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Fall 1970

### Thistle: Fall 1970

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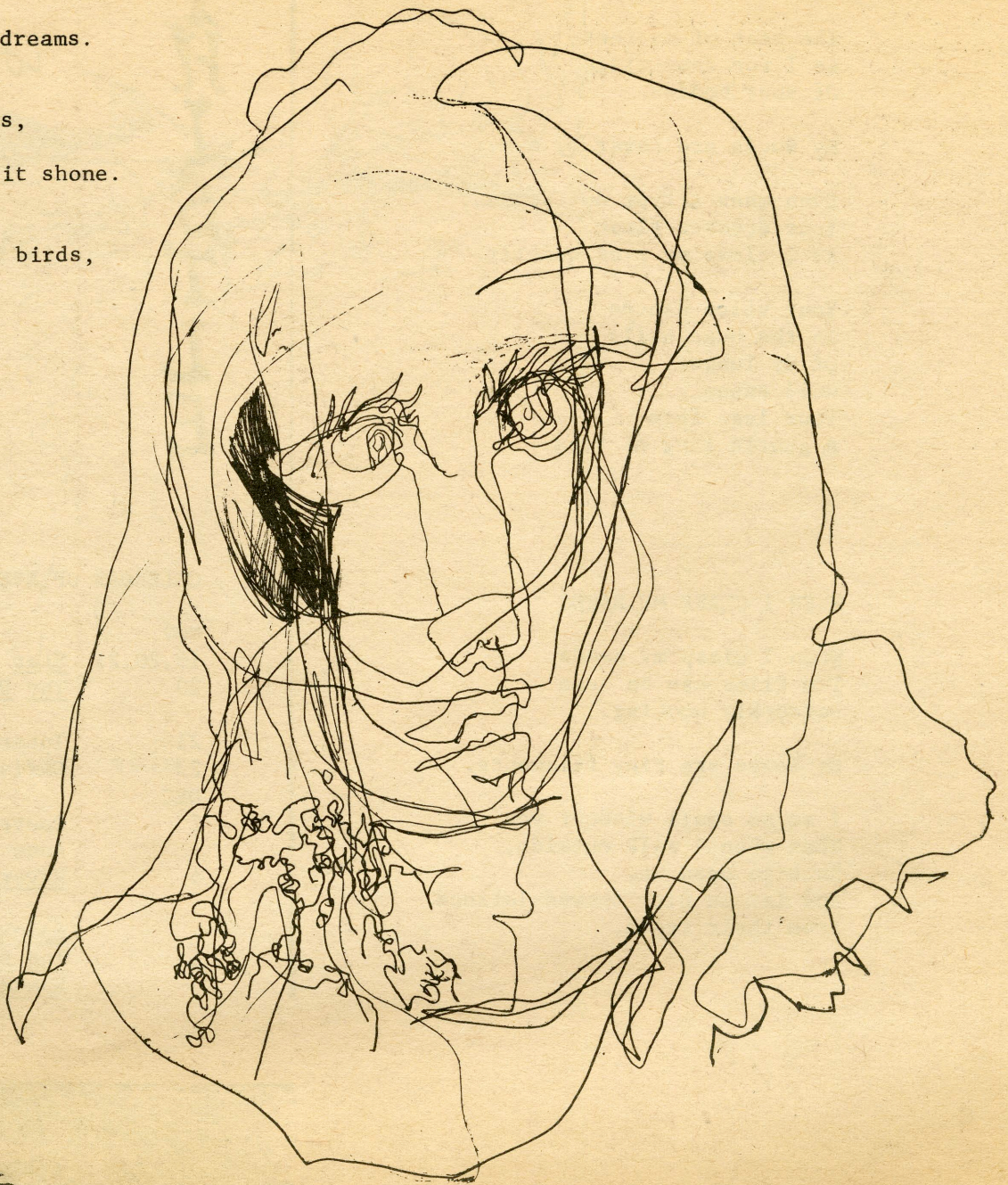
Where do they go, these quick ones  
 Who enter without knocking from the dust?  
 They are like clear fish in muddy ponds  
 and dimly like men, thickly tracing the tenets of dreams.  
 I know the crystal look of moons they have.

The moon settled finely in lines on their foreheads,  
 it paled their cheeks and,  
 startled at my mirror, I remember how like a halo it shone.  
 They came poised and desperate,  
 grasping any poem that loved their sadness.  
 There were books, and the feeding of five thousand birds,  
 and there was so much glancing up from prayers.  
 They cried, they needed fruit and milk;  
 they needed names of ancestors and kings.

