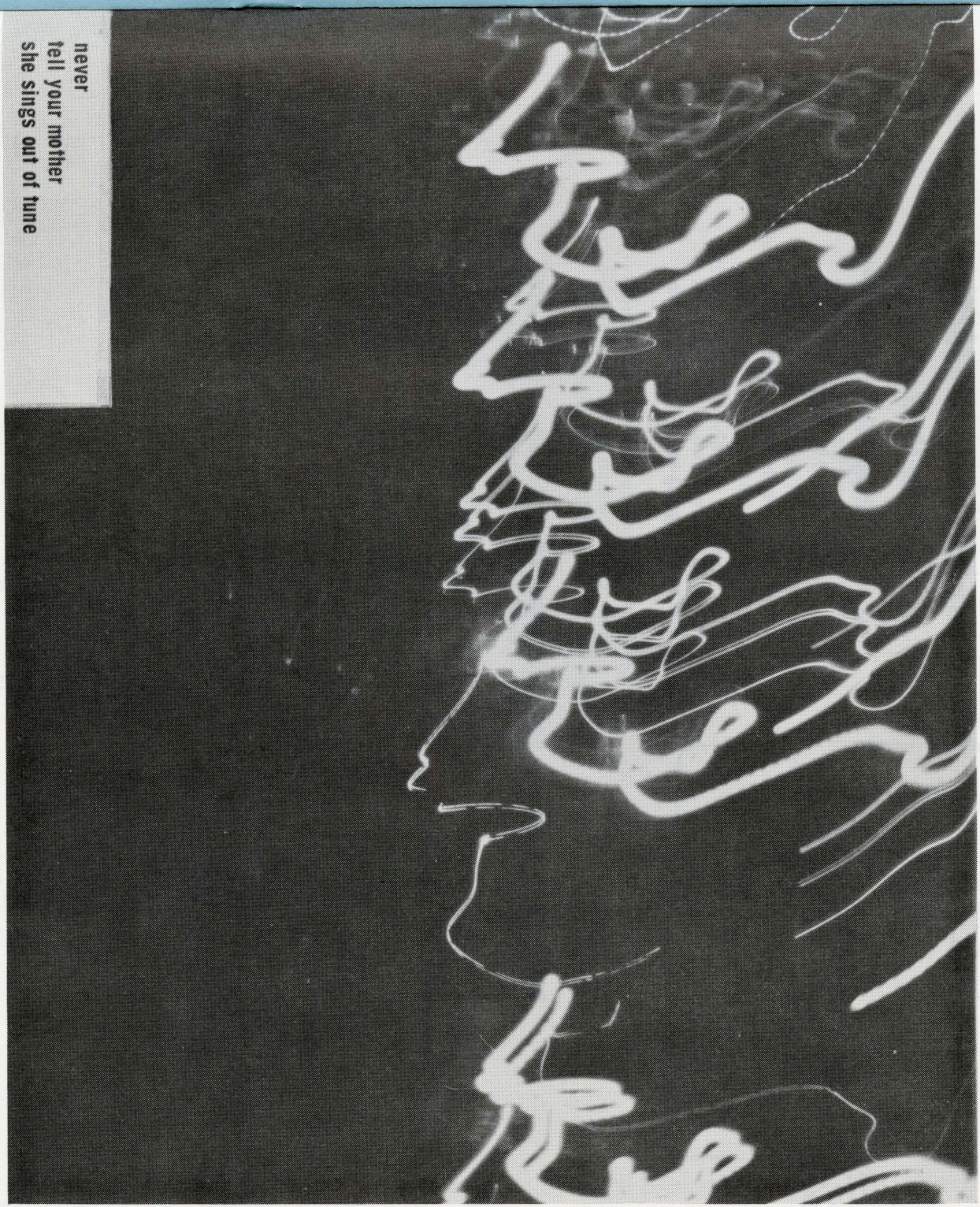
Cover: picture, Dave Dutton
poem, Roy Bechtel
2: poem, James Gray
3: picture, Dave Wolfe
4: pictures, Bill McCreight
Anonymous
poem, Dan Eicher
5: poem page, Susan Burkhalter
6: picture, Paul Blackwood
poem, timmccreight
7: "Death," Ric Jagow
8: poem, Dan Johnson
picture, Chip Hanson
9: poem, timmccreight
10: "Station Statue,"
ted simon
11: picture, Bill McCreight
"Death in America:
The Penn Central,"
Bob Brashear
12: "Leaving A Quaker City,"
Bob Kaven
13: picture, Dave Wolfe
poem, Dan Johnson
14: "stumbling lad,"
timmccreight
"To Paul in San Diego"
Terry Williams
15: "Cruel Sea," Ric Jagow
"Love?", Yvonne Washington
16: "Roses Down," malcom
"The Letter," Yvonne Washington
17: "Faces," Wally Haill
18: "Suspended," song by
Linda Olson
"Sea Song," Sue Baker
19: poem, Claudia Shepp
pen and ink, Bob Dunsmore
20: picture, Mark White
21: "shelter and the lady,"
Claudia Shepp
22: poem, Chris Tomer
23: "The Warning," Libby Moore
poem, Chris Tomer
24: "timmccreight," Chip Hanson
25: picture, Dave Dutton
"never tell your mother,"
Chris Tomer
26: "the rain outside my window,"
Ann Dalzell
"Wall Street in the Rain,"
Ric Jagow
27: "Black Metamorphone,"
"Thoughts of Her," Michael Rosemond
"We Hold An Orange Between Us,"
James Gray
28: "Existence in Fog," Louis Young
"missing," ted simon
29: picture, Dave Douglas
"A Yarn About A Kitten,"
Bob Brachear
30: picture, Dave Dutton
"weary by no distance,"
Chris Tomer
"Birth," Ric Jagow
"Reincarnation," Ric Jaaow
31: "top value stamps,"
James Gray
"lake," roy bechtel
"rent," roy bechtel
32: journal of Ann Watkins
33: "Shades of the Past,"
Ric Jagow
"Existence in the dark."
Ric Jagow
34 & 35: Pat Beckenstein display
36: "Lost Friends," Libby Moore
37: "once upon a time," Bob Dunsmore
38: "Man Made," Yvonne Washington
39: superboy, Bill McCreight
40: "we, together," timmccreight

drawings by Tess Feltes

with James Gray
roy bechtel
Ric Jagow
Claudia Shepp
timmccreight
Bill McCreight
James Minor
Brenda Culp
Bob Brashear
Druid

THISTLE SPRING
WOOSTER 1970

never
tell your mother
she sings out of tune



ARE YOU TIRED OF DEMONSTRATING?

Try the Politics of Participation

Develop the techniques for effective political action at all levels of government.

The College of Wooster offers its resources for training courses in practical politics focusing on the November elections.

The workshop goals are to enable the participants to return to their campuses and communities to: More effectively voice student expression; Provide leadership in political techniques such as polling, voter registration, media utilization, and community organization.

2 Sessions: June 28-July 10
July 12-July 24

Help us reaffirm our commitment to the democratic process.

We need the participation of serious students.

JOIN US!

For further information write to:

Kent Weeks,
Coordinator

J. Garber Drushal,
President,
The College of Wooster

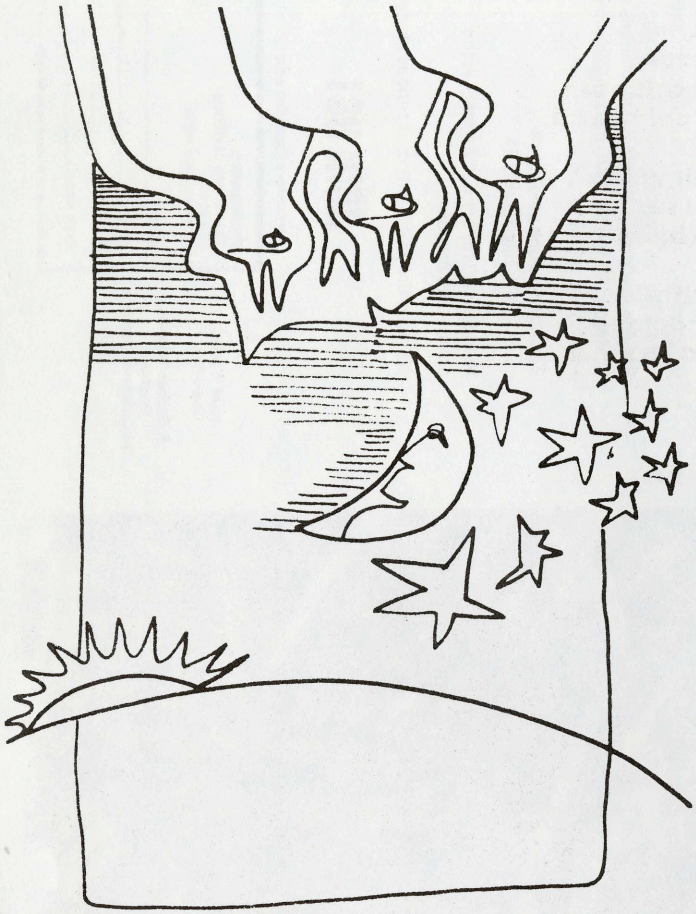
Participation
The College of Wooster
Box 3180
Wooster, Ohio 44691

Name_____

College_____

Present Address_____

Legal Address_____



The rain outside my window
falls lightly on the pavement
and makes a gentle murmur like the sea
on a quiet night under a sky
full of stars.
No salty breeze comes in
through my open window
but I imagine as I lie here
how the waves come lapping
at the shore.
Though four walls surround me
suddenly I become as free
in spirit as on those summer nights
when I watched the moon rise
over the sea.