And at the end  
 (I know how they stand at the window on one leg,  
 I know how they go to the door.)  
 they always speak softer.  
 They ask for food and directions,  
 then they smile.  
 So I wrap up apples easily and slow,  
 and then they wait.  
 So I, pointing out Polaris, rhyme long sentences,  
 and they, believing gravely that I see beyond  
 my finger, straighten.  
 I lie.  
 They admire my serenity:  
 I lie serenely.  
 Some of us must live.

They have their maps and their misty roads.  
 And I do not even have footprints.

C. Shepp



Tactile. Minds. Grope. Across. Cosmic. Breasts.

This is Thistle,  
 a small pricklebush  
 in the jungle of experience,  
 by which we touch  
 our others.

#### SUMMER AFTERNOON

Yellow girl:  
 hair of sand,  
 dress of sunflowers,  
 lifted like  
 dandelion seeds  
 softly in light.

Spinning  
 in the orange chair,  
 color of peach pits,  
 laughing --  
 shrilly bubbling  
 like first mutterings  
 of a teapot.

Pinwheel girl  
 gleeful blurr  
 whirling whirling whirling.

Where is the breeze  
 that turns you here?

R. Cameron

#### WISH FOR A FRIEND IN SAN FRANCISCO

Child of the fire people  
 glowing your life westward toward the sea,  
 water spirit slapping against your frail  
 trembling legs.  
 Stand firm in that ocean for me and  
 slowly scoop out your mind past the last  
 breaker of uncertainty.  
 Child of the tranquil wisdom of Indians,  
 merge your soul with the immensity of the  
 sand crystals and the sweet tangle of seaweed  
 that wreathes in your long brown hair,  
 twisting no visions of mankind...  
 Child of the darkness, dance through the waves  
 for me, arms and legs spinning  
 endlessly free, patterns of gladness.

L. Leonard



# RING OF LIPS

The beat of my feet  
As I run down ridges  
Of your bodies.

My words are never my own.

Even when I type out sounds,  
Your dresses flash  
As I close my eyes quietly.

Your voice dances  
In the huge halls  
Of my lungs.  
Gull sweep,  
Your legs form  
A gentle ring of lips.

# WHEN I CLASP MY HANDS

When I clasp my hands  
Two flies can be seen  
Berserkly hooking.

My bones are tiny filaments.

I am so small without you  
That when I walk outside,  
Rabbits open up,  
And let me pick chewed lettuce  
From their teeth.

# PROOF

The wind blows words,  
Clyde looks up,  
Yep. Yep. Yep.

# DID YOU KNOW DESCARTES SLEPT TO NOON EVERY MORNING?

the brashing of a tree limb  
like a bugle

and everywhere  
cars mothering the streets

don't bring Descartes  
home for breakfast!

the window was discovered  
silently creeping open

air  
charging past the bed  
like great white bears  
that run to the rocks  
and copulate

all over the country  
summer camps could be heard  
rising to shine  
their delicate bodies  
in the sun