WALL STREET IN THE RAIN

Gray silence from the tombstones,
Encircling towers of brick.
Cold rain beats fast and steady,
And fog clings heavy, thick.
Buildings reach up to heaven,
High crowned in halos of mist.
Trinity's chimes paint silence,
In a trembling amethyst.

Black Metamorphose

I see you in the morning black,
with gold sun running down your
shoulders. I see you carry the calabash,
and the sun dances on your wooly head.

I see you in the afternoon high yellow,
yellow and shades of brown. I see you
carry a bottle of Lady Clairol (blond),

I see you in the night black, with
the moon balanced on your shoulder.
I see you carry an idea . . . and it dances
in your wooly mind.

WE HOLD AN ORANGE BETWEEN US

We Hold An Orange Between Us

We hold an orange between us
and press the skin to know wetness

The mouths of our fingers stretch,
for water is god to our bodies,
as water is blood to the orange.

All day our thumbs will pierce the skin
and rip the bitter cover from the fruit.

Tonight as darkness stabs our sides
liked a crooked nail under a vein,
I will lay sections softly to your breasts

There will be two slices left for your eyes.
Maybe we will sow the seeds next spring.

Thoughts of Her

to Jackie

Why is your hair as soft as the morning

light . . .

How does the wind toss it in its fingers,
and gently lie it across your eyes.

Why is your skin the color of sunlight
on a golden field.

How is there sadness in your eyes.
you are a summers night and day.

You are Black, you are mine.

missing
sac cit annanda
toria,

last night — sharing dew
with the pale fullness of warm
moon-grass

tuesday afterrain — washing,
splashed with the silently soft
spring sun

shaivite hymns i sing
sweet flowers bloom full

and i, through sweet salt's shimmer
wish

only to lay with you.

ted simon
sad spring 1970

EXISTENCE IN FOG

1.

Standing point
I watch as it undulates
under street lamps.
I know its creeping
like an invading army
over furrows of goosefleshed skin.
I know its destroying
the nerves of the isolated . . .

2.

I am found
flat against a dripping brick wall, panting
in the loneliness of my coat

3.

One car, then another
sloshes through silent puddles.

They dissipate in the distance,
red tail lights dimming like lost hopes

4.

Dark store windows
stare blankly through
their sheets of soot and film,
like a dog
through a cataract eye.

I tear from them,
my feet barking on empty pavement

5.

I stare on my bed
at the tiny red light
caught in blackness.
In the stillness a bottle and glass
run crashing together

6.