knots groaned  
coming together

sheets were ceremoniously  
raised  
in our own back yards

J. Grabill

# THIS STYLE

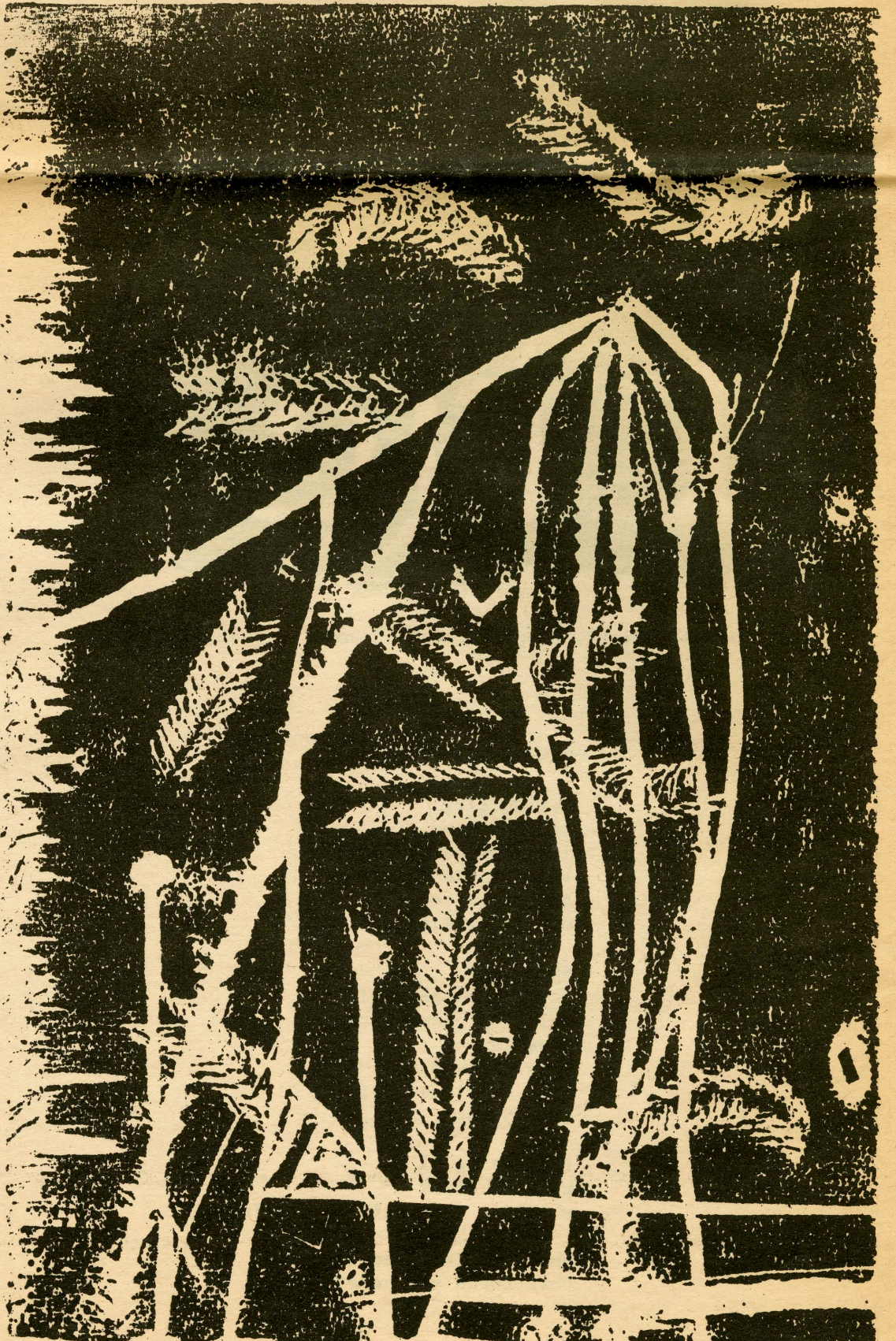
Lou Young  
Barb Behrens: co-editors

Sketches page 1,3,5,7:  
Tess Feltes

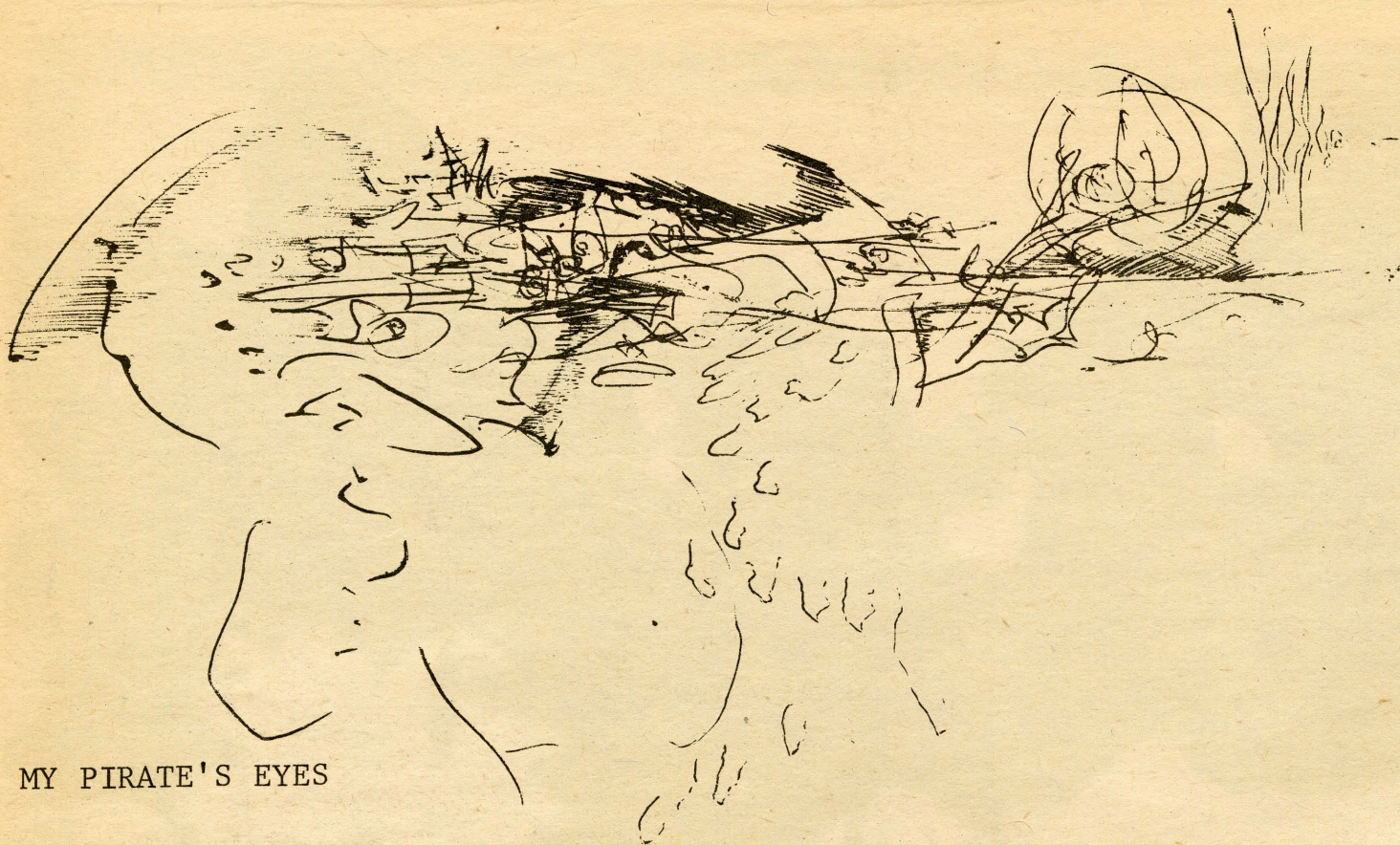
Woodcut page 8:  
Ian MacGregor

# CALENDAR OF EVENTS

NOV.			
19,20,21	<u>Star Spangled Girl</u>	Scott Auditorium	8:15
20	<u>The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie</u>	Mateer	7,9:30
21	Internation House Party	Babcock	9-12
23	Christmas Bazaar begins	Art Center	
DEC			
2	Poetry Reading--Novy Anne Sexton/Sylvia Plath	LC 119	4:30
4	<u>Never Give A Sucker an Even Break</u> plus <u>Spanky and Our Gang</u>	Mateer	7,9
5	<u>The Bank Dick</u> (W.C. Fields) <u>Spanky and Our Gang</u>	Mateer	7,9







# MY PIRATE'S EYES

I think my pirate has locked me in his cabin  
while he stays above  
on deck  
steering the ship

Sometimes I think I could escape  
should escape  
sighing  
but our eyes would meet in the passageway  
as I fled