Alone . . .
in the midst of her imagined flesh

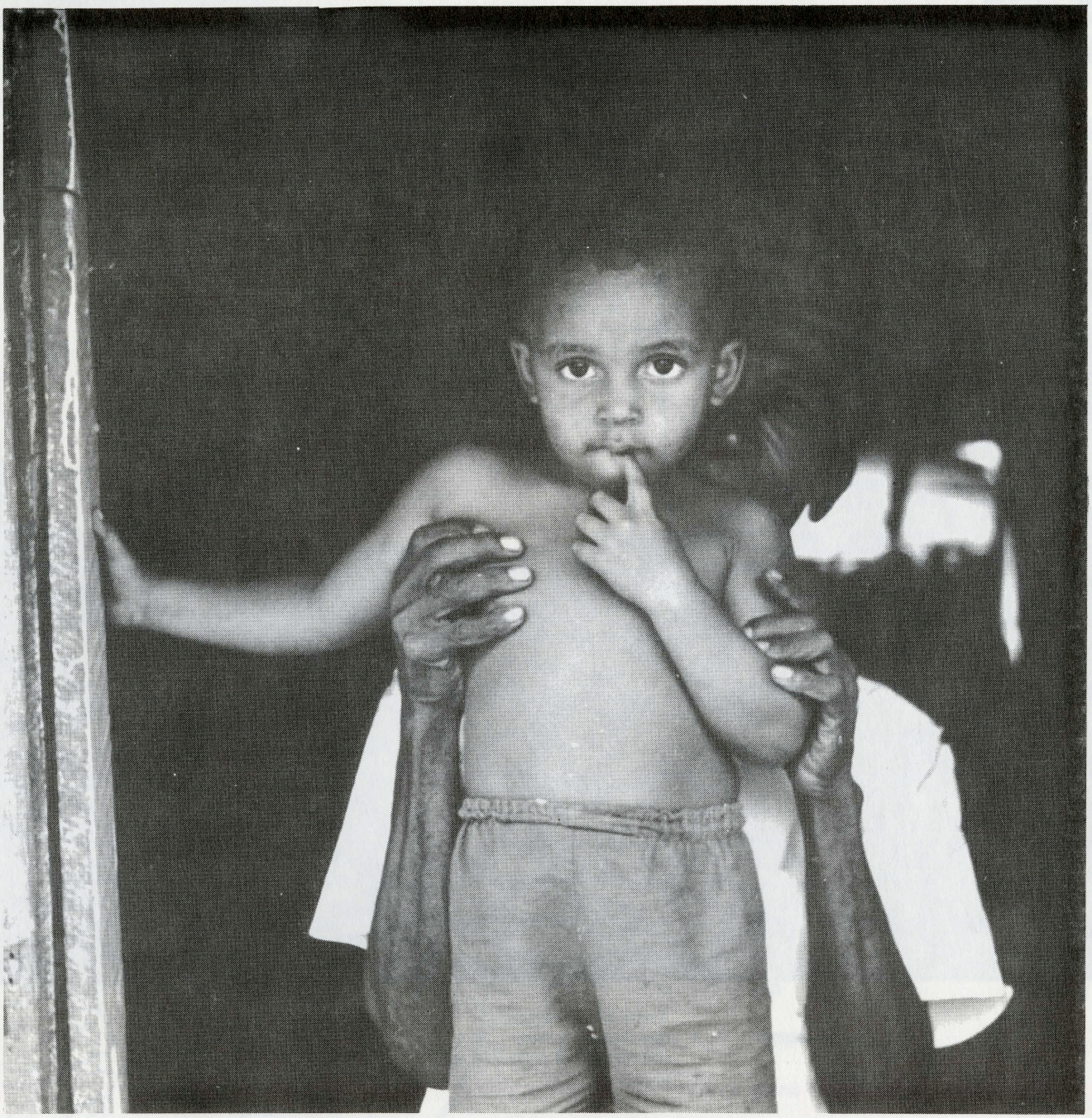
7.

Fitzgerald says
comes the dark of the soul,
it's always three o'clock
in the morning.

Blood winds its way
down the squares
of the chain link fence,
as the thick wire bites
through the skin
of my estranged hands

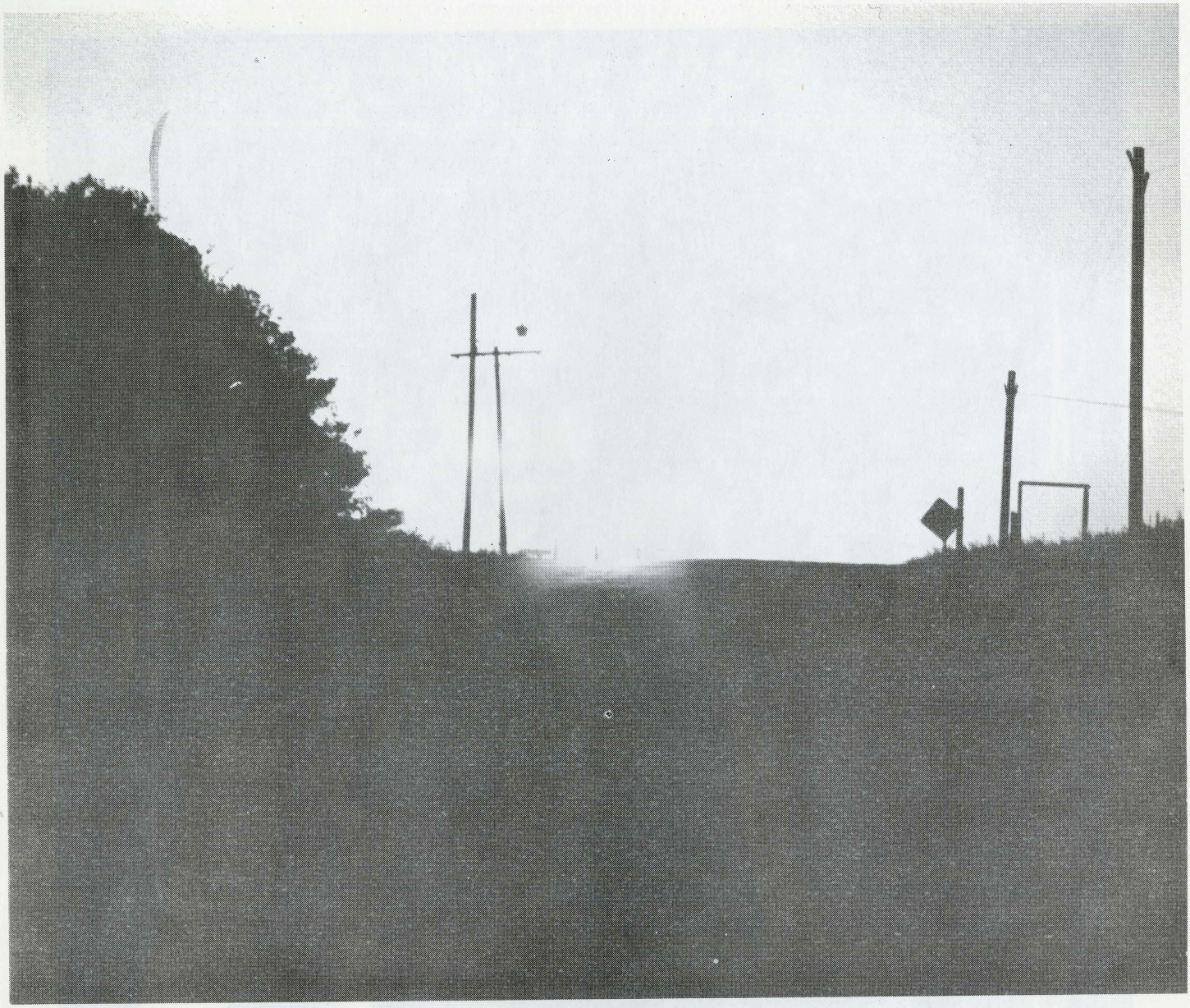
8.

Off in the greyness
no bird sings



A Yarn About A Kitten

Bashful, playful kitten,
Come unravel this ball of yarn
That is me.
I will tie myself
In a beautiful bow
All around you.



Weary by no distance
transfixed by fire,
reflections of what can never
be gained.

BIRTH

**Wind blows strong,
towards flaming anger,
As skillful fingers,
form adolescent miracles,
through innocent dwelling.**

REINCARNATION

**I've wandered, slowly o'er the earth,
I've lived in every niche,
I've lived and loved and died,
perhaps,
In a million years of time.**

lake

blue

gold

fish

fish

gold

blue

rent

muddy

puddl

awash

with

potatoes

go

tipping

thru

barrels

feet

first

rag

and

rent

you should know by now that tears and time have no
or maybe equation when all your life's like some
arian tragedy incomplete of justice celled within your
one thing you should know sobs only slice the silence
ht they do not summon the morning's sun. but it comes.
rant to say another day is yesterday. when your slow moving
uming mind waited with the gracelessness of a new dancer.
lawn you see the year ahead graying mind casts only
but the sun comes and you hope for the day that is never
must face the empty time. fresh. for if not you'll
ones you've pretended to love to the depth of your
ess to spit at the feet of your blessedness. it's not
h. you're a pig wl ig you're right
dle where it's all u face the emptiness
. so you're capab e was a long
You say you drea d and of pulling
om your head to y wonder if the knife
be perfect and strai l. You wonder if
tter to become a fish r guts scraped out.
d is a bridge. . . . So yo of crayons.
e yesterday. You sa er a door that was
to open. You wond windows you will pass by
ou are stubborn ab You wonder if it was
be able to forget ar swim to India and find
at the bottom of a co grove. Every need is a bridge.
re is yet. As much or more as it is now. And bliss and
nderstanding await you. Every man is a spirit. Every
rit. . . . I do not believe in holes. i like listening
g but do not like confusing the two i do not dig pub-
the answers to crying i do not like outlines maturity
t is similitaneous, similtaneous, simultaneous . . .
ue. my life is disordered. i dissipate: my tongue
d there is no mind behind it; my mind speaks and there
ue. spiteful anger i express with sarcasm or, more
ture it until i am livid. no longer able to deny the
ness, i bend to half penitence, walk nervously, and speak
making no sense. Images of blood and, lately, of clawing
me to the mind. the room i live in is littered and it