he would not touch me  
he would let me go

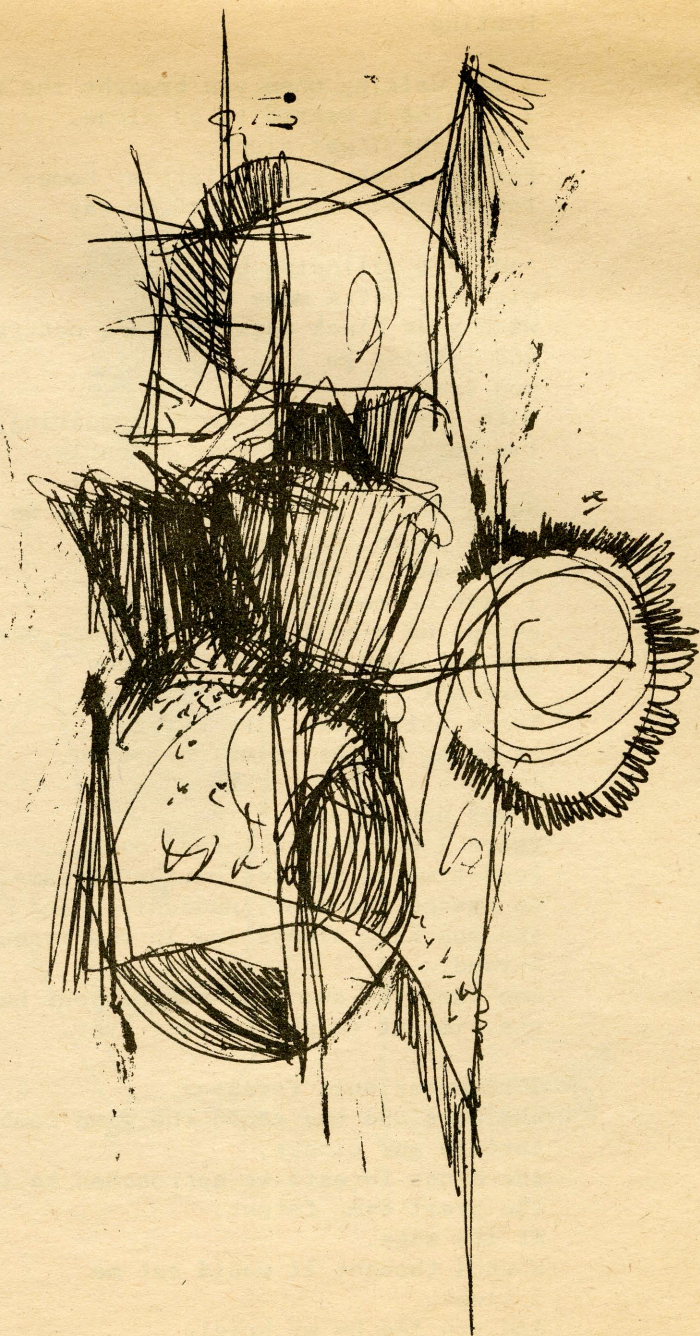
But his eyes  
I would see his eyes  
and know my world hides in his eyes  
and to escape would be to go nowhere  
into nothing

So I wait until he tires for just awhile  
of steering the ship  
and returns to his cabin where I have been waiting  
securely locked

I search his eyes  
to see if I can see  
to see if I can discover  
my world

But their depths of sea-green wisdom  
are cast over by thick brown nets  
tired brown nets  
they have no energy to untangle themselves  
and let the sea pour out  
and let my world burst forth

They close  
my pirate's eyes close  
and he sleeps  
with me beside him  
waiting







#### Hunting

I was walking when you brought the horses.  
I thought I wanted to be alone.  
I thought I was alone.  
For the dusty road I left my home,  
for the mountains I lost my way.

And then galloping by  
with his white mane free,  
with your black hair trailing out the sky  
and letting go  
you came.  
With the horses you came thundering,  
two horses and you came silently.

Seven nights and toward the moon we rode  
swept up in the running  
swept out in the wind.  
I have no memories of stopping  
except on a hill where the fence was down  
and the cows with their calves  
were not sleeping.  
Their bells were like water,  
as young as our voices but slow.

I was not brave:  
twice I would have turned back.  
Four times I saw ice on the streams.  
We passed the moon, suddenly. And  
the sun hung always low in the trees  
beyond.  
One time the sun rose behind your head and  
one time it caught in your eyes.

I remember soft forests:  
the burs and the cones the wind combed  
through our cloaks,  
the dense forests we approached so long,  
the great damp forest,  
at its edge.  
When I thought it would eat me  
I slept.  
And you led by my bridle  
so gently;  
I awoke calm in the dawning wood.  
Looking about,  
I trembled. You smiled.

#### Closer Than Shadows

Closer than shadows:  
as if shadows cast  
turned to reflections, as if  
our dark forms shimmered.  
In the afternoon, animals  
drop suddenly from trees.  
And now  
it is the things I trust  
that frighten me.  
What is there left  
as the blue down feathers grow  
steadily in the sky  
close to the vulnerable skin of the sky;  
as finally manifest  
from the substance of our dreams  
the dawn does come.  
It bears no faint resemblance to fire.  
It is clear blue.  
At the end of night  
it is not the sun, but the growing brighter  
I love,  
I hear the noises of drunken frogs  
and raccoon children eating in the night.  
Sometimes at the end of an empty week  
I think the soldiers will come.  
Whether death frees us to march to the sea  
or for revolution we leave our house  
I plead not to be left behind.  
And I sit here so silent, so maimed by dread,  
I hear the rebels in the hall  
without moving.  
I am grazing deeply to my knees  
in the orchard grass  
and at some secret appointed hour  
from the tree  
every leaf flies off.  
Dear God, keep my blood inside my head.  
Jesus, keep my body from the flies.