SHADES OF THE PAST

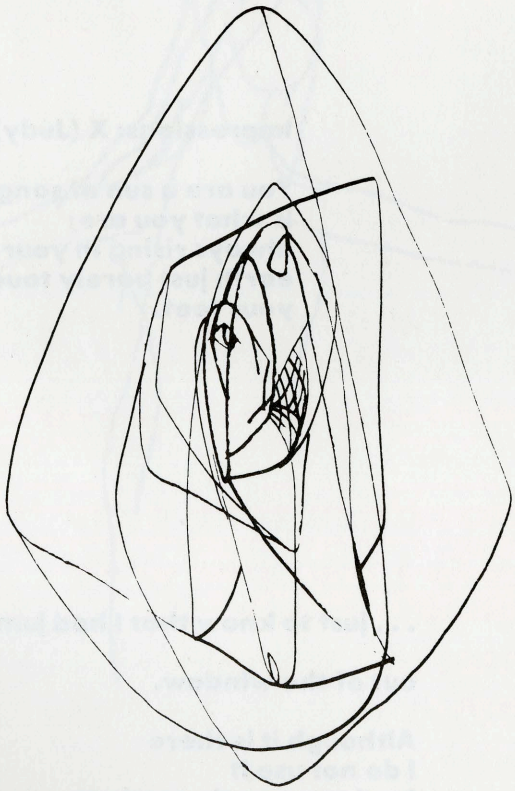
A whithering hand of lace
All clutched about the rose,
Has burned a timeless cross
Within the hearts of men.

A soft whisper can be heard
Across the field of stone,
As thoughts race back
To times of past rejoice

The sun of night
Shines shadows upon her face,
As timeless winds of love
Sink beneath the heavy stone.

The rubble of my memory
Wavers through perpetual sea,
Crying out its pain
To the ears of humanity.

Surrounded by the frigid mist
Lies nature's silent face,
All shrouded in the black
Of which we see ourselves.



EIXTENCE IN THE DARK
(Based on Sartre's "The Wall")

Hard concrete beneath your feet,
Stone walls rising on all sides,
There's a vague fear of that brutality lurking near.

In man there's something beastlike

and unreasoning,

Fear of the veneer of civilization.

You bicycle upon your back
and then drop still
unable to breathe.
For you know
You must go —
How soon or when?
You want to die soon or not
You cannot say,
,but they,

They know when —

Why, where, and when . . .

Will it be now or then?
This must happen soon to you.

The cold whispers ageless solitude
Alone, forever blowing

lyrics of the Wall
run through your head
filled with horror
and sickening pains

I will find myself awake
Having failed in all my dreams,
Pressed flat against the Wall
Gasping in the loneliness of Time.

When shadows stopped
and the black walls ceased harmony
the night,
in shades of darkness
fell unseen.

When the mystical creation
was dissolved by words,
I,
in shades of terror
fell unseen.

I the foolish slave of
non-existence
fell unseen.

When the autobiography was read,
the dark staris creaked and paint fell

to the street

unseen.

Tomorrow after the dawn has gone,
My soulless body,
Left for Eternity,
Will be prey for life's cycle:
Death . . . . beneath the soil
Dust . . . . . within the woil
Life . . . . . upon the soil

But there is still life
Too much to be done
Too many things left undone
But within this fragment of time
I have to place it all behind.

Tomorrow:
the wind will blow . . .
the sun will shine . . .
the birds will fly . . .
hunger will thirst . . .
Yet to me it will mean nothing,
For I will have no name,

no future,

Just the past

Never to be brought back anew.

"'OH MOTHER!"

"WHY?"

When you are a small shred
of forgotten leaf
the first drops of rain
make you
being unused to attention,
jump.

Ithaca

Someone, hid behind the mountain, reached
up, grabbed a handful of white stars
and strewed them, in the valley
and the lake, to light a city.

Impressions: X (Judy)

You are a sun of song,
is what you are;
always rising in your motion,
earth just barely touching
your feet.

apple fits delightfully
into curved fingers taut
holding the red
boldness resting captive joyously
into curling fingers tight
grasping the loud
roundness sitting placidly
in cradling fingers arced
under the juicy
promise waiting deliciously
in eager fingers strong
holding the apple

. . . just to know that I had jumped

out of the window.

Although it is there
I do not use it
having no real occasion,
still,
it would be a delicious wildness . . .

OCTOBER

When changes catch me unaware someday,
I'll wake in someone's morning with surprise
and wonder what it was that made me grow.

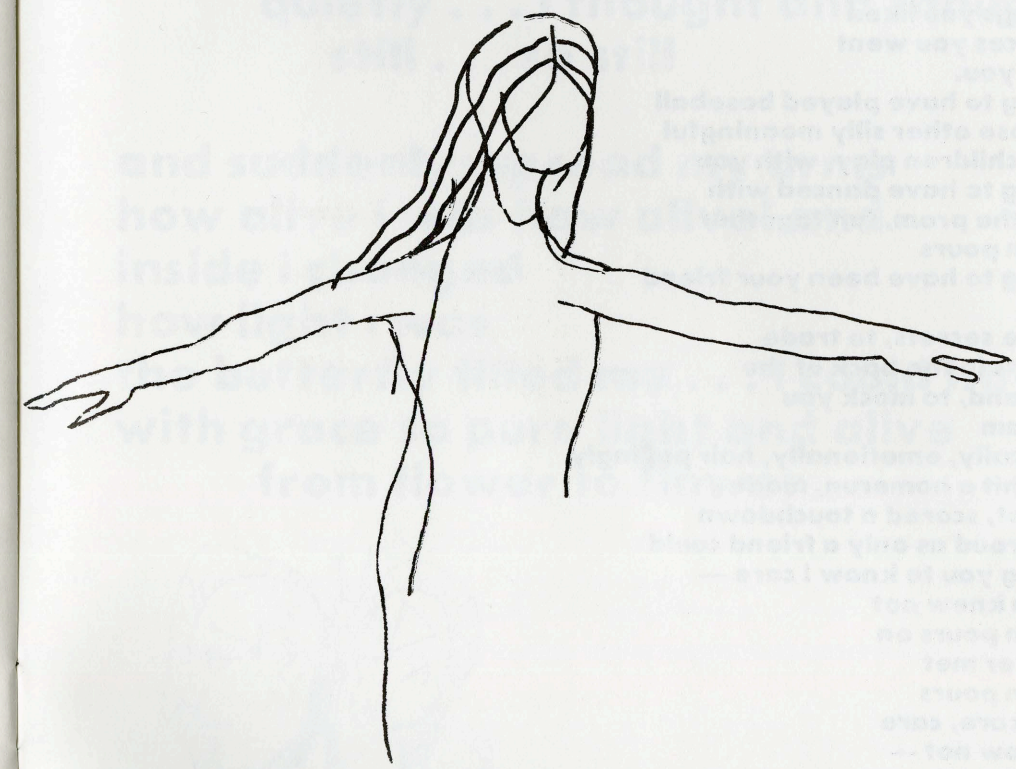
I won't remember if the seasons stay,
and will have lost my count of months and days
when changes catch me unaware. Someday

I will have tasted some of what you know
but missed the memory, walking in your eyes
and wondering what it was that made you grow.

How much of life I'll live I cannot say,
nor why of life all confrontation is.
Changes will catch me unaware, someday.

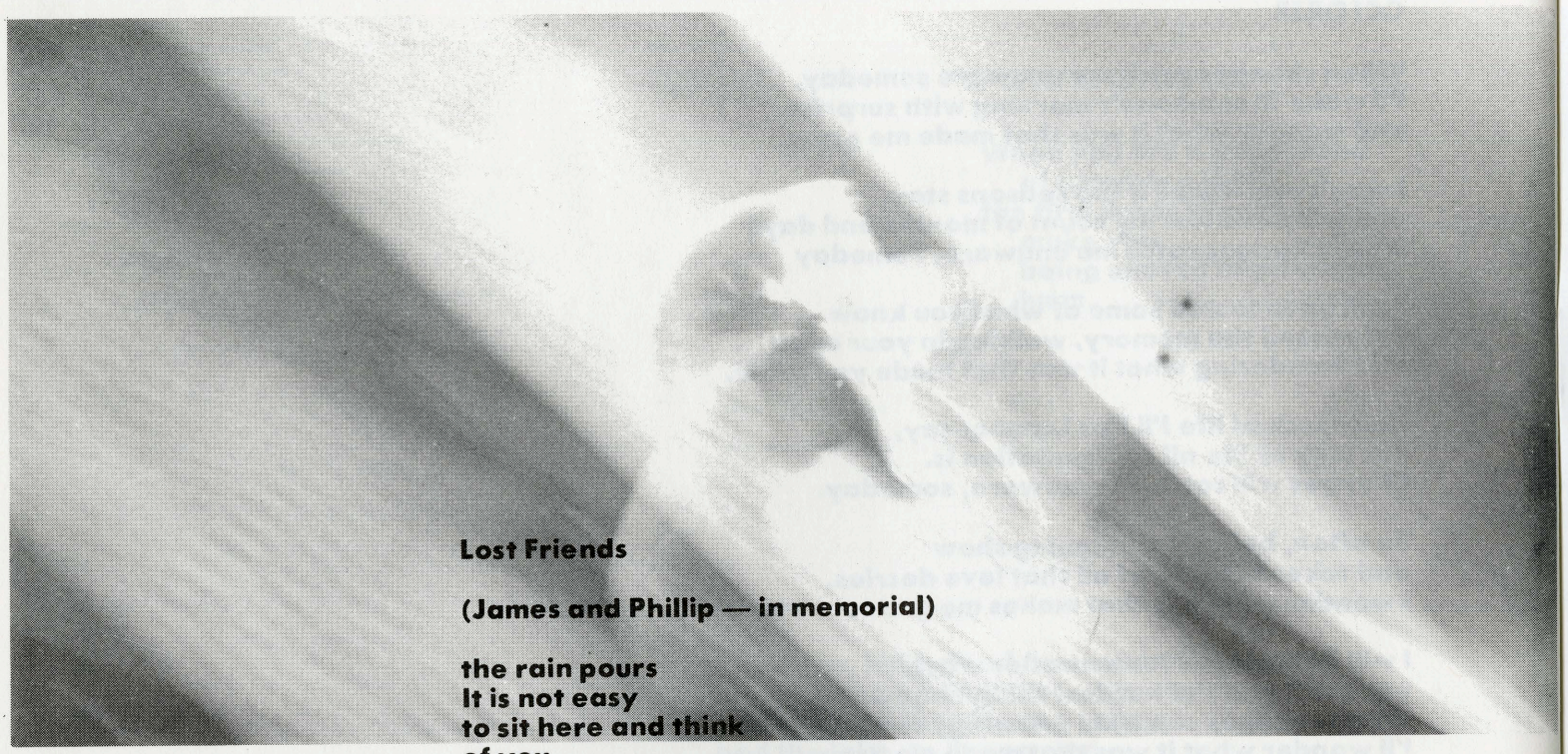
So often, being is a damning show
and takes the side of all that love decries.
I wonder what it is that makes me grow.