SONG

Blue Fawn  
in my arms  
can you still  
feel  
my warm fingers  
against your sun-spotted back?

Sitting still --  
hoping you will kick  
your young black hooves  
against my aching thighs  
and rise to run  
laughing with  
your white tail  
in the red sun;

Wounded fawn,  
I held your  
soft fine ears

and they folded  
dry in my hands.

Once I nuzzled  
your long neck  
felt it cold  
against my breath  
and I dropped  
two tears  
into your blue  
glazed eyes.

And I know  
we must go  
and I will carry you  
before the day ends.

R. Cameron

The Briefcase

An unusual evening,  
A cozy room, the two of us  
And a briefcase,  
My life contained within it.  
We both sit in expectation,  
Awaiting its inevitable unveiling,  
Yet we wait for separate reasons:  
You for its secrets  
And I for relief.

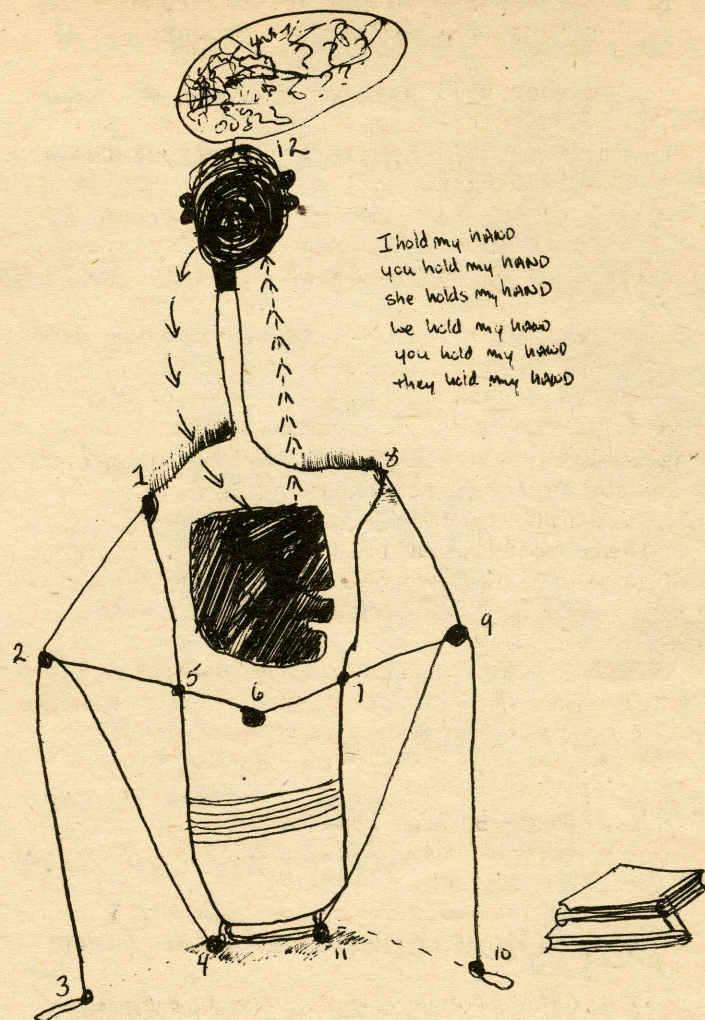
How can I release it?  
The clasp on the case,  
Glowing without light,  
Is unfastened,  
Revealing to your eyes  
Words, hot and heavy,  
You glance them over  
With innocent eyes,  
And I begin to pray...

You neither love them nor hate them;  
You cannot even fathom them  
And, for that matter,  
Neither can I.  
I stare with past glances,  
Knowing my feelings  
Before they arrive,  
My written words  
Piteously returning my vacant stare.

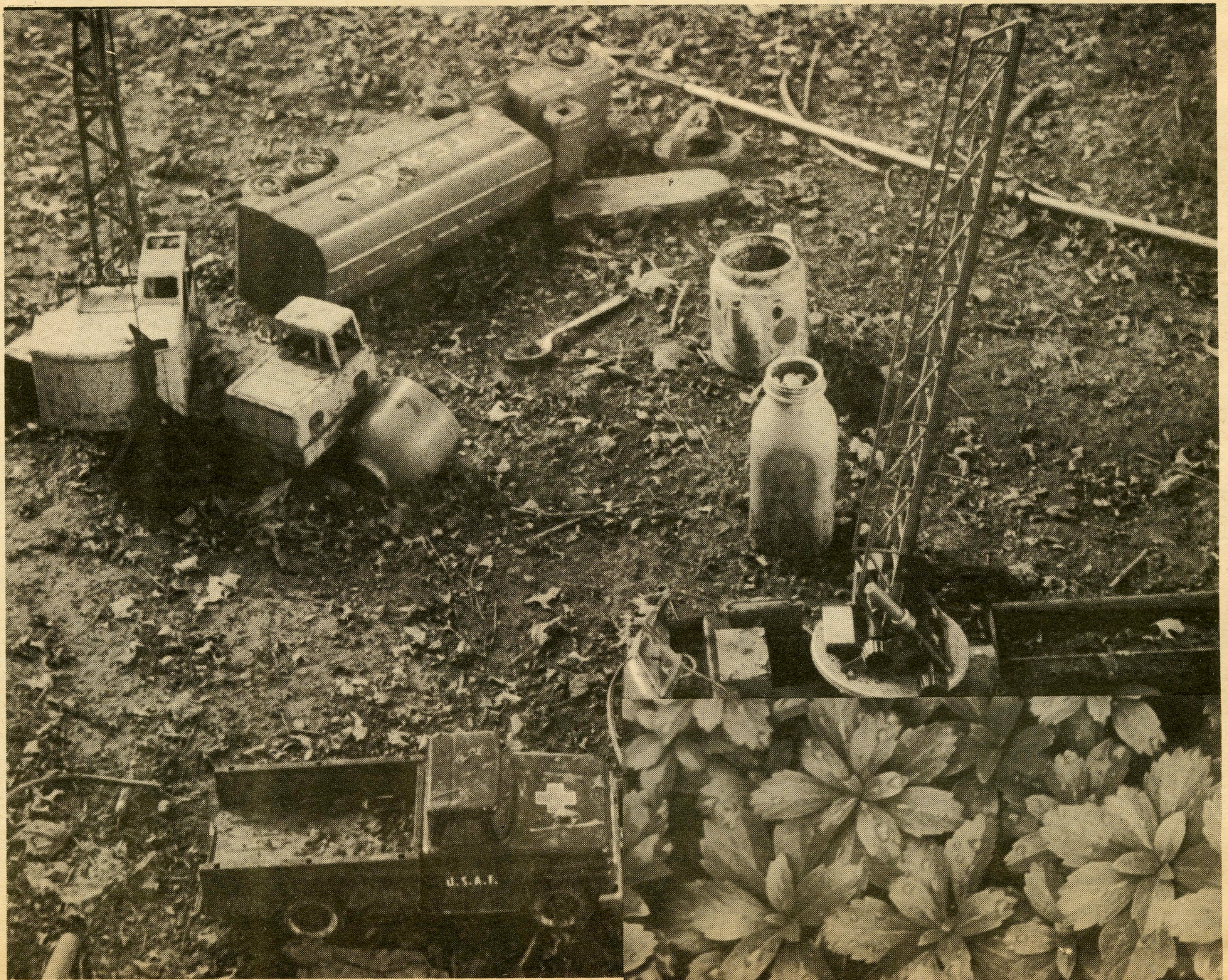
A buried laugh of absurdity  
Echoes in my head:  
"What's the use?"  
But utility does exist,  
And I thirst not  
For that assurance:  
Rather, I hunger  
For a godsent reason  
To wait...

Wait...! Wait...!  
Postpone the inevitable!  
So I suck my selfish sponge  
Until it is dry.  
All my crying, all my tears  
Lie in a leather briefcase,  
And what do I own  
But my tears?  
A leather briefcase, full of tears...

P. Shambarger







3/9/70

It's a warm day and everything is yellow and gold and red and when there's a little breeze a few more leaves decide to take off on their own after a long summer of being stuck to the same old tree. What a bang when they find out that the only thing they can do is to fall down on the ground and rot! Being a person is perhaps slightly more interesting than being a leaf — most people are able to get in at least several summers before they have to fall down on the ground and rot. Did you ever notice how blue the sky gets in October?