I will not ask you for an easier way,
yet waiting is the hardest thing I know.
When changes catch me unaware, someday,
I'll wonder what it was that made me grow.



Our circle of earth
recedes from the setting sun
quietly in some panic,
like the drawing apart of lovers —
hands stretching to the last
rose-lighted touch.

A rain-day of almost-spring,
soggy
as a mourner's handkerchief.



Lost Friends

(James and Phillip — in memorial)

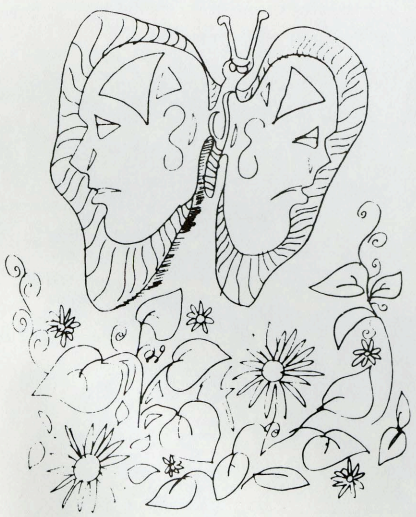
the rain pours
It is not easy
to sit here and think
of you
for we never met
but I know you
the games you played
the songs you liked
the places you went
I know you.
wanting to have played baseball
and those other silly meaningful
games children play, with you
wanting to have danced with
you at the prom, fun together
the rain pours
wanting to have been your friend
to play
to share secrets, to trade
thoughts in the back of the
choirstand, to mock you
to scream
ecstatically, emotionally, hair pullingly
as you hit a homerun, made
a basket, scored a touchdown
to be proud as only a friend could
wanting you to know I care —
but you knew not
the rain pours on
we never met
the rain pours
I care, care, care
you know not —
wanting to share
plans for a nation
thoughts, ideas
dreams, hopes
desires
the rain pours
my soul drowns
and is buried with
you
you will never know.

Once upon a time
a butterfly spoke to me

it spoke to me in many ways . . .
it spoke beauty in its wings
and grace in its flight
so pure, light, alive it was
        from flower to to flower to flower

so one day: stopped eating and grabbing and crying
and stayed perfectly still
like a caterpillar stops one day
and stays perfectly still within a cocoon
i was in a cocoon
still so still
and i thought
        quietly . . . i thought and thought . . .
            still . . . so still

and suddenly; spread my arms
how alive i was how alive! and
inside i changed
how light i was
the butterfly filled me . . . i could have flown
with grace so pure light and alive
        from flower to flower



MAN MADE

WHITE a color that is grey,
that is snow — is filth
in sight, and is swept
away to fall another
day hated and unwanted.

ORANGE is not the fire in sun-
set, is not the glories
of dawn. is a scarf
lost in a gutter, blow-
ing fluttering mixing with
the dirt.

GREEN is shining; is the nause-
ating gloss of the subway
car's paint, the subway
car's tainted tint all
slashed and lashed with
obscenities.

BLUE is the hidden one,
is the forgotten one —
the buildings are the
sky. Blue is the old
man's shirt, a soiled
old shirt.

Time and Space are Black
a cobalt sky underlines a
velvet-black eternity of
colors yet unseen.

we, together . . .