----- For Eric and Laurie -----

The love of friends is embrace  
deep and patient  
One's warm  
foundations  
and internal temples  
of hallowed bright bone  
  
and stars

Tzu, and, Jan;  
on that day surely  
all was made of breast skin

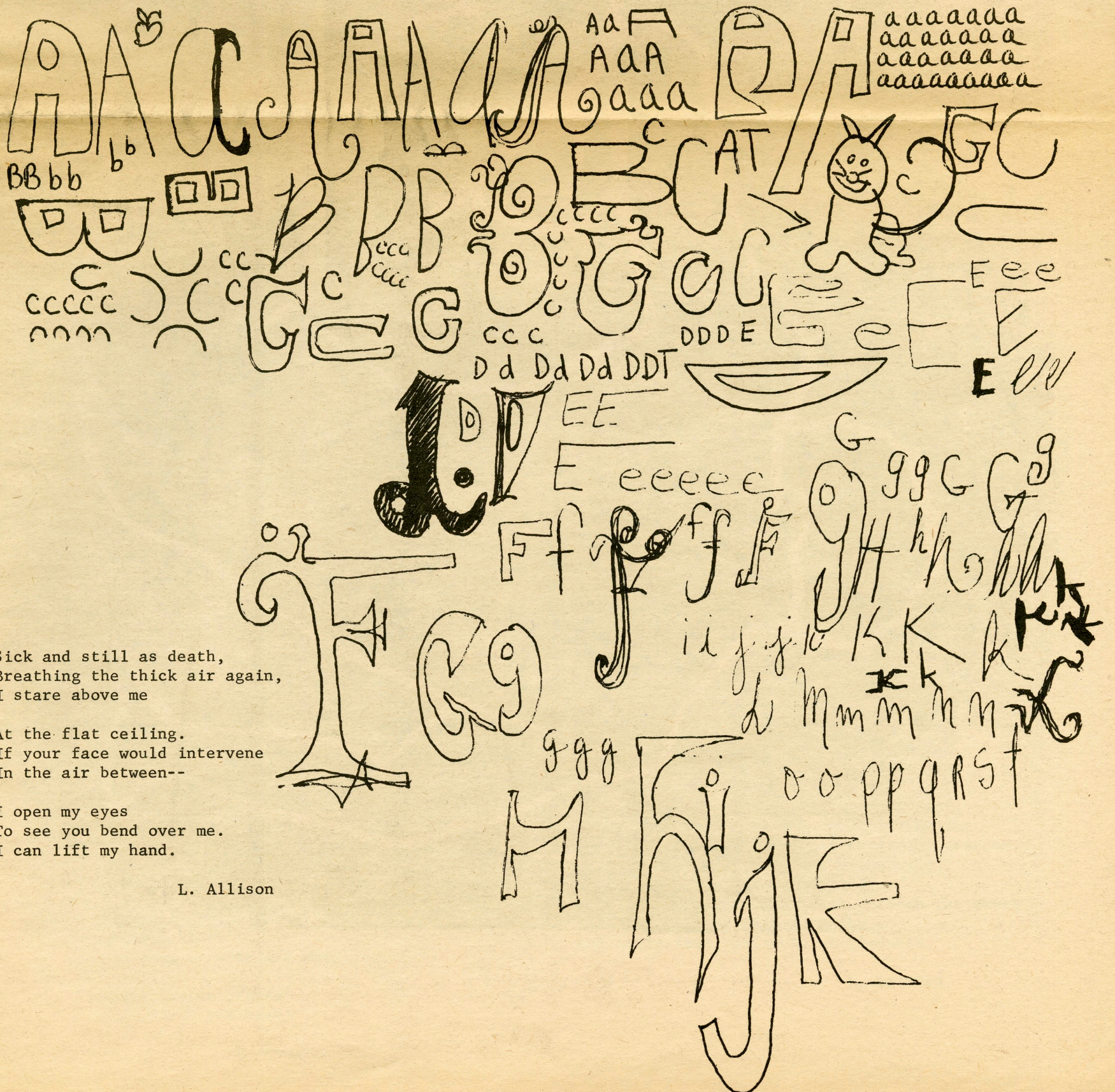
Two band shells were constructed  
facing one another  
like a drawn and halved egg  
Tunes and echos flew between them like loom threads  
The crowd (and not just the usual dowagers,  
either)  
said this is Arthur Feeler's best show.

Seeing  
but not stretched in,  
the surface tension that  
keeps us packed on our bones

And hopefully through  
since I desire  
knowingly  
to melt into flesh

...  
o  
on  
one  
on  
o  
on  
one  
on  
o

S.K. Senne



Sick and still as death,  
Breathing the thick air again,  
I stare above me

At the flat ceiling.  
If your face would intervene  
In the air between--

I open my eyes  
To see you bend over me.  
I can lift my hand.

L. Allison